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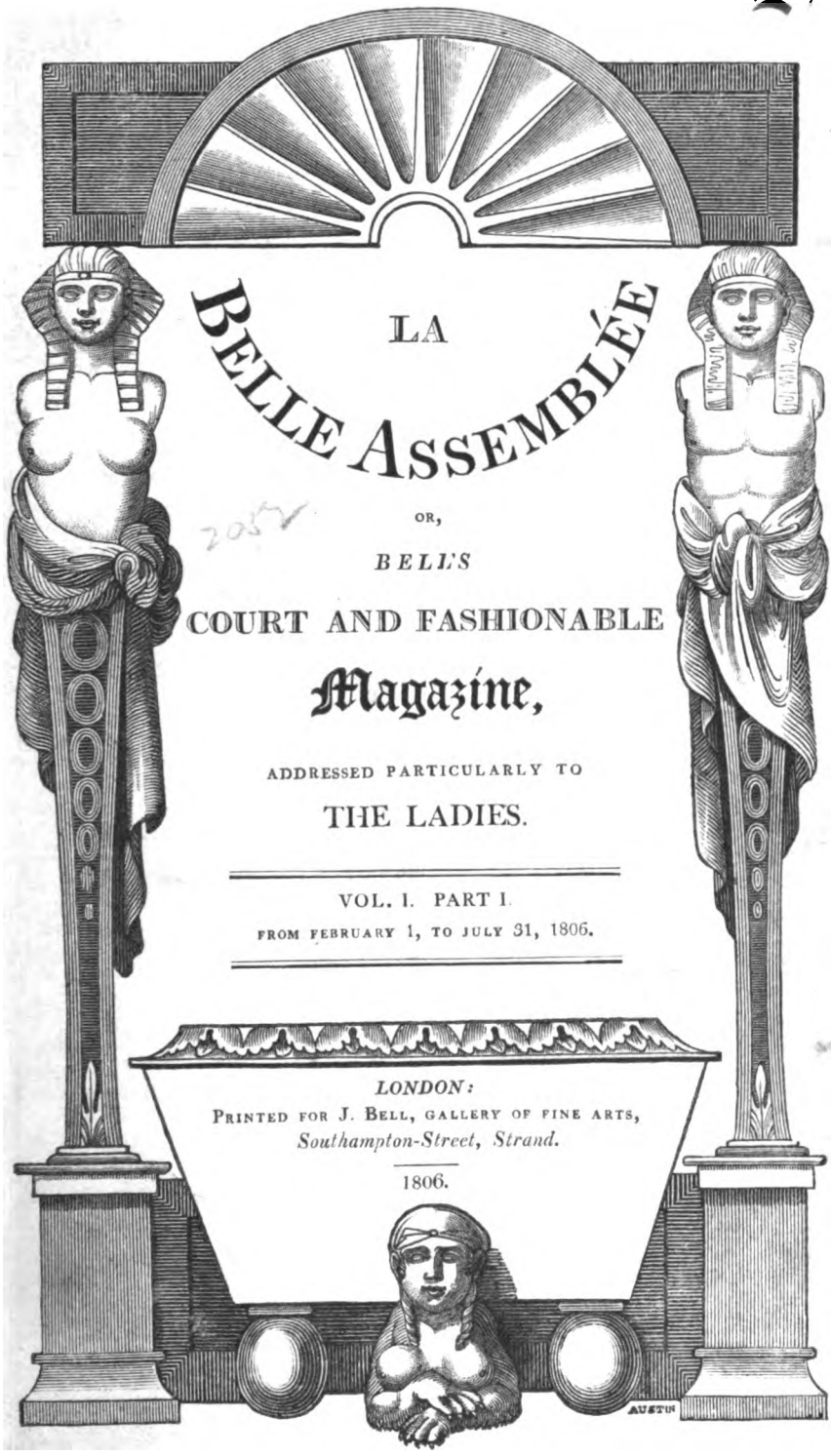

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE

OR,

BELL'S

COURT AND FASHIONABLE Magazine,

ADDRESSED PARTICULARLY TO

THE LADIES.

VOL. I. PART I.

FROM FEBRUARY 1, TO JULY 31, 1806.

LONDON:
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1806.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

OR

Bell's COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1806.

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2. Whole length Portrait of the Marchioness of Townshend, in her Court dress.
3. Song, set to Music by Mr. Corri, expressly for this Work.
4. Three whole length Portraits, and four Head Dresses of the London Fashions.
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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton Street, Strand. March 1, 1806.*

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The First Number.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

THE laws of this kingdom, which have forbidden the marriage of any of the Princes of the blood royal with subjects, have frequently been censured as severe and unnatural. A prohibition of this kind, if was thought, could scarcely be founded in good policy, which interfered with the natural right of Princes, and in respect to their exercise on the material point of domestic happiness, reduced them below the standard of their fellow-subjects, and made their exaltation a matter of compassion. To this it may be replied, that the most difficult, but necessary task of Princes, is that of a devotion to the state; they are the creatures of its interest and safety. The marriage of a Prince with a subject, in the reign of *Edward IV.* was the cause of much public calamity. If such marriages were allowed, it would be reasonable to conclude that the selection would be made from some of the daughters of the nobles of the kingdom. The consequence would be that of a natural preference in the Sovereign of the family and connexions of his wife; and hence a fruitful source of jealousy and discord among the rest of the nobility. Again, should the Prince resort to a connexion in the more inferior ranks of the state, the jealousy of the rest of his subjects, from natural causes, would be more inflamed and unappeasable. If these inferences be true, as they respect the marriage of the Sovereign, they are equally so as they regard the marriages of his issue, or any of his family. It is the wisdom of laws to be occupied in long and comprehensive views, and not only to suit their remedies to cases immediately before them, but to all that are contingent and in the scope of possibility. Since, therefore, the issue of a Monarch, and commonly every branch of his family, is in the line of succession, and it would be difficult to say which of them might not eventually be called to the crown, the law has provided that the restriction should extend to all, and that none, who had a probability of inheriting, should, under any circumstances, or at any time of life, form a connexion incompatible with the safety and honour of the kingdom, as declared by the laws of the realm.

These observations, we flatter ourselves,

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will not be deemed superfluous, when the conclusion we mean to draw, that of the preference of a foreign connexion, is confirmed by the tranquillity, happiness, and gratitude which the nation has ever felt and expressed from the marriage of his gracious Majesty *George the Third* with the Princess *Charlotte* of *Mecklenburgh Strelitz*.

Her Majesty, *Sophia Charlotte*, or *Caroline* of *Mecklenburgh Strelitz*, was born May 16, 1744. She was the youngest daughter of *Charles Lewis*, brother to *Frederick the Third*, Duke of *Mecklenburgh*. Her father, however, though in the immediate line of inheritance, as his brother the reigning Duke had no issue, and was unmarried, did not succeed to the principality: he died before his brother, and thus, upon the death of *Frederick*, the succession devolved upon his nephew, *Adolphus Frederick the Fourth*, brother to her present Majesty, and son of the above-mentioned *Charles Lewis*.

The issue of *Charles Lewis* were:

1. *Christina Sophia Albertina*, born December 6, 1735.

2. *Adolphus Frederick the Fourth*, born May 5, 1738. *Deceased.*

3. *Charles Lewis Frederick* (the present *Duke of Mecklenburgh*), born Oct. 10, 1741.

4. *Ernest Gottlob Albert*, born August 27, 1742.

5. *Sophia Charlotte*, or *Caroline* (her present *Majesty the Queen of Great Britain*), born May 16, 1744.

6. *George Augustus*, born Aug. 3, 1748.

The mother of this illustrious family, who died so far back as the year 1761, was the *Princess Albertina Elizabeth*, born August 13, 1713, the daughter of *Ernest Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen.*

The obligations which we owe to the native country of her gracious *Majesty*, require us to give a brief account of the duchy and family of *Mecklenburgh.*

This country, which is about 120 miles in length, and 30 in breadth, is bounded on the north by the Black Sea; by *Brandenburgh* on the east; by *Luneburgh* and *Brandenburgh* on the south; and by *Holstein* on the west. Its ancient inhabitants were the Vandals, who had settled in this country many centuries before the birth of *Christ.* They formed it into a powerful kingdom, and preserved its title and dignity till 1163, when the Monarch, *Pribislaus the Second*, was compelled to embrace the Christian religion by *Henry Luon, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria.* At this period the title of King of the Vandals was extinguished, and that of the Princes of *Mecklenburgh* substituted, who became a vassal to the *Duke of Bavaria.* In 1349, the *Prince of Mecklenburgh* was created a Duke, and made a Prince of the Empire. The remnant of the Vandals united with the Mecklenburghers about the year 1749, and from that period they have been divided into three branches, that of *Gustrow*, *Swerin*, and *Strelitz*; but the extinction of the branch of *Gustrow* in 1688, excited some differences with respect to the succession, which continued till 1701, when a treaty of partition was made at *Hamburgh*, and ratified by the *Emperor* in the following manner: That the duchy of *Gustrow* should be given to the *Duke of Swerin*; and that the *Duke of Strelitz* should have the bishopric of *Ratzelburgh* secularized, and a voice in the Diet of the Empire. The *Duke of Swerin's* annual revenue amounts to 55,000*l.* and that of the *Duke of Strelitz* to 22,000*l.* besides his domain. The country is fruitful, but unhealthy, and intensely cold in winter. It has often been the scene of war, particularly between Sweden and the Empire. To be thus visited with the effects of a quarrel which they have not provoked, is the lot of many of the smaller principalities of Germany. The country is able to raise a considerable body of troops, but they have never been strong enough to resist an invader. The established religion of the country is Lutheran; but there is toleration for sectaries. *Imhoff*, in his *Notitia Princeps Germania*, gives a laboured account of the genealogy of the family of *Strelitz*, which he says is lineally descended from the kings or leaders of the Vandals. *Hubner*, in his Genealogy of the German Princes, says, this family, if not the most ancient in Europe, is one of the most noble in Germany. The branch of *Strelitz* is the second branch of the House of *Mecklenburgh*; but its Duke is one of the secular Princes of the Empire, and takes his seat in the Diet.

Thus much we have judged necessary to state of the country and family of her Ma-

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jesty. In respect to her union with our august Sovereign, it will be deemed sufficient to add, that it was not a matter of mere state policy, but of preference and election. His Majesty had not long filled the throne, before he acquainted his council, in a meeting convened for the express purpose, "that having nothing so much at heart as the welfare and happiness of his people, and that to render the same stable and permanent to posterity, being the first object of his reign, he had, ever since his accession to the throne, turned his thoughts to the choice of a Princess, with whom he might find the solace of matrimony and the comforts of domestic life: he had to announce to them, therefore, with great satisfaction, that, after the most mature reflection and fullest information, he had come to a resolution to demand in marriage the Princess *Charlotte* of *Mecklenburgh Strelitz*, a Princess distinguished by every amiable virtue and elegant endowment, whose illustrious line had constantly shewn the firmest zeal in the Protestant religion, and a particular attachment to his Majesty's family."

Such were nearly the precise words in which his Majesty announced his royal intention to his council, on the 8th of July, 1761. The negotiation commenced at *Strelitz*, and the Earl of *Harcourt*, his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, concluded the treaty of marriage on the 15th of August following. Preparations were immediately made for the reception of the Royal Bride in England. She left *Mecklenburgh* on the 22d of August, and arrived, after a tedious voyage of ten days, at *Harwich*, on the 6th of the following month. Her Majesty rested one night, that of her arrival, upon her journey, at the house of the Earl of *Abercorn*, at *Witham*, in *Essex*, from whence she set out early the next morning, and arrived at the palace of *St. James's*, where she was received by his Majesty and the rest of the Royal Family. At nine upon the same evening, the marriage was performed by the *Archbishop of Canterbury*, in the Royal Chapel.

It would occupy too much room, and conduce little to the pleasure and improvement of our readers, were we to detail the ceremonies which took place upon the marriage and coronation of her Majesty.

Such as are curious upon these points, will find them by a reference to the periodical works of those times; but we are not fond of the labour of transcription, which has little dignity, and occupies much space. The usual congratulatory addresses were presented to their Majesties from both Houses of Parliament, the two universities, and all the counties, cities, and corporations in the kingdom. The grand assembly of the nation prepared likewise a testimony of their duty and munificence. On being formally acquainted with the marriage of the King, they provided for the support of her Majesty, agreeably to the Sovereign's wishes, a jointure of 100,000*l.* per annum, which was settled upon her by an act of the legislature, together with the palaces of *Richmond Old Park* and *Somerset House*.

But if the joy of the nation was thus universal upon the connection which his Majesty had graciously formed, how much was it increased in the following year by the birth of an heir to his throne. The hope of continuing the Protestant succession in his Majesty's family was now changed to a kind of certainty, and the birth of an heir was of itself sufficient to have established the popularity of a Queen of England, even had she wanted those many virtues and qualities which her Majesty is so well known to possess.

It has been the pride of her Majesty's life to conduct herself with a mild but dignified impartiality with respect to those political differences with which the kingdom has so frequently been agitated. Her name has never been brought up in the most acrimonious controversies of party; she has never been suspected of being open to any intrigue or influence, in order to sway the royal mind, either to the admission of one or the rejection of another. At the time of the regency, the duties of watching over the bed of our beloved Sovereign were performed by her Majesty, in a manner which exalted her character for domestic tenderness and conjugal love in the eyes of all Europe. This æra was indeed a period of great domestic sorrow to the Queen, and no less of public strife and furious party contention. But in this try-

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ing moment, the conduct of the Queen was at once amiable and dignified. The care of the King's health occupied every thought and wish; she scarcely absented herself from the sick chamber of her husband, and was deaf to every overture that was made her, as well from one party as the other. She left to the ministers who then directed the government, to pursue that line of conduct which gratitude, humanity, and the law of the land, pointed out to them, and expressing that her chief concern was the care of the King's person and health, it was provided that she should have been entrusted exclusively with that important charge, had the regency taken place.

In both houses of parliament, at that period, the name of the Queen was always mentioned with affection and reverence; and whilst the public largely participated in her domestic afflictions, they did the most ample justice to her prudence and resignation.

To be known only by the rare excellence of her domestic virtues, to be conspicuous among the matrons of a kingdom by a superior conjugal fidelity, and a more amiable tenderness; to be at once the most exalted in rank, and no less exalted in goodness, is the greatest pride of her present *Majesty*. . irtues of this class are seldom expected from high rank and birth; and when found in a Queen, our admiration and reverences are equally excited.

No one has ever placed a more bright, unostentatious example before the eyes of a people. Here, where all eyes are naturally attracted by the power and splendour of royalty, an example is presented of all those amiable and useful virtues, which the gay look down upon with indifference, and the proud with contempt. We there behold the partner of our beloved Sovereign bestowing grace, whilst she improves the happiness of his exalted station: we there behold him in his domestic retreat, and in the bosom of his family; and in the universal wish for the happiness of the Father of his People, we feel no envy, however pure and refined it is, above that of our common lot.

Her *Majesty's* time has been chiefly occupied in the performance of that first of domestic duties, the superintendance of the education of her children. In the graceful and splendid accomplishments of life, her *Majesty* yields to none: she is a most thorough mistress of music, and has a chaste execution in that delightful science. Her dancing was a theme of admiration upon her first arrival in England; and, indeed, her knowledge of the fine arts collectively, is much superior to what we expect to find in a female of her exalted rank. But she is celebrated for far different and less common merits. Her *Majesty* is a pattern to her subjects for those sublime virtues which are not to be mentioned in the same sentence with the accomplishments we have alluded to above. Her character for piety, and a strict performance of religious duties, is well known. This, which forms the brightest gem of female virtue, is most conspicuous in the Queen. It distinguished her early years; it fortified her mind in those days in which she was courted by all the seductive splendour and dissipation of a court; and, as her youth passed off, it has settled into a regular and noble fervour. If her Majesty has ever taken any part in the questions which have often divided this kingdom upon matters of religion (though we know not that she ever took any), we should not hesitate to pronounce that her inclination was strongly in favour of the Established Church. Her Majesty has always expressed an attachment for the Clergy of this kingdom, and many, by the means of her patronage, always exercised moderately and with great discrimination, have ascended to the highest dignities. Several works of a religious nature have likewise been patronised by the Queen, and a work upon the Christian Religion has been recently translated from the German at her express command.

It would be unnecessary to pursue this article further. We shall close, therefore, with expressing a wish, that as this example, both for the high and low of these kingdoms, has been bestowed by the special favour of Providence, so it is to be hoped, that the bounty which gave, will not speedily take away; and that her Majesty may live long, in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, we believe to be one of the most sincere and universal prayers of all her subjects.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE BEAU MONDE;

OR,

A HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER FIRST.

When a reader is introduced to a new subject, he is most frequently honoured with a preface: he has more reason to expect one when he is introduced into a new world. As we are about to do him this last favour, we will not detract from the benefit, by conferring it in an imperfect manner. He shall have, therefore, a description of the *New World*.

In the first place, as to the name of this world, it is called the *Beau Monde*, or Fine World, in contradistinction, and by way of marking its superior excellence above this common and vulgar world which *God* has made; and, to confess the truth, the distinction is not without reason. A certain witty, but rather blasphemous (we mean to say *fashionable*) king, used to wish that he had been consulted in the creation, adding that he would have given the Maker some hints, which might have improved his plan. The framers of the *Beau Monde* seem to have profited by the hints of this monarch; and the constitution of THEIR world, the fine one we are now describing, has many considerable improvements upon the *old*. But before we proceed, we think it necessary to correct an idea of our readers. In the term we now make use of, the *Fine World*, they are not to understand what is intended by that word in its general signification: it is not to be understood as according to the strict definition of their geography; it is not a certain portion of dust and water, of light and darkness, of fire and air, blended and kneaded together into a round heavy ball, that constitutes this *Fine World:* by no means, for this is the composition of the vulgar world we have just now been arraigning. The term and difference are more easily explained by an example: When we speak of a very puissant or Royal Family, we say the *House of Brunswick*, or the *House of Stuart*. Now what do we intend by this expression? Not the brick or the stone houses in which these families reside, but the families themselves: it is in the same manner with our term, the *Fine World*; we do not mean the world itself, but the inhabitants of this world.

Having now settled the name, we might proceed to the situation of the *Beau Monde*, but locality is a thing that does not belong to it. The *Beau Monde*, like *Swift's Island* of *Laputa*, is for ever changing its place. It is now at *London*, now at *Bath*, now at *Bristol*, now at *Brighton:* wherever the Emperor is, say the Civilians, there is *Rome:* wherever fashion resides, there is the *Beau Monde*.

It may be a question whether this *Fine World* was known to the ancients. It has been the boast of modern times to have discovered one new world, that of *America*, and it might inflame our vanity to flatter ourselves that we have discovered two. But we are afraid this honour is not exclusively with the moderns. There are strong arguments against our exclusive acquaintance with this *Beau Monde:* we would fain get over them, but we must confess the passages are choaking. Let us examine them, and, with as much impartiality as we can, discuss their separate claims to the honour of a first discovery. But we must premise that, as the people of Scotland are called Britons, so those of the *Beau Monde* are called people of fashion; no matter, in either case, wherefore. Let us now then proceed to the ancients. If we should chance to find any people of fashion amongst them, it is plain they must have been members of the *Beau Monde*. Let us first turn over our Grecian history. Here is a strong passage in almost our first page. The temples and statues of the gods, in the city of *Athens*, were, during one night, all defaced; the streets were covered with the broken noses of the in-

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sulted deities, and there was no one god in *Athens* that had not suffered some cruel bruise. This outrageous act was generally attributed to *Alcibiades*, a young nobleman, a confirmed infidel, and a contemner of all religion. It was said that, with a large party of other young noblemen, he had sallied from a tavern, and had committed in a drunken frolic this impious sacrilege.

What shall we say to this? Here is infidelity, insult on religion, tavern sallies, and a drunken frolic. Strong, very strong presumptions indeed, that this young nobleman was a man of fashion? But let us examine further. For this act *Alcibiades* was banished; and, retiring to *Sparta*, was received at the court of *Agis* with every hospitality which the place could afford. His easy manner, his gay wit, and a character so versatile as to take any colour, recommended him to the highest esteem and friendship of the King, and he repaid him by debauching his wife. There is no longer any doubt; *Alcibiades* was certainly a man of fashion, an infidel, an adulterer, and one betraying the confidence of his friend, and repaying the greatest benefits by the basest ingratitude.

We have done with the Greeks; let us now turn to the Romans. One day, in the presence of Julius Cæsar, a courtier was speaking with some severity against another; but was checked by the Dictator, who desired him to spare him, for he did not deserve such reproaches. "Not deserve them," exclaimed the angry courtier; "why, what think you of the man who was caught with his neighbour's wife?"

"What do I think of him?" replied Cæsar, calmly—"why I think him a very careless fellow." A very fashionable answer, and an argument of a very fashionable opinion! Cæsar, beyond all doubt, was the perfect *man of fashion*. If we want any further proof of their acquaintance with the *Beau Monde*, and their frequent exercise of its most valuable privileges, of their modish manners, their modish morals, and the whole system of their fashionable life, let us search the writers of their own time for information. Scarcely a page but presents us with what we seek. Let us take up their *Juvenal*, and we shall find as many men of fashion as in our own Court Calendar itself; for instance, let us see how the Romans amused themselves. Here is the answer to our wishes.

My Lord disdains to throw with meaner vice,
Or truck his dastard thousands on the dice;
House, lands, and acres, wait his nobler call,
Wife, children, mistress—faith he stakes them *all*.

Such of our readers as are anywise learned, will find the original of this in the following lines of *Juvenal*:

Non loculis comitantibus itur
Ad casum tabulæ, posita sed luditur *arcâ*.

What shall we say now? Is not this an example of the true *Beau Monde*? Can the Clubs of Bond-street, or St. James's, boast spirits of a higher soul, or a more lofty and all-contemning enterprize? Can my Lord F—, or Sir W— himself, or my Lord C—, play with a more fashionable spirit, a more heroic fortitude and contempt? One more instance, and we have done. Let us see their economy and matrimonial policy.

Some giddy profligate, half fool, half wit,
A gudgeon biting, and a gudgeon bit;
For him some practis'd pimp shall spread the snare,
And angle with his *wife* to catch the heir;
But whilst the luckless lover hugs his prize,
The injur'd husband opes his watchful eyes!
His honour lost! Swords! No—what other fury?
My spark is handed over to a *jury*.

That our readers may not think we are romancing, we shall give them chapter and verse for this in the *Juvenal* we have referred to above. Our translation, it will be seen is liberal, but the sense remains.

Cum Leno accipiat mœchi bona, si capiendi
Jus nullum uxori—doctus spectare lacunar,
Doctus et ad calicem vigilanti stertere naso.

A very fashionable bargain, a very fashionable sleep, and every person concerned of the very highest *ton!* What do my Lord and Lady —— say to this? and a certain distinguished personage, what says *he?* They will certainly acknowledge these ancients to be people of the very first circle in the mode.

We might enlarge this subject, from the

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ancient authors, very much. *Cicero*, who was an orator of great antiquity, a parliament man, impeached *Mark Anthony*, before the Senate, of certain mal-practices and abuses against the commonwealth of Rome. Speaking of his contempt of all forms and decencies, of his excesses, debaucheries, gluttonies, &c. he charges him with having come one day into the senate drunk, from the last night's supper, to the annoyance of the reverend bench of greybeards there assembled.

We might, if we were inclined to any scandalous tales, inquire if, in a neighbouring chapel, some things of this sort were not occasionally witnessed. But we shall be satisfied with our present inquiries.

It appears then, from this our impartial examination, that the *Beau Monde* is not the fair boast of later discoveries, but was equally known to the ancients as to the moderns. We are sorry that justice has wrung from us this confession; we should have wished, indeed, that the credit of the discovery might have turned out to have been our own; but truth and history are unfortunately against us.

But to the subject of the following history: Its object is somewhat extensive, and we hope new; it is intended to lead the reader through the world we have been describing, to point out his road, and assist him in his progress through the *Beau Monde*. We shall furnish him with a chart that will govern his voyage in all the varieties of the course. We shall begin from the very point of embarkation. He will see a young country girl, with decent manners, good morals, and a careful education, enter upon a fashionable course. He will see her carried through the different scenes of the *Beau Monde*, and guided by a gay, seducing, artful woman of fashion. He will perceive, that the patroness understands her work, and is competent to the undertaking. She will point out examples instead of giving precepts; and presenting scenes and characters, leave her young pupil to draw her own inferences. In one word, and what includes the whole art of instruction, she does not teach her pupil, but leaves her more wisely to instruct herself. He sees likewise, in what this career of the country girl terminates; and such of my young readers who are desirous of imitation, have only to follow the same track, to arrive at the same goal.

[*To be continued in our next.*]

A TREATISE ON HATS;

OR,

A VISIT TO POLASLIA:

A FRAGMENT.

We embarked, Lord K— and myself, in a vessel bound to *India*, where, as we were told, we should find frequent opportunities of obtaining a passage to *Philadelphia*. Meeting with contrary winds, we were driven out of our course, and after being buffetted by the tempests, we were at length wrecked on an unknown coast. The inhabitants flocked around us; not one of our company understood their language: we could only collect from their gestures and preparations that they intended to send us to *Polaslos*, the capital of that immense country.

We were the first foreigners that had ever landed in that part of the empire; we were therefore examined with great curiosity. Among our floating and shipwrecked company was a Speculator. Before we left *Leghorn*, calculating on the vanity that prevails in every country, he had taken on board, as a venture, a quantity of articles, which he hoped to dispose of in the Indies. They consisted of robes, hats, clothing for both sexes, and trinkets of different kinds. The chief of the district in which we were, ordered the chests to be conveyed into a kind of hall, for the purpose of being inspected. Their contents were absolutely useless to a people inhabiting a country favoured by Heaven, and having scarcely any other clothing than

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what they had received from the benevolence of Nature. I was present at the opening of the chests, and witnessed the astonishment occasioned by what they contained. The governor knowing that the people in the north of that vast country used clothes, of which I was ignorant, determined to send the chests to *Polaslos*. If these people had been surprized at the sight of the articles, my astonishment was much greater to see them take possession of them. "Wherefore," said I to myself, "do they keep clothes, when they wear none?"—I was just going to inscribe this nation in my tablets among the number of foolish people, but I resolved not to act with such precipitation, but to endeavour to learn what they meant to do with the goods. It will presently be seen what reason I had to congratulate myself on my prudence.

After travelling without interruption for three months, we reached *Polaslos*. The report of our arrival was soon spread over the city, and as Nature has not forgotten to mingle curiosity among the ingredients of which the *Polcslians* are composed, they thronged in crowds to see us as we passed.

To know what the chests contained, and to determine what was to be done with them, a meeting of all the learned men of *Polaslia* was summoned. The assembly was to be held on the first day of the third month. In consequence of a singularity peculiar to that country, the men of science never met but on extraordinary cases.

It was made known throughout the whole country of *Polaslia*, that all the learned, and even all those who were accustomed to reason upon a subject and to form conjectures, should meet in the capital for the following purposes:

1. To give an explanation of certain strange creatures, in the shape of *Polaslians*, who had been cast upon the coast.

2. To inspect some curious articles of an unknown form.

3. To concert how to dispose of the former, and what was to be done with the latter.

I had three months before me to learn the *Polaslian* language, which is smooth, sonorous, and harmonious. I applied myself to the study of it with such assiduity, as to make a rapid progress.

The appointed day arrived; *Polaslos* was inundated by the multitude that assembled from every corner of the empire. There was not a village, not a hamlet, which had not furnished its sage, and when I beheld these crowds, I could not forbear thinking, surely the sciences must have reached their zenith in *Polaslia!*

The oldest sage presided over this brilliant assembly. An orator gave an account of our shipwreck. In a corner of the hall, which was of immense magnitude, and of which the eye could scarcely discern the farthest extremity, the packages were deposited, and we were placed in another part on an amphitheatre.

Those in whom the greatest confidence was reposed, or who possessed the highest reputation were chosen,

1. To examine us.

2. To discover what relation could exist between our persons, and the articles contained in the packages.

These two questions gave occasion to several subdivisions.

Are the strangers of the same nature as the *Polaslians?*

Have they ideas?

Are they capable of thinking?

Can they speak?

Are they susceptible of the same functions?

They were proceeding to the discussion of these important questions, when another was accidentally stated. Are they all of the same nation? said one of the commissioners. We were then examined separately.

Lord K— was the first. Full of spirits in prosperity, his courage forsook him in adversity, and like all the rest of his nation, he declared, that the only resource in misfortune, was to put an end to life. Sensible, however, that this resolution, when once executed, is irremediable, his Lordship wisely delayed to adopt the desperate measure. The philosophy of the English evaporates with the fumes of their punch, and the hiccup of their porter. Ever since our shipwreck, his Lordship had been dull and melancholy; his lips, from which, in France, issued the keenest satires on our countrymen, no longer smiled; his gait

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was heavy and his face inclined towards the ground. He was directed to ascend into a kind of alcove, where; after an attentive examination, it was decided.

1. That his Lordship was not of the same nation as the other stranger.

2. That it is doubtful whether he has ideas and is capable of thinking.

3. He appears absolutely dumb.

4. He seems to be habitually in the state of a person afflicted with indigestion.

My countrymen were treated more favourably. Slow in judging, and proceeding with prudent and methodical precaution, the sages of *Polaslia* agreed that it was probable we could think, that we had ideas, and that we were of a nature somewhat similar to their own. As to the gift of speech, they were not long in doubt on that subject. This opinion was favourable, but the impression it produced to our advantage was almost entirely effaced by the examination of the packages, and the conjectures to which this inspection gave rise.

As I knew sufficient of the *Polaslian* language to act as interpreter, I was selected to fulfil that important duty. Self-love is a native of every country: it is found in every part of the globe, with shades and modifications, which produce the variety that exists in the manners and customs of different nations. The *Polaslians* entertain a high notion of themselves, and have a great regard for those who speak their language. When I addressed them in their native idiom, they shewed me very great respect.

They proceeded to open the packages. The first contained a quantity of mens' and womens' hats of every form and of every colour: hats *a la Prussiene, a la Suwarow, a l'Anglaise*, &c. I was asked what those things were. I replied by two *Polaslian* words, which signify *head-covers*. Hence they sagely concluded, that these articles were destined in Europe to cover the head. They examined, with surprise, the variety of all our hats, their form, their depth, their size, their weight, their colour, and their brims. From these circumstances they formed conjectures concerning the shapes of European heads, and agreed that some must be enormously large, and others exceedingly small; while others again, must be square, or round, or oblong, or sharp-pointed; lastly, that there was a class of men without heads. The *dress-hat* led them to draw the last inference. I endeavoured, but to no purpose, to make them understand that this kind of hat was carried under the arm; they burst into a loud laugh; repeating, that people must be mad to carry under their arms what ought to cover their heads. They imagined that all those different kinds of hats belonged to as many different nations. I suffered them to remain in their error, and took care not to tell them that they were used not only by the same nation, but by the inhabitants of the same town.

On seeing such great variety in the form of these hats, they descanted on the construction of the head, and in particular of the brains of Europeans; asserting, that according to appearances the men who use dress-hats must be totally destitute of brains; that the brain must be hollow in those that wear hats *a l'Anglaise;* and that those with *Suwarow* hats, can have nothing on their shoulders but that part of the head called the *cranium.*

This was sufficient to convince me in what errors the method of analogy may sometimes lead us.

I shall not repeat the conjectures made on the women's hats; while they approved of the form of the straw hats with edges, they could not possibly conceive that the same person could wear a hat in the form of a cap, and without any edges; and afterwards a hat made of velvet, of stuff, or of silk. Still less could they imagine the use of bows of ribbons, of feathers, &c.

"If there be any relation," said the sage *Polaslians*, "between all these head-covers and the heads that wear them, there must exist an inconceivable variety in the figure and the construction of all those heads; and if no such relation exist, those countries must be inhabited by mad people." The sage *Polaslians* could form no conception of any other alternative.

The same variety that they had just discovered in the heads of Europeans, was found, from an examination of their shoes, to exist among their feet. Some of their shoes were round, others square, and others pointed: they concluded that the Europeans must skip along, instead of walking,

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that is, if they were capable of using their feet at all. The shoes that ended in a long peak, led them to suppose, that some of the natives of Europe had tails at the ends of their feet; and in confirmation of this opinion, the most celebrated naturalist of *Polaslia* transmitted to the museum of the city a pair of those shoes.

The general conclusion from all this was, that the Europeans form a class of men of a very strange figure. A thick volume soon appeared describing this species of animal, with all his varieties; and another on the tails that grew at the ends of the feet. The last-mentioned work produced a wonderful sensation; and to pacify the ladies of *Polaslia*, a public notice appeared, stating that among the strangers who had recently arrived, there was not a single foot with a tail.

ORIGIN OF TWELFTH CAKES.

MR. EDITOR,

As I am convinced that the object of your Work is to admit Miscellanies of every class, which relate to the Fashions and Amusements of the Age, and not to reject them though they may appear at first somewhat too abstruse for female investigation, I am induced to send you the following Inquiry into the origin of Twelfth Cakes.

AMONG the modern nations of Europe, there are customs, the origin of which is lost in the obscurity of remote ages, and which seem to have survived the revolutions of states, the reforms of religion, and the changes of laws and of manners. Such is the custom of the twelfth cake, or, as it is called in France, the cake of kings; a custom constantly kept up in that country, even at a time when its inhabitants could not tolerate it without endangering their lives. At a period when the name of king was not permitted to mingle with the most innocent games, solitary families met, to divide in silence the cake of kings.

The poets and historians of antiquity have given us some curious details concerning this custom; and it is at present matter of astonishment, that, during such a long period, in such different climates, with such opposite manners and religions, men have observed this kind of general approximation.

"At the Saturnalia," says the philosopher *Arrian*, "the king elected by lot, exercises his authority, commanding one to drink, another to pour out wine; ordering this man to go, and that to come." *Tacitus* observes, that *Nero* never missed these feasts, and that he was always extremely anxious to be the king of the festival. "*Verres*," says *Cicero*, "had trampled upon the laws of the Roman people, but he punctually obeyed the laws of the table."

This profound respect for the kings of the table, was manifested by all the exterior signs which denote the most absolute authority on the one hand, and the most perfect dependence on the other. It even appears that the honours paid to this transient dignity, but which was held under a circumstance considered by the ancients as one of the most important in life, excited a considerable degree of pride in the minds of those who received them. How necessary it was to inculcate the sentiments of modesty on those occasions, is apparent from the advice given to such persons among the Hebrews.

"If thou be made the master of a feast," says *Ecclesiasticus*, lift not thyself up, but be among them as one of the rest, take diligent care for them, and so sit down. And when thou hast done all thy office, take thy place, that thou mayest be merry with them, and receive a crown for thy well ordering of the feast." *Tertullian*, indeed, in his treatise, *De Corona*, censures this custom; but the very asperity of *Tertullian* is a demonstration of the universal respect paid in his time to this ancient institution.

The kings of the festival were not always elected by lot. One of the passages quoted above, pre-supposes a free and rational

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election. *Plautus*, in one of his comedies, introduces persons who appoint a king or a queen over them; and one of the number addresses these words to a young and beautiful woman:—"I give this crown of flowers to her who is in the flower of her age; you shall be our sovereign." It would, however, appear, that the most usual method was to have recourse to the lot in the disposal of this kind of sovereignty. It is well known, that at a repast at which *Agesilaus* presided, he issued an order, the equity of which was highly admired by all the friends of the table. He directed that if there were plenty of wine, each should have as much as he should chuse to drink; but if the quantity was small, one was not to receive more than another; and when that great man gave this decision, so gravely recorded by *Plutarch*, he had been just elected the king by lot.

Anacreon supposes that *billets*, such as we make use of at present, were employed. "Slaves," says he, "bring the billets that I may mix them, and that we may have a king of the festival." *Horace* gives us to understand, that this innocent crown was conferred by the dice. "When thou shall be in the gloomy mansion of *Pluto*, says he to his friend *Sextus*, the dice will no more give thee the sovereignty at the festival." *Pollux* the rhetorician, and several other men of learning, conceived that these dice were not like ours, but had figures and emblems engraved upon them. These were in general a dog and a Venus, or, according to the statement of *Plautus*, a vulture and a basilisk. The vulture and the dog excluded the candidate; he who had the basilisk or the *Venus*, again tried his fortune with those who had been as lucky as himself, unless he had been from the beginning the only one whom the lot had thus favoured. When children elected a king, in their sports, they made use of beans; and in various republics, beans were likewise employed at the election of magistrates. Hence that precept of *Pythagoras; A fabis abstine. Abstain from beans;* that is, abstain from intermeddling in the affairs of the government. It is well known that the followers of this philosopher shunned public employment, and courted silence and retirement.

When the king was elected, on assuming his dignity he commonly made a speech, of which some of the ancient writers have preserved the following passages: "Let us drink, my friends; let us drain the flowing goblet; let us intoxicate ourselves with this delicious liquor, with this beverage of the gods! O *Bacchus!* thou who art accompanied by the sports and by the smiles, be present in our circle with a crown upon thy head, and an ample bowl in thy hand: warm our spirits. Haste, ye slaves! give me three cups, then nine, then three times nine; and then give them untold: I will resign myself to a delightful madness. *Hercules*, agitated by the furies, broke the bow and the ponderous quiver of *Iphitus; Ajax*, a prey to rage, struck his buckler with the sword of *Hector;* but I, with cup in hand, my hair crowned with flowers, without bow and without sword, I will resign myself to a pleasing delirium: I would rather lose my reason than my life."

These amusements were seasoned with wit, mirth, and good humour; it cannot therefore be unprofitable to recall them to our recollection.

FATHER AND SON:

AN EASTERN MORAL.

ABDALLAH, born in the extreme of poverty, scarcely, by the most assiduous labour, could earn sufficient for his own, and aged father's subsistence. This did not prevent him from marrying the young and lovely *Ismena*. To her he confided the care of his parent, and the humble habitation in which they resided. After the fatigues of the day he returned with the setting sun to his cot, and spending a happy evening in the bosom of his family, divided with them the produce of his toils. *Ismena*, presented him with a son. In the midst of the joy occasioned by his birth,

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Abdallah reflected on the poverty to which this infant was heir. He had hitherto never known what it was to be discontented; nor even then would he have murmured against his fortune, but that he wished his child a happier lot. He perceived it was necessary to acquire some portion of independence, but with his small earnings how could independence be purchased?

Whilst he was employed with these ideas, his mind reverted to his father, enfeebled by age, and rendered incapable of contributing to his own support? for the first time, he regarded him as an incumbrance, and conceived that he alone prevented him from acquiring riches. He, now, only saw in him an infirm and troublesome old man, continually complaining, and exacting the most tiresome attentions. He no longer remembered that he had a right to exact them.

The munificence and humanity of the Sultans of the East had founded public asylums for indigent old age. The riches of these hospitable buildings were converted to every other purpose but the relief of the poor. Avarice had applied to its own use the treasures destined for the support of the charity. The unfortunate beings who were obliged to seek refuge in these abodes of misery, entered them trembling, and fearful of meeting treatment which would abridge their melancholy days.

Abdallah, who had never seen these retreats without shuddering, now recollected that they were open to his father. Eager to be discharged from the expence and trouble, and vexed at some of the caprices which generally accompany age and infirmities, he announced to him that they must separate.

The old man sighed without replying, he was too feeble to walk. *Abdallah* took him on his shoulders, and proceeded towards the hospital. The road being long and broken he was obliged to rest, and, having deposited his burthen in the corner of a street, he sat down to take breath.

From the very moment he departed from the house, the old man groaned most piteously, and shed abundance of tears. Suddenly he ceased, and appeared, during some moments, lost in the most profound meditation. In a short time he leaned towards his son, and embracing him, said, "I pardon thee, my son, I have merited this treatment. I receive it as a chastisement from heaven. The Almighty Prophet sees into our hearts, and our most secret movements are known to him. He keeps an exact register of all our actions, and, in time, either recompences or punishes them. It is now forty-five years, my child, since I conducted your grandfather into this VERY asylum to which you are now conveying me. I have been ungrateful, you have become so, and perhaps your son will be the same. We have both learned, and propagated the same lesson, and the effects of it will be visited upon us by the retributive justice of heaven in the inhumanity of our children. What I have been to my father, thou hast been to thine, and so will thy son be to thee. Heaven is just, let us not murmur at his will."

Abdallah heard him with astonishment, a ray of light flashed across his soul; he made no reply, but placing the old man on his back, returned with him to his house. The project he had formed filled him with horror, and he testified his repentance ever after by redoubled care and tenderness.

USEFULNESS OF AN OLD WOMAN.

On my return, I found an old woman at a door, where she seemed unable to gain admittance. I knocked for her. At last a man put his head out of the window. "Ha! it is this everlasting hag that wakes us; she will never die."

I was shocked at this brutal answer. "Madam," said I, "may I ask the reason of your coming home so late? "I have been to take care of a sick person; but, as I have already sat up two nights, they are afraid I shall fall asleep, and have sent me away." "They should have let you sleep at the house that employed you." "I feared lest I should be troublesome. At my age, Sir, we are not sufferable but in cases

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of the most urgent necessity; yet there is no tenderness but in women, there is no attention but in old women. The young ones are constantly occupied in taking care of themselves. As for me, I divide myself into four parts when I am nursing one that is sick: I have an eye to every thing. I do not fear that want of sleep will weigh my eye-lids down, make me become pale, and even indisposed.

"A sick person never constrains himself with an old woman."

I felt that this woman knew exceedingly well the utility of her age. Still the door was unopened. I knocked again, but no answer was made. At this moment a man arrived from the house that the old woman had quitted. "Ah, Mrs. *Thompson*, are you here yet!" cried he, "your patient wants you again; he will have none but you; I beg you will return." The good old woman returned. I saw that she was not destitute of information; she was highly pleased that the sick person had sent for her again. I went with her, in order to have a little further talk on the subject.

"Women," said she to me, "are men's nurses. I heard it once told to an old officer, whom I nursed during sickness, that after the battle of *Rosbach*, the general, who had many wounded soldiers, and few people to take care of them, determined to make nurses of all the loose females that follow the army, and told them that they would do well to behave properly. Well, Sir, the greatest part of them became steady, industrious, and attentive; they took care of the soldiers as if they had been their children, and saved three parts of them. A woman is often praised, but never sufficiently valued. When a man sees a woman, what ought he to see in her? His nurse, his guardian, his mistress, his wife, his unceasing friend, his comforter in sickness; the being that gives him his first life, that affords him his first food, that is the creator or promoter of every pleasure he enjoys during his life, and whose tender attention can alleviate the dreadful pangs of approaching dissolution. Young, she is beautiful; old, she is good; one grateful word over-pays her. Old women are fit for a number of things which young ones are incapable of performing, either from ignorance, or because they will not take the trouble. An old woman is never tired of any thing. I am old, Sir, and I know my value in society."

THE LADIES' TOILETTE, OR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

OF CLEANLINESS.—The toilette without cleanliness fails of obtaining its object. A careful attention to the person, frequent ablutions, linen always white, which never betrays the inevitable effect of perspiration and of dust; a skin always smooth and brilliant, garments not soiled by any stain, and which might be taken for the garments of a nymph; a shoe which seems never to have touched the ground; this it is that constitutes cleanliness. To this might likewise be added a scrupulous care to avoid every thing that can indicate functions which undeceive the imagination. Women, among the ancients were nymphs, nothing about them belied the graceful imagery of the poets who immortalized them in their works. At *Rome* and at *Athens* a woman could neither spit nor use her handkerchief in public. If she had a cold, she was under the necessity of remaining at home.

OF THE SKIN.—It was not on the form, or the nature of attire, that the great characters of antiquity bestowed their attention, but it was devoted to the preservation of the beauty of the person. They did not follow the same method as we, who frequently decorate a wretched picture with a magnificent frame. The ancients had a more profound theory; the cares they bestowed were the result of the esteem they had for themselves, of the persuasion that every thing is comprehended in nature, and that the beauty, health, and the good qualities of the heart, almost always proceed hand in hand.

It is from particular attention to the skin that we must expect health, long life, and a happy old age.

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The air is the natural enemy of the lilies of a beautiful complexion; but unfortunately for our handsome women, it is not the only enemy; a laborious life, or excess in pleasure; too much sleep or too frequent watchings; too intense application, or the languor of a life of indolence or apathy; melancholy and violent passions, grief, fear, anxiety, or hatred, are all prejudicial to the beauty of the skin, diminish its lustre, efface or alter its colours. On the contrary, a life of prudence and regularity; easy and varied occupations; benevolent, exalted, generous affections; the exercise of virtue, with that inward satisfaction which is the precious reward of it; such are the causes which preserve the flexibility of the organs, a free circulation, a perfect state of all the functions, whence results health, as well as beauty.

Buffon has observed that the delicate complexion, and happy physiognomy of the nobility, and most of the higher classes, is owing to the aliments they use. Water has an influence equally powerful on the beauty of the carnation.

If a fortunate change of circumstances enable a young female of limited means, who scarcely attracted any observation, to attend the minute details of the toilette, we in a short time behold a new beauty expand in her. How many village girls, with charms somewhat rustic, and figures rather coarse, have improved themselves by a residence in the city and the use of the toilette. 'Twas thus I beheld the celestial beauty of *Sophia* dawn forth. *Sophia* at fifteen was a mere country girl. *Sophia* has now attained her eighteenth spring, and she is an elegant and delicate nymph. Her dark and coarse complexion has acquired lustre, and whiteness; her lips, at the same time that they have become more delicate, have assumed the colour of coral.

FRAGMENT OF A SIAMESE LETTER.

The English affirm that they adore but one God; I cannot believe them, for in addition to the living deities to whom they are used to address their prayers, they have many other inanimate ones to whom they offer sacrifice, as I observed in one of their assemblies into which I accidentally entered.

I beheld a large, circular altar, covered with a green cloth, lighted in the middle, and surrounded by several persons seated in the same manner as we are at our domestic sacrifices.

At the moment of my entrance, one of them, who appeared to be the sacrificer, spread over the altar the detached leaves of a little book which he held in his hand; on these leaves were represented various figures; these figures were very rudely painted, yet they must be images of certain deities, for as they were distributed to the circle, each of the persons present placed an offering upon them, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were much larger than those which they made in their temples.

After the ceremony I have just described, the sacrificer moves his hand, trembling all the time, over the rest of the book, and remains for some moments petrified with fear and impatience. All the others, in anxious suspence and motionless like himself, are attentive to what he is going to do: afterwards, at every leaf which he turns up, these motionless spectators are alternately agitated in different ways, according to the spirit which takes possession of them: this, clasping his hands returns thanks to heaven; that, grinning, looks steadfastly at his image; a third bites his fingers and stamps the floor; in a word, all throw themselves into such extraordinary postures and contortions that they no longer have the appearance of human beings. But no sooner has the sacrificer turned up a certain leaf than he himself is seized with phrenzy, tears the book, and devours it from rage—overturns the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing is now heard but lamentations, groans, cries, and imprecations. On beholding them thus transported with fury, I judged that the deity whom they adore is a jealous god, who, to punish them for

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sacrificing to others, sends to each an evil spirit to take possession of them.

Such is the opinion a Siamese might deduce from the passion of male gamblers.—What would he think, if he had an opportunity of observing those of the female party?

MAXIMS AND RULES FOR THE CONDUCT OF WOMEN.

BY THE LATE COUNTESS DE BOUFFLERS.

1. In the exterior, decency and cleanliness.
2. In demeanor, reason and simplicity.
3. In actions, justice and generosity.
4. In language, truth and perspicuity.
5. In adversity, fortitude and pride.
6. In prosperity, moderation and modesty.
7. In company, affability and ease.
8. In domestic life, rectitude and kindness, without familiarity.
9. Fulfil duties according to their order and importance.
10. Never allow yourself any thing but what a third enlightened and impartial person would allow you.
11. Avoid giving advice.
12. When you have a duty to fulfil, consider dangers only as inconveniences, and not as obstacles.
13. Sacrifice every thing to peace of mind.
14. Combat adversity, as disease, with temperance.
15. Be anxious only to do what is right, paying as much respect as possible to the world and to the laws of decorum; but, having observed this rule, be indifferent to public opinion.
16. Never indulge in any but innocent raillery, which is not injurious to principles, nor painful to persons.
17. Despise interest, and employ it nobly.
18. Deserve respect.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS ON THE CONDUCT OF WOMEN.

A MODEST assurance very nearly approaches grace. We are never better than when we feel that we are well.

The quarrels of lovers are like storms in summer, which only render the country more verdant and more beautiful.

It is not sufficient to be beloved: we wish to be so for those parts of our character which we ourselves consider amiable.

Fortune is in the habit of taking back from us, by means of our desires, all that she has given us to satisfy them.

When I see unhappy men who are unsuccessful in every thing, who lose their children, their property, their friends, and still are attached to life, I look upon them in the same light as masks at a ball, who know nobody, to whom no person speaks; who experience the utmost languor and disgust, and yet are the last to quit the scene.

I think this rule may be given, with respect to pleasantry: it is good as long as the person you attack can reply in such a manner as to be satisfied with himself; but as soon as he becomes embarrassed, the pleasantry is too severe.

If I durst, I would hazard a proposition, which will appear new. It is this—That I am better pleased to see my real friends when I am in prosperity than in adversity. We must be highly beloved indeed by our friends, if they share with us the feeling of our happiness, if their minds be engaged with ideas like our own, if they dwell with pleasure upon our circumstances. A fortunate man is chargeable to others; they envy him his good fortune. When he enters your house to communicate his felicity, and you are past the first moment of secret satisfaction which you feel at having been chosen by him for that purpose, you soon become impatient for him to be gone, that you may reason the matter over, and discover some drawback. In a word, it is the master-piece of the most tender friendship, to love so

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much as not to be importunate for the detail of the circumstances which have rendered a man happy; whereas, in adversity. I have only to shew my face, and people are too glad to see me wretched, not to converse with me with pleasure. They draw from me a narrative of my disaster, they dwell on all the particulars which attended it, they make long lamentations, they are never tired of the subject; while my true friends, overwhelmed with grief at my situation, have nothing to say to me, because they themselves stand in equal need of consolation.

The fable of the miller, his son, and the ass, teaches us that, whatever course we may pursue, we must not expect the approbation of mankind; but we must take care not to abuse this moral, and beware lest the difficulty of obtaining approbation should serve as a pretext for obstinately following our own caprices.

Men pretend to be better and think themselves worse than they actually are. They are inconsistent in evil as in good.

It is the property of the false man to ridicule all those sentiments which he has not; but some are so false as to ridicule the very sentiments which themselves possess. Their habit of disguise prevents them from remaining a moment in their natural state; they overdo every thing, even the demonstration of the grief or the joy which they feel.

Ladies of gallantry are treated by the world nearly in the same manner as loose women are treated by the public. As long as they make no disturbance they are suffered to continue their trade in peace. In like manner a woman of gallantry associates with all the prudes, as long as she keeps matters within bounds; but on the first uproar, her whole conduct is scrutinized, the minutest circumstances are raked up, and her reputation is gone.

It cannot be more surprising to see a woman who has been unfaithful to her husband, prove inconstant to her paramour, than to see thieves mutually cheat each other.

Languor is the end of love.

The pensive melancholy of youth makes us smile; that of old age draws tears into our eyes, because we presume that the one is sad from being embarrassed in his choice, and the other regrets that he has nothing left to choose.

THE MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND:

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

To which is added, a correct Likeness of that Lady in her Court Dress of Jan. 8, 1806.

ANNE, the present Marchioness of Townshend, was the youngest daughter of *William Montgomery*, Esq. afterwards created a Baronet. Her family was originally Scotch, though settled in Ireland. *Mr. Montgomery* was a gentleman of an ancient and honourable house, without any considerable fortune, but a man well esteemed and received in the polite world. Previously to his daughter's marriage, he was an army agent in Dublin. Sir *William Montgomery* had four children, *Elizabeth*, *Barbara*, *Anne*, and the late unfortunate Colonel *Montgomery*, who was killed in a duel with Captain *Macnamara*.

The three Miss *Montgomeries* were the toasts of *Ireland* from their earliest introduction into the fashionable world. They were amiable and engaging, educated with the utmost propriety and attention, and were so accomplished in all exterior and intellectual qualifications, and so attractive and interesting in their persons, manners, and demeanour, that they received the name of the *three Graces*.

The first acquaintance of the present Marchioness of *Townshend* with the noble Marquis her husband, arose when his Lordship held the high office of Viceroy of *Ireland*. It was here that he first beheld Miss *Montgomery*, and became enamoured of her; his attachment was speedily followed by an offer of his hand, and he married her, May 19th, 1773. Her sisters were not less fortunate in contracting splendid alliances. *Barbara* was married to the Hon. Mr. *Beresford*, of the family of the Marquis of *Waterford*; and *Elizabeth* to the first Viscount *Mountjoy*. It may not be superfluous to mention here,

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that the attraction of these amiable sisters made an equal impression upon the English and the Irish Courts. If we mistake not, Sir *Joshua Reynolds* has exhibited them in a picture, as the *three Graces* crowning the statue of *Hymen*.

Upon the first introduction of the Marchioness into the splendid circle of the English Court, she was no less admired for the graces of her person, than for those many amiable qualities of the heart, by which she gave dignity to her rank, and diffused happiness around her. Being of an enlarged and liberal mind, and of an education which had given her the strongest sense of religious and domestic duties, she was not qualified for that dissipation and pursuit of pleasure which is so conspicuous in the rest of our nobility, and more particularly in those who are unexpectedly elevated to high rank and dignified station.

Her discretion, equally with her taste, led her to prefer a life of retirement, which at this time was peculiarly suited to the fortune of the Marquis. They lived at his Lordship's seat, at Raynham, in Norfolk, for many years, in the enjoyment of a most pure domestic felicity. But at this time we are sorry to add that the scene was somewhat overclouded by an extraordinary depression of spirits which took place in the Marquis, arising from a straitness of circumstances and the encreasing demands of a very young and numerous family. At this period, however, Providence seemed to smile upon their conjugal virtues and endearments by bestowing a considerable accession of fortune from the death of numerous relatives and friends. It will not be deemed flattery to observe, that the admirable conduct of the Marchioness had secured her several strong and powerful attachments among many who were not within the circle of her own immediate connections. It was to these that the Marquis was chiefly indebted for that increase of fortune which has since made their domestic arrangements, not only comfortable, but splendid.

Among those whose friendship and admiration the Marchioness had attracted by her virtues and amiable qualities, we think it but justice to mention Mr. *Devaynes*, who bequeathed her a considerable legacy, and expressed in his will, that he left it as "a token of his esteem, and a mark of his admiration of her exemplary conduct, both as a wife and a mother, in superior station."

Upon the marriage of her Royal Highness the *Princess of Wales*, the Marchioness of *Townshend* was appointed Mistress of the Robes, a situation which she still holds.

Her Ladyship has a numerous and most beautiful family; *Anne*, the eldest, was born Feb. 1, 1775, married to *Harrington Hudson*, Esq.; *Charlotte*, born March 17, 1776, married August 9, 1797, to his Grace the Duke of *Leeds*; *Honoria Maria*, born July 6, 1777; *William*, born September 5, 1778; *Harriet*, born April 20, 1782; *James Nugent Boyle Bernardo*, born September 11, 1785.

Her Ladyship, though from her particular office frequently called to attend the Court, is still devoted to a life of domestic retirement and seclusion. Her time is chiefly occupied in the most tender and affectionate solicitudes for the health and comforts of the Marquis, who is now considerably declined in the vale of years. *Raynham* Hall, however, is still the seat of an elegant and dignified hospitality; and the poor and distressed of a most populous neighbourhood are liberally supplied by the kind and extensive charities of the Marchioness. We shall conclude this slight sketch by observing, that a more brilliant and perfect example of virtue in high life, cannot be proposed to our female readers.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY,

INTRODUCTORY TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

I HAVE often heard that life is a succession of sacrifices; that every good we possess must be obtained at a price, that pleasure and pain share the influence of every hour; and that such a disposition of things is necessarily suited to, as it originates from, the wisdom which orders all things aright.

Such is the picture which has again and again been held forth to my unmatured understanding. Occasional glimpses of it I have caught and forgotten, but now I feel the truth of it, forcibly and irresistibly for the first time. I am now sensible, and in no small degree, of those sensations, when great pleasure is sacrificed for the enjoyment of great good. If I lose the society of my sister, I am become the companion, may I not add the consolation of my father. It is your absence that occasions this affecting, but I presume useful experience. In losing you, what do I not lose—the sweetest companion, the kindest friend, the most affectionate sister in the world. From infancy to the present hour, how seldom have we been separated a day from each other. As there is little more than the difference of a year in our respective ages, we may be said almost to have been rocked together in the same cradle, and to have known the early attachment that twins have been said by some, as it were instinctively, to possess for each other. In short, the same hand appeared to guide our first steps, as the same care has superintended the formation of our minds, and been thus far in our course, the rudder of our understandings. How this circumstance, among others, has strengthened our natural union to each other, the same studies the same amusements, the same pursuits, the same inclinations, in short, what happiness! the same mind, have ever engaged and directed us. Never did I feel the jealousy of a moment at your superiority. My most anxious ambition has been, as far as nature would allow it, to resemble you, and never was I so flattered, as when it has been observed, that Eliza grew up like her eldest sister. I set at defiance the recollection of a moment, when any dispute has arisen between us, but in the contest of good offices. Nor has my mind hitherto acknowledged the probability, that any future settlement, though titles, wealth and all that is held out as composing the charms of life, to youthful, and particularly to female fancy, were to grace and decorate it, would compensate my final absence from you. This, perhaps, may be a dream, which the future circumstances of life will dissipate; but I write from the present preference, and I will hug it to me till another comes, who is to make such a revolution in my heart, as to turn all its former tenants out of it, or at least to become a Lord Paramount in it. You cannot forget the mirth which was once occasioned by the *naiveté* of our observations, on the consolations given to the Queen, in Dr. Boyce's Bridal Anthem, on her marriage. "Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children." How this may be, I know not, but the greater evil which I have experienced has been to quit home? or, as is the present case, by your departure, to have half my home quit me.

Our last year's visit to London, with our aunt W———, did not satisfy us as we expected, though it was the unremitting study of that excellent relation to render our abode in the metropolis as pleasant as the metropolis could be, and she possessed all the means of doing so. The novelty pleased us at first, but we soon languished for home, and sought our native mansion with all the eagerness of children returning from school. Indeed, that was your own pleasant idea of our feelings on the occasion, and our hearts told us it was true. Whether another year will have made any change in your mind, I shall not pretend to conjecture. We are certainly of an age, when, as we have been told, strange metamorphoses will take place in the female character, and it is not for us to suppose, that we are to be exempt from the progressive changes incident to our state and nature.

C'est ce que nous verrons.

We are, however, separated for the first time. This reflection forces a deep sigh from my breast, and I am disposed to believe, that when your eyes reach this part of my letter, your bosom will feel an equal sensation, and be responsive to that of your sister's.

You, my dearest Caroline, are gone to pass a winter's apprenticeship, in the great, the gay, the fashionable world, to learn the geography of the country in which you are to live, to inform yourself of the manners of its inhabitants, to become acquainted with its language and its customs, and to inform yourself of its dangers; so that, while you fit yourself for your right conduct in all the various duties of your station and character, you may be enabled to communicate your experience to me, and be my protectress in the science of duty and the arts of life. It is this consideration which, in some measure, reconciles me to your absence. I look to your

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letters as forming a preparatory course of lectures to prepare me for that instruction, which your conversation, when you return to us will fully complete. I have heard of a system being adopted in a gentleman's family, where the children were very numerous, and the cost of a general education too great for its finances, which was to indulge in every expence to give the eldest daughter the most finished education, that she might communicate the advantages of it to all her younger sisters, at no expence at all.—Now, though money is not an object with us, time is; and I come at length to the great object of my letter, not with the view to address it to your heart, for I well know how that is directed, but to ease my own.

Pardon me, my dearest sister, in repeating what we have often said, that one of us must constantly remain at home. The situation of our incomparable father would demand such a sacrifice, if it were possible, which, thank heaven, it is not, to be a sacrifice. His decaying sight, added to his other bodily infirmities, renders it an indisputable duty that one of his children should be ever with him. He who has never ceased to lament the loss of our mother, now a saint in heaven, since she was laid in the tomb, must not be left alone to feel that loss, embittered and aggravated by comfortless solitude. Our aunt Sarah, who, in the direction of family affairs and domestic economy, cannot be surpassed, and who loves him and us ten times more than she ever loved any thing or any body, does not possess the gentle disposition and soothing manners; in short, she is incapable of those graduating attentions which his peculiar situation, and the fine wrought web of his mind requires. He understands no signs but words, and has no more idea of preventing an unexpressed want, than she has of refusing to gratify it, when good plain English has discovered it to her.

It would be an idle waste of words and of time, to enlarge upon my duties to you, who have set me the example of performing them, and who must now aid me in following that example. You will of course, enrich your letters with every topic that can relieve my duties, and enable me to embellish them. This, my dear Caroline, was the subject of our last conversation, and I wish to supply a very material deficiency in it. I allude to our cousin Henry, who ought to have been a principal feature of it. He might add very much, indeed, to our father's amusement, if he would write an occasional letter to him, or to me if he should like it better, on the transactions which must pass under his observation. He lives much in the world, possesses no common share or discernment, and could tell a great deal that would never reach our distant woods, but by such a communication. Ask him to employ a couple of hours every week (am I unreasonable?) to this object. As he will inherit my father's estate and title, he ought to consider himself as in the place of a son to him, and a brother to us. Not that we have hitherto had any reason to complain of him. His wife, with all her civilities does not like us: but let that pass. He will, I doubt not, instantly feel the force of a suggestion of this sort, and act as becomes him.

Having been advanced to the post of Prime Minister at ———, I appoint you and Henry, without any other description, to be Ambassadors from that Court to the World of Fashion, Science, and Politics, and shall expect frequent dispatches from you both.

Adieu, my dear Caroline,
Your ever fond and affectionate Sister,
E— C——.

[*To be continued*]

ON THE DRESS OF WOMEN.

SIR,

As I believe it to be part of the interesting Publication you are about to introduce to the world, to consider the Science of Costume *not merely as subsidiary to female vanity, but likewise to the morals and chastity of the female mind, I have ventured to send you some observation on the dress of Women, which, though probably too severe for the present taste, I can trust to your candour to admit.*

IT would be easy to write the history of the manners of a people by tracing its costumes; and it has been remarked that, at the periods when morals were most corrupt, the taste for the naked fashion was carried to the greatest excess.

Among the *Romans* the women wore dresses of a kind of stuff so transparent that the body might be seen through it as if entirely naked. This stuff was made of silk, so extremely fine that it was dyed a purple colour before it was made up; for when this species of gauze was manufactured,

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it was so delicate that it could not possibly have admitted the dye. The shell-fish which furnished the precious material for this colour, was found near the island of *Cos*, whence writers have denominated this stuff the dress of *Cos*. It is further curious to remark, that it was a woman who invented this transparent stuff, which inclosed the female body, as it were, in a case of glass; she was most assuredly well acquainted with the taste of her sex. The name of the woman was *Pamphilia*. *Pliny* has recorded her name: "This woman," says he, "ought not to be deprived of the glory which is due to her, that of having invented a dress which exhibits the women perfectly naked.

Seneca speaks of these habiliments in the following words: "Do you see those transparent habits, if, however, they may be called habits. What do you there discover that is capable of defending the person or preserving modesty? Dare those who wear them venture to swear that they are not naked?"

Varro calls these habits dresses of glass. Another author denominates them woven wind, and a silken vapour. "Is it decorous," says he, "in a virtuous woman, to wear a habit of wind, and be clothed in a silken vapour?"

It would appear that in those days, as at present, the females, whose superannuated charms called for the prudent aid of a discreet veil, sacrificed their self-love to the fashion, in generously adopting a costume which publicly revealed the progress of age and the inroads of time. *Horace* ridicules *Lyce*, one of his former mistresses, who, though on the wane, wore, like young females, transparent habits of gauze of *Cos*.

This mode prevailed during a very long period. It was at first adopted by courtezans, and soon followed by females who imitated them in more than one particular; and it continued till the time of St. *Jerome*, who declaims against these garments.

We learn from *Isaiah*, that the women and maidens of *Jerusalem* wore dresses of a similar nature.

I know not how far back it is necessary to go, to discover the origin of this mode, which consists in wearing a dress so fine that the wearer might as well go naked. I have found models of it in the most remote ages. In *Montfaucon's* learned work, entitled, "Antiquity explained by Figures," I have seen a representation of an *Egyptian* female, dressed in a tunic so fine as to shew the shape in the most perfect manner; and what appeared to me the most remarkable is, that this woman holds her robe exactly in the same manner as the *Parisian* females of the present day are represented to hold it, that is, she draws it tightly round the body, so as to exhibit all the forms still more distinctly.

More than four hundred years ago, the women of *France* went, as at present, with their shoulders and bosoms uncovered. Historical monuments teach us, that thus Queen *Isabel* of *Bavaria*, the wife of *Charles* VI. was dressed. We are told, it was she who introduced this fashion.

During the reign of *Henry* II. and *Charles* IX. the ambitious and voluptuous *Catherine de Medicis*, who wished to enervate by pleasure all the French, that she might afterwards govern them, introduced a new indecency of dress — It appears that this fashion continued under *Henry* III.

It again made its appearance under *Louis* XIV. disappeared at the conclusion of his reign, and returned in the first year of that of *Louis* XV. But at no period, and in no civilized country, was excess in this particular carried to such a height as during the years of the *French* Revolution.

Before that time women had been the slaves of silly customs and of ridiculous and *Gothic* fashions; they suddenly burst asunder all the fetters which bad taste had imposed upon them, and taking as models the *Grecian* women, so celebrated for their beauty, they exhibited, together with the perfection of taste, a complete neglect of decency. In this, I must confess, they deviated from their models; but such is the usual practice of the human mind; it is incessantly running into extremes. Accordingly; women exchanged a barbarous for a cynical costume.

A dress too prudish conceals beauty; a costume too free prostitutes it. A *Latin* poet has observed: "I do not like *Diana* when dressed, or *Cytherea* quite naked; one is destitute of voluptuousness, the other has too much."

If the sex intended to imitate the *Grecian* females, they however deviated widely from their decency and their morals. The *Grecian* women lived extremely retired, in impenetrable apartments; their costume set off their charms without exposing them. The example of the young girls of *Sparta* was not followed in other parts of *Greece*, and the costumes handed down to us were those of courtezans; besides which, it may easily be conceived, that the artist has allowed himself considerable liberties. Are we enabled at the present day, to judge of the dress of our handsome women by the fancy portraits delineated by our painters? And will our descendants say, that our women went naked, because Madame ***, Madame ***, and Madame ***, caused themselves to be painted in that manner.

Not only was the costume of the *Grecian* females extremely austere, but they were seldom permitted to appear before men; and *Plutarch* relates, that *Elpinice* became an object of uni-

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versal contempt, because she had sat to *Polygnatus*, though that artist had only drawn a figure after her, the face of which was veiled. It is well known, that the inhabitants of the island of *Cos* refused to place in their city the most beautiful statue that was ever made of the goddess of beauty, because she was naked.

People have declaimed in every age against nakedness, and to what purpose? Pleasantry has always produced a much more powerful effect on the female mind than the soundest arguments; the shafts of ridicule penetrate much deeper than all the artillery of logic. Of this I will quote an example:

About a century ago, the same abuse had gained ground in *London*—I allude to the naked fashion in dress—but its progress appears to have been much more rapid than at *Paris*. The fashion at *London* consisted, indeed, not only in wearing robes cut down very deep, but likewise in having the petticoats extremely short. In spite of the repeated declamations of philosophers and moralists, and, perhaps to vex those gentlemen a little, they kept visibly diminishing; from day to day the top of the robe was observed to sink, and the bottom to rise, till at length strong apprehensions were entertained, lest these excessive diminutions should exhibit nothing more than the cestus of *Venus*, or rather of the girdle of our grandmother *Eve*, the first of costumes mentioned in the records of history.

The Guardian, among other journals of the day, had declaimed against this innovation, which however only tended to restore an ancient custom, and, like the others, its declamations produced nothing but disgust, when a letter, stated to have been received from one of its correspondents, made its appearance. This letter, which was written by a woman, rallied the prevailing fashion in so admirable a manner, that, for once, wit succeeded in its league with morals, and nakedness and indecency were put to the rout by the shafts of ridicule. What the pulpit could not overthrow, and the stage dared not attack, the single effort of a woman accomplished through the pages of the Guardian.

In the present day it has in vain been considered possible to induce the sex to renounce this fashion, by shewing them that they sacrificed to it the most precious advantage; in vain physicians have demonstrated the pernicious effects of nakedness upon health; in vain examples incessantly recurring, confirm the precepts of medical science; in vain numerous and interesting victims sink beneath a destructive fashion: these things only stimulate the sex to expose themselves to still greater dangers. To brave death for glory belongs to the courage of men; to brave it for pleasure to the courage of women, and women, it must be acknowledged, are exceedingly courageous. I am,

SIR,

A hearty well-wisher to your work,

MODESTUS.

Bath, Feb. 18,
Upper Crescent.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

MRS. WEST'S LETTERS.

The following Extract is from a Work, entitled "Letters to a Young Lady," by Mrs. West. The high character of the Writer, and the importance of the subjects which she discusses, are sufficient apologies for the length of our Extract.

IT is a false and a dangerous assertion, that single women at best pass their lives in a dull mediocrity, removed indeed from lively griefs, but unacquainted with real enjoyment. Spinsters may be daughters, sisters, aunts, and friends, though they are not wives and mothers. Every one's experience can supply instances, wherein as much warmth of attachment and solicitude of attention have accompanied the fraternal, as ever hallowed the conjugal tie. How many helpless orphans have found maternal tenderness supplied by the attachment of an aunt! How many parents have perceived the joyless portion of extreme old age turned into the downy pillow of repose, by the assiduous watchfulness of an unconnected daughter! Friendship, too, may reign in the heart of the single woman with unrivalled influence; and the absolute power that she possesses over her time and property gives an extensive range to her patriotic and charitable exertions. Ladies who are thus circumstanced are the properest patronesses of public undertakings; they are the natural *protectors* of the friendless, and the proprietors of those funds to which genius and indigence have a *right* to apply. Destitute of nearer ties, and unfettered by primary obligations, the whole world of benevolence affords a sphere for their actions, and the whole circle of science offers to adorn their minds. It seems, indeed, difficult to pourtray a more en-

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viable being, than a single woman possessed of affluence, who has passed through the tempest of youthful passions with untainted character, unvitiated temper, and unfettered heart.

But as we unquestionably were created to be the wedded mates of man, it is only in some circumstances, and to some dispositions, that I would recommend celibacy as a state of choice; though I am persuaded that a well disposed mind may always submit to it without considering it a misfortune. Extreme delicacy of health seems one motive for declining to enter the conjugal state; for, though passionate Love may promise that his purple torch shall *ever* burn beside the couch of the lovely sufferer, Hymen generally tells a very different story, and, carrying a flambeau to an evening party, vacates his seat in the sick lady's chamber in favour of her nurse and apothecary. It would, indeed, be imposing too much upon a benevolent and upright heart, to confine it by engagements where we are unable to discharge our part of the contract; for infirmity is a clog, not a help-mate. Hereditary diseases are another obstacle; and in some cases I think they ought to be an insurmountable one, comprising an extension of duty to many generations. Great susceptibility of temper is an objection less universally acknowledged, and which unfortunately predisposes the heart to enter upon a trial for which it has incapacited it. The precept, that in the married state women should never *expect* too much, nor feel too *keenly*, can never be too deeply impressed on the ardent mind of youth; and can they conform to this conclusion who cherish sensibility as a virtue, and, instead of studying the temper of others, suffer their own to acquire a fastidiousness, under the pretence of delicacy and refinement of feeling.

A disposition that can yield to the desires of others, not only without *apparent* reluctance, but without *enduring* pain; health, cheerfulness, activity, frugality, attention to family concerns, and a relish for common domestic pleasures, are the qualities which a young lady should endeavour to obtain who determines to become a wife. In a majority of instances, these will put happiness in her power; in all, they will lighten the load of misery. What a fashionable education can do towards the attainment of these requisites, has been already considered. The generality of English girls are educated, if not for a Turkish Haram, at least for the court of imperial France. Should they not be apprised, that the futility of the objects on which they are taught to lay a primary stress, is commonly annihilated the moment their end is achieved? When the wild elephant's neck is once fast in the noose, the pursuer has no further occasion for the fascinating influence of drums and bells. But constant attention, and command of temper, will still be necessary, or he will never bend to the yoke and draw kindly.

I believe young ladies are not *now* apt to fall violently in love at first sight. Except a few tinder-hearted nymphs, who inhabit the woodland glades, our sex is become too mercenary, and too dissipated, to feel an *irresistible* penchant, till they have obtained a side glance at the swain's rent-roll. Or, should the lying gossip Fame have cheated them in this particular, their extensive acquaintance furnishes them with a number of Adonises, who can assist them to break the fictitious chain which they mistook for gold; and thus, like patterns at the dress-maker's, one beautiful figure effaces the impression that another had made. I shall not, therefore, here detain you with a long admonition against young ladies falling in love. The thing is *just* possible among a set whom nobody knows, and therefore nobody cares for their absurdities. It is, indeed, upon *record*, that formerly love made terrible work with the female heart, from fourteen to seventeen; and as it is still supposed, that during this period the soft and pliant wax might receive not only a deep but a lasting impression, fashion has copied the edifices in which it immures female adolescence, from the strong fortresses where the royal race of Abyssinia are secluded from the world. On re-considering all the masquerade habits which the Gods of old assumed in their amours, I can only think of the two dignities in which Cupid could now gain admittance to a girl of fashion: he must either fold his wings into the stuffed jacket of a dancing-master, and twirl his bow and quiver into a kit; or dilate his tiny form into the magnitude of a drill-serjeant; as these are the only *privileged* beings who are still allowed an opportunity of whispering a tender tale into the credulous ear of youth.

When a young woman contracts an attachment for a deserving object, who seems not to return her preference, her situation is most dangerous and pitiable. As the perverse (perhaps, in this instance, I should rather say independent) nature of man never appears more strongly, than in his determination to fly those who follow, and to follow those who fly, every enticement that a love-lorn lass holds out to catch the heart she wished for, generally proves a *scarecrow* that terrifies the wayward animal; and as I do not want her to have art enough to cover her advances in the *attractive* disguise of disdain, she must avoid "the God of her idolatry," as the most likely prelude to self-contest. If circumstances will not permit her to do this without exciting suspicion that secret partiality is the mo-

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ive, she must yet rouse all her mental strength and make an heroical effort for self-conquest; which will be her only alternative with a life of despair. Nature certainly intended that man should sue, and woman *coyly* yield. Few who have volunteered their affections ever became happy wives; we must never reckon on the stability of gratitude, when we put ourselves wholly in the power of the obliged party.

I have already stated, that it is needless to address polite readers on the absolute necessity of prudential considerations in marriage. But though the worship of Plutus seems to be the established religion of the age, there are a few dissenters still remaining, who fancy that this pure love will supply a good every-day dinner. This rash conclusion is, however, more the effect of ignorance, than of any real dereliction of principle; and proceeds from not knowing the *value* of money, and not from a Spartan *renunciation* of the comfort that it procures. For, if we examine the habits of these tender devotees, we shall find that their wants are too numerous even for competence; and that it is not penury, but affluence, which must supply what they call mere *necessary* expences. Suppose some lace-enveloped Lydia Languish, in the height of her paroxysm for poor Ensign Beverly, were compelled to assist the family-caterer in the routine of purchasing daily provisions. Let her investigate the demands of the tax-gatherer and coal-merchant, and even cast her eye over the items of soap, candles, and chandlery. She will discover a great many inelegant articles to which she never affixed either value or importance, that have operated as a constant drain upon the needful, and have really been so essential to her comfort, that she could scarcely exist without them. If she understand the rudiments of arithmetic, let her next employment be to subtract these essentials from the Ensign's pay, and then let her estimate how much will remain to be the *food* of love.

What are called very splendid alliances, are as little likely to produce comfort and content, as the imprudent connexions that we have just considered. In the preceding remarks, I did not mean to interdict a connexion which admits of the brightening prospects of successful industry, but was supposing a state in which industry could not act (and many who write gentlemen are in this painful and humiliating predicament). So with respect to disparity of fortune, I do not mean to estimate it by mere weight of metal, when other considerations are equal. The well-proportioned heiress *ought* to enrich the dependent younger brother; and the wealthy heir *should* select for his consort the unportioned daughter of a respectable family. It is my wish to warn young women from aiming at conquests, on the score of their personal attractions, to which neither their birth, connexions, education, nor situation entitle them to aspire. If the erratic pursuers of happiness would candidly state their discoveries, we should probably accede to the proposition, that every one is happiest in the state of life to which they have been accustomed. It is certainly sufficient to discourage this species of fair adventurers, that not one in an hundred succeeds in her efforts; but the prospect still becomes more disheartening, if we also discover that few of these fortunate candidates are *happy*. A young woman of humble connexions and inferior accomplishments, who is engrafted into an honourable stock, will experience mortifications from the family to which she is allied, that can only be parried by effrontery or stupidity. She must continually feel the restraints and difficulties of her situation; she will sink under the fatigues of fashionable dissipation, and will find her mind fretted by fastidious refinements, of which the happy simplicity of inartificial manners can form no conception. She will also be conscious of improprieties, and omissions, which nothing but an early initiation into high life would have taught her to avoid; and even the glittering equipage, which so forcibly struck her youthful fancy, will seem but a painful conveyance, if it *pass* by the amusement that she could have *enjoyed*, and *set* her down at what she *detests*. In fine, she will discover that merit cannot successfully combat the minute scrutiny of envy, especially when its prying glances are sharpened by unexpected prosperity; and that luxurious enjoyments can sooner pall the taste, than mortifications render the heart callous. I have not taken into this view, the more than probable accumulation of uneasiness which may wring the heart, at that period when the fond romantic lover changes into the cool reflecting husband. Richardson's Pamela is as absurd in its colourings of high life, as in its portrait of the reformation of a libertine.

Let not a young woman, then, seek for conjugal happiness in a station of life that is very dissimilar to her own; or in her own rank, without a competent provision to maintain those decencies of appearance which are its *proper* appendages. If she possesses delicacy of character (I should here use stronger terms,) if she value her own temporal or eternal interests, or that of the unborn, by the sacred names of mother and christian, let me require her to *shrink* from the advances of a known libertine; or, if she cannot avoid, let her steadily refuse his offers; they comprise such an accumulation of misery, as no pecuniary advantages can counterbalance. Let not youthful innocence sell itself to disease, impurity, and re-

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morse; nor pledge her hand, where, though she must obey, she can neither love nor honour. All gross moral errors are in the same strong sense *insuperable* objections, and surely women never would knowingly venture on such partners, but from an expectation of their being able to *reclaim* them. Alas! how much does youthful vanity here over-rate female power! The stubborn clay of man is never pliant but in early life; the storms of contention and the pressure of business, give it an impenetrability which, however suited to the rude buffets that it is designed to endure, prevent its being made malleable by the soft strokes of feminine influence. Whatever itself "wills to do, seems," in its own estimation, "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best." If we attempt to remodel the lords of the creation, we must begin before they have discarded that *emblem* of subjection, a petticoat.

I would advise a young woman never to select a man whom she discovers to be very deficient in the article of judgment; nor even if she have reason to form a high opinion of her own, and to believe that her future husband will always regard it with lover-like preference; a contingency which is extremely *improbable*. The original design of marriage (mutual help and assistance) is defeated, and an inversion in the relative situation of the sexes is always attended by a degree of ridicule and absurdity, which an ingenuous and delicate mind must strongly feel. Women, in this instance, seem a little treacherous to their own cause. I will not pretend to state how it happens to be so; much less will I justify the proceeding; but most unquestionably that very respectable (though, I fear, not numerous) body of men, the Jerrys, lead a life something like that of a flying fish, who, when they are hunted out of their own natural element, are pecked at by every petty wren that skims the air. We certainly ought to take these martyrs to our renown under our *protection*, and, by bringing them forward on all occasions as the only *true heroes*, show the refractory monsters who rebel against us, what they *ought* to be.

Long-deferred attachments, even when they are at last crowned with fruition, often produce little more than a happy honey-moon. The reason is, that romantic ideas take strong possession of the mind, while hope and fear alternately act upon so susceptible a passion as love. It is most certain, that difficulties and impediments rarely fail to *deepen* the impression which they are expected to eradicate; and when we feel dissatisfied with our present lot, we always dress up the unseen future in most false and flattering colours. A young woman firmly attached to a man, to whom she sees little chance of being united, instead of investigating those defects which might reconcile her to the probable separation, generally adorns her idol in the robe of perfection. His steady fidelity to her covers every other fault; his fond solicitations, or high-wrought pictures of the felicity they are prevented from enjoying, encreases her enthusiasm; and she either believes that the sun would ever shine upon them, could their vows be once plighted, or that they should then live in a world of their own, insensible to the intervention of *external* miseries.

"*Scarce one reflects that to the torch of love*
"*Perhaps succeeds pale discord's sullen fire;*
"*Few image woes which parents only prove,*
"*When daughters sicken, or when sons expire.*"

To the sure consequences of this extravagant expectation, let us add, the effect which long deferred hope must have on the spirits and temper. Sometimes the prospect will be brightened with the view of a speedy conclusion; this will again disappear, and a final separation will seem inevitable. Jealousy will perhaps intervene; but whatever form the tormenting desire wears, disgust and indifference of the present will increase. No one more keenly feels the force of the scriptural aphorism, "that hope deferred maketh the heart sick," than she who surrenders her own to the heavy pressure of protracted love:—

"*Thus on her present hour rude passion preys,*
"*Thus bright the prospect of her future days.*"

Can we picture worse bride-maids than broken spirits, irritable feelings, and sanguine expectations? or can we, viewing human nature as it really is, suppose it probable, that all external circumstances conjoining with the superlative excellence of the bridegroom, can prevent those wayward ladies from hurrying the bride into some extravagance, before "those shoes grow old" which carried her to the altar? Among many other reasons which render novels dangerous to young women is this: that they always make a long attachment, which is not dissolved by death, terminate in a happy marriage, whose felicity is *proportionable* to the previous embarrassments.

Is it possible to love twice? is a common question. Certainly not, with all that enthusiasm of preference which attends a first attachment. But enthusiasm appears to be so doubtful a foundation whereon to raise the massy pile of lasting esteem, that I incline to think a second choice is more likely to be the result of judgment, and regulated by those just views which disappointment and experience mutually supply. Love, indeed, is painted *blind*, and so he generally is; but Hymen might be as properly exhibited looking through a microscope. A woman increases her chance of happiness by prevailing on those deities

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to change their appendages thus: applying the microscope to the lover's character, and binding the bandage as close as possible over the faults of her husband. If after investigating the merits and defects of the man who addressed her, as narrowly as her situation will admit, she feels convinced that the latter will not diminish her decided preference for the former, I give her leave to accompany what I call the bequest of her heart with her hand. You see I have permitted Love to creep in at last; but with his wings so *pruned*, and his costume so deranged, that I question if any excepting yourself, will feel much respect for a Cupid who is permitted to *look* about him, and forbidden to *fly* into the regions of Utopia.

But let our sex be as circumspect as possible, man, while he acts the part of a lover, wears a mask that we cannot wholly penetrate. Perhaps it is uncandid to call this insincerity. When we wish to please, we almost unconsciously assume an agreeable aspect; nor do we at that moment resolve to indemnify ourselves, by future indulgence, for the restraints that we are then putting upon our bad propensities; perhaps we are hardly conscious that we are acting a part foreign to our natural character. How then is a young woman to discover the feigning, which is so justly copied from nature as probably to deceive the actor? I would not advise her needlessly to try the temper of a favoured lover; the power of recrimination is so great in the other sex, that to do so, equals the folly of irritating a lion whose den we are going to enter. Let no unpleasant recollections of female tyranny interrupt the complacence of the bridegroom on attaining the object of his wishes. But I am again reverting to past manners. The new code of gallantry has deprived woman of the short empire which she once possessed, and compelled her to accommodate herself to the humours of him who pursues her with the provoking indifference of assured victory.

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

From the Memoirs of this celebrated Author, written by himself, we have deemed it incumbent upon us to make an Extract. It is his own account of the first performance of the admirable Comedy of the West Indian.

My acquaintance with Mr. Garrick had become intimacy between the acting of The Brothers and the acceptance of the West Indian. I resorted to him again and again with the manuscript of my comedy; I availed myself of his advice, of his remarks, and I was neither conscious of doing what was wrong in me to do, nor did any remonstrance ever reach me to apprise me of my error.

I was not indeed quite a novice to the theatre, but I was clearly innocent of knowing or believing myself bound by any rules or usage, that prevented me from offering my production to one or the other at my own free option. I went to Mr. Garrick; I found in him what my experience stood in need of, an admirable judge of stage effect; at his suggestion I added the preparatory scene in the house of Stockwell, before the arrival of Belcour, where his baggage is brought in, and the domestics of the Merchant are setting things in readiness for his coming. This insertion I made by his advice, and I punctually remember the very instant when he said to me in his chariot on our way to Hampton—"I want something more to be announced of your West Indian before you bring him on the stage, to give eclat to his entrance, and rouse the curiosity of the audience; that they may say—Aye, here he comes with all his colours flying—." When I asked how this was to be done, and who was to do it, he considered a while and then replied—"Why that is your look out, my friend, not mine; but if neither your merchant nor his clerk can do it, why, why send in the servants, and let them talk about him. Never let me see a hero step upon the stage without his trumpets of one sort or other." Upon this conversation it was that I engrafted the scene above mentioned, and this was in truth the only alteration of any consequence that the manuscript underwent in its passage to the stage.

After we came to Hampton, where that inimitable man was to be seen in his highest state of animation, we began to debate upon the cast of the play. Barry was extremely desirous to play the part of the Irish Major, and Garrick was very doubtful how to decide, for Moody was then an actor little known and at a low salary. I took no part in the question, for I was entitled to no opinion, but I remember Garrick after long deliberation, gave his decree for Moody with considerable repugnance, qualifying his preference of the latter with reasons, that in no respect reflected on the merits of Mr. Barry—but he did not quite see him in the whole part of O'Flaherty;

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there were certain points of humour, where he thought it likely he might fail, and in this case his failure, like his name, would be more conspicuous than Moody's. In short, Moody would take pains; it might make him, it might mar the other; so Moody had it, and succeeded to our utmost wishes. Mr. King, ever justly a favourite with the public, took the part of Belcour, and Mrs. Abingdon, with some few salvos on the score of condescension, played Charlotte Rusport, and though she would not allow it to be any thing but a sketch, yet she made a character of it by her inimitable acting.

The production of a new play was in those days an event of much greater attraction than from its frequency it is now become, so that the house was taken to the back rows of the front boxes for several nights in succession before that of its representation; yet in this interval I offered to give its produce to Garrick for a picture, that hung over his chimney-piece in Southampton-street, and was only a copy from a Holy Family of Andreo del Sarto: he would have closed with me upon the bargain, but that the picture had been a present to him from Lord Baltimore. My expectations did not run very high when I made this offer.

A rumour had gone about, that the character, which gave its title to the comedy, was satirical; of course the gentlemen, who came under that description, went down to the theatre in great strength, very naturally disposed to chastise the author for his malignity, and their phalanx was not a little formidable. Mrs. Cumberland and I sate with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick in their private box. When the prologue-speaker had gone the length of the four first lines the tumult was excessive, and the interruption held so long, that it seemed doubtful, if the prologue would be suffered to proceed. Garrick was much agitated; he observed to me that the appearance of the house, particularly in the pit, was more hostile than he had ever seen it. It so happened that I did not at the moment feel the danger, which he seemed to apprehend, and remarked to him, that the very first word, which discovered Belcour's character to be friendly, would turn the clamour for us, and so far I regarded the impetuosity of the audience as a symptom in our favour. Whilst this was passing between us, order was loudly issued for the prologue to begin again, and in the delivery of a few lines more than they had already heard, they seemed reconciled to wait the developement of a character, from which they were told to expect—

"Some emanations of a noble mind."

Their acquiescence, however, was not set off with much applause; it was a suspicious truce, a sullen kind of civility, that did not promise more favour than we could earn; but when the prologue came to touch upon the Major, and told his countrymen in the galleries, that

"——"His heart can never trip—"

they, honest souls, who had hitherto been treated with little else but stage tricks and cuffs for their entertainment, sent up such a hearty crack, as plainly told us we had not indeed *little cherubs*, but lusty champions, *who sate up aloft*.

Of the subsequent success of this lucky comedy there is no occasion for me to speak; eight and twenty successive nights it went without the buttress of an afterpiece, which was not then the practice of attaching to a new play. Such was the good fortune of an author, who happened to strike upon a popular and taking plan, for certainly the moral of the West Indian is not quite unexceptionable, neither is the dialogue above the level of others of the same author, which have been much less favoured.—The snarlers snapped at it, but they never set their teeth in the right place; I don't think I am very vain when I say that I could have taught them better. Garrick was extremely kind, and threw his shield before me more than once, as the St. James's evening paper could have witnessed. My property in the piece was reserved for me with the greatest exactness; the charge of the house upon the author's nights was then only sixty pounds, and when Mr. Evans the Treasurer came to my house in Queen Ann-street, in a hackney coach, with a huge bag of money, he spread it all in gold upon my table, and seemed to contemplate it with a kind of ecstacy, that was extremely droll; and when I tendered him his customary fee, he peremptorily refused it, saying he had never paid an author so much before, I had fairly earnt it, and he would not lessen it a single shilling, not even his coach-hire, and in that humour he departed. He had no sooner left the room than one entered it, who was not quite so scrupulous, but quite as welcome; my beloved wife took twenty guineas from the heap, and instantly bestowed them on the faithful servant who had attended on our children; a tribute justly due to her unwearied diligence and exemplary conduct.

I sold the copy-right to Griffin, in Catherine-street, for 150*l.* and if he told the truth, when he boasted of having vended 12,000 copies, he did not make a bad bargain; and if he made a good one, which it is pretty clear he did, it is not quite so clear that he deserved it: he was a sorry fellow.

I paid respectful attention to all the floating criticisms that came within my reach, but I found no opportunities of profiting by their remarks, and very little cause to complain of their personalities; in short I had more praise

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than I merited, and less cavilling than I expected. One morning when I called upon Mr. Garrick, I found him with the St. James's evening paper in his hand, which he began to read with a voice and action of surprise, most admirably counterfeited, as if he had discovered a mine under my feet, and a train to blow me up to destruction—— "Here, here," he cried, "if your skin is less thick than a rhinoceros's hide, egad, here is that will cut you to the bone. This is a terrible fellow; I wonder who it can be."—He began to sing out his libel in a high declamatory tone, with a most comic countenance, and pausing at the end of the first sentence, which seemed to favour his contrivance for a little ingenious tormenting, when he found he had hooked me, he laid down the paper, and began to comment on the cruelty of newspapers, and moan over me with a deal of malicious fun and good humour.—"Confound these fellows, they spare nobody. I dare say this is Bickerstaff again; but you don't mind him; no, no, I see you don't mind him; a little galled, but not much hurt; you may stop his mouth with a golden gag, but we'll see how he goes on."—He then resumed his reading, cheering me all the way as it began to soften, till winding up in the most profest panegyric, of which he was himself the writer, I found my friend had had his joke, and I had enjoyed his praise, seasoned and set off, in his inimitable manner, which to be comprehended must have been seen.

It was the remark of Lord Lyttelton upon this comedy, when speaking of it to me one evening at Mrs. Montagu's, that had it not been for the incident of O'Flaherty's hiding himself behind the screen, when he overhears the lawyer's soliloquy, he should have pronounced it a faultless composition. This flattery his lordship surely added against the conviction of his better judgment, merely as a sweetener to qualify his criticism, and by so doing convinced me that he suspected me of being less amenable to fair correction than I really am and ever have been. But be this as it may, a criticism from Lord Lyttelton must always be worth recording, and this especially, as it not only applies to my comedy in particular, but is general to all.

"I consider *listening*," said he, "as a resource never to be allowed in any pure drama, nor ought any good author to make use of it." This position being laid down by authority so high, and audibly delivered, drew the attention of the company assembled for conversation, and all were silent. "It is, in fact," he added, "a violation of those rules which original authorities have established for the constitution of the comic drama." After all due acknowledgments for the favour of his remark, I replied that if I had trespassed against any rule laid down by classical authority in the case alluded to, I had done it inadvertently, for I really did not know where any such rule was to be found.

"What did Aristotle say?—Were there no rules laid down by him for comedy?" None that I knew; Aristotle referred to the Margites and Ilias Minor as models, but that was no rule, and the models being lost, we had neither precept nor example to instruct us. "Were there any precedents in the Greek or Roman drama, which could justify the measure?"—To this I replied that no precedent could justify the measure in my opinion, which his Lordship's better judgment had condemned; being possessed of that I should offend no more, but as my error was committed when I had no such advice to guide me, I did recollect that Aristophanes did not scruple to resort to listening, and drawing conclusions from what was overheard, when a man rambled and talked broken sentences in his bed asleep and dreaming; and as for the Roman stage, if any thing could apologise for the Major's screen, I conceived there were screens in plenty upon that, which formed separate streets and entrances, which concealed the actors from each other, and gave occasion to a great deal of listening and over-hearing in their comedy.

"But this occurs," said Lord Lyttelton, "from the construction of the scene, not from the contrivance and intent of the character, as in your case; and when such an expedient is resorted to by an officer, like your Major, it is discreditable and unbecoming of him as a man of honour." This was decisive, and I made no longer any struggle. What my predecessors in the drama, who had been dealers in screens, closets and key-holes, for a century past, would have said to this doctrine of the noble critic, I don't pretend to guess: it would have made sad havoc with many of them, and cut deep into their property; as for me, I had so weak a cause, and so strong a majority against me, (for every lady in the room denounced listeners,) that all I could do was to insert, without loss of time, a few words of palliation into the Major's part, by making him say, upon resorting to his hiding place—*I'll step behind the screen and listen; a good soldier must sometimes fight in ambush as well as in the open field.*

I now leave this criticism to the consideration of those ingenious men, who may in future cultivate the stage; I could name one now living, who has made such happy use of his screen in a comedy of the very first merit, that if Aristotle himself had written a whole chapter professedly against *screens*, and Jerry Collier had edited it with notes and illustrations, I would not have placed Lady Teazle out of ear-shot to have saved

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their ears from the pillory: but if either of these worthies could have pointed out an expedient to have Joseph Surface off the stage, pending that scene, with any reasonable conformity to nature, they would have done more good to the drama than either of them have done harm; and that is saying a great deal.

There never have been any statute-laws for comedy; there never can be any: it is only referable to the unwritten law of the heart, and that is nature; now, though the natural child is illegitimate, the natural comedy is, according to my conception of it, what in other words we denominate the legitimate comedy. If it represents men and women as they are, it pictures nature; if it makes monsters, it goes out of nature. It has a right to command the aid of spectacles, as far as spectacles is properly incidental to it, but if it makes its serving maid its mistress, it becomes a puppet-show, and its actors ought to speak through a comb behind the scenes, and never shew their foolish faces on the stage. If the author conceive himself at liberty to send his characters on and off the stage exactly as he pleases, and thrusts them into gentlemen's houses and private chambers, as if they could walk into them as easily as they can walk through the side scenes, he does not know his business; if he gives you the interior of a man of fashion's family, and does not speak the language, or reflect the manners of a well-bred person, he undertakes to describe company he has never been admitted to, and is an impostor: if he cannot exhibit a distressed gentleman on the scene without a bailiff at his heels to arrest him, nor reform a dissipated lady without a spunging-house to read his lectures in, I am sorry for his dearth of fancy, and lament his want of taste: if he cannot get his Pegasus past Newgate, without restively stopping like a post horse at the end of his stage, it is a pity he has taught him such unhandsome customs; if he permits the actor, whom he deputes to personate the rake of the day, to copy the dress, air, attitude, straddle and outrageous indecorum of those caricatures in our print-shops, which keep no terms with nature, he courts the galleries at the expence of decency, and degrades himself, his actor, and the stage, to catch those plaudits that convey no fame, and do not elevate him one inch above the keeper of the beasts in the Tower, who puts his pole between the bars, to make the lion roar. In short, it is much better, more justifiable, and infinitely more charitable, to write nonsense, and set it to good music, than to write ribaldry, and impose it on good actors. But of this, more fully and explicitly hereafter, when committing myself and my works to the judgment of posterity, I shall take leave of my contemporaries, and with every parting wish for their posterity, shall bequeath to them honestly, and without reserve, all that my observation and long experience can suggest for their edification and advantage.

However, before I quite bid farewell to The West Indian, I must mention a criticism, which I picked up in Rotten-row, from Nugent, Lord Clare, not *ex cathedrâ*, but from the saddle on an easy trot. His Lordship was contented with the plea in general, but he could not relish the five wives of O'Flaherty; they were four too many for an honest man, and the over-abundance of them hurt his Lordship's feelings; I thought I could not have a better criterion for the feelings of other people, and desired Moody to manage the matter as well as he could; he put in the qualifier of *en militaire*, and his five wives brought him into no further trouble; all but one were left-handed, and he had German practice for his plea. Upon the whole, I must take the world's word for the merit of The West Indian, and thankfully suppose, that what they best liked, was in fact best to be liked.

A little straw will serve to light a great fire, and after the acting of The West Indian, I would say, if the comparison was not too presumptuous, I was almost the *Master Betty* of the time; but as I dare say that young gentleman is even now too old and too wise to be spoilt by popularity, so was I then not quite boy enough to be tickled by it, and not quite fool enough to confide in it. In short, I took the same course then which he is taking now; as he keeps on acting part after part, so did I persist in writing play after play; and this, if I am not mistaken, is the surest course we either of us could take of running through our period of popularity, and of finding our true level at the conclusion of it.

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MRS. BENNET'S "VICISSITUDES ABROAD."

The following Extract is from a Novel published last month, by Mrs. Bennet, the celebrated Authoress of the Beggar Girl, the Welsh Heiress, &c. &c. This Extract forms a part of the History of a Young Lady of great rank and expectations, who has been seduced from her family, and married by an adventurer who assumes the name of St. Herman. Our Readers are introduced into the middle of the story, but it will be found sufficiently intelligible and connected. After relating the circumstances of her marriage, the maledictions of her father, and her own compunctions, she proceeds as follows.

One morning, after a week's absence, when I was preparing for my confinement, *St. Herman* entered my apartment in the utmost disorder, and insisted on my writing to my friends at *Paris*, to solicit a remittance.

This was a measure I declared the deepest misfortune should not force me to adopt.

He persisted to urge, declaring, without this resource, he was undone.

I doubted not his embarrassments; they were concomitant to his avocations; but sparing reproaches, which I had reasons enough to know would irritate without reforming, I merely hinted at the sentiments of the family.

How was I acquainted with them? Had I dared to correspond with them clandestinely, as I had with him?

So cruel a reproach dispensed with all delicacy: I mentioned *Julia*'s letter.

He insisted on seeing it. I repented going so far, and wished to avoid further vexing an angry spirit; but in vain; he would read the letter himself.

When finished, he laid it down before me. He saw nothing to prevent my asking assistance for myself.

I firmly refused; but if indeed his affairs were so very desperate, the jewels——

"It is vain to deceive you, *Henrietta*," said he; "they are irretrievably gone; and unless I can raise a sum of money within this month, I must not appear but where only I shall meet better fortune. You may have a return before that period; therefore," putting the inkstand before me, "write!"

The scene that ensued beggars description. As I was not to be moved, my remonstrances provoked invectives. The mask dropped; it was not the anger and disappointment of a gentleman; it was the horrid expletives of a ruffian that assailed me. But that spirit which might have been subdued by tenderness, rose superior to brutality. He swore to leave me and my brat to starve, and flung out with this menace.

The tears of my son's nurse, whom I had retained after he was weaned, dropped on his face; while my eyes, though scorched with anguish, were dry.

Necessaries were wanting in my little family. With visible reluctance she asked me for money. My purse was empty.

When my husband's absence had continued several days, the good creature, having expended all her own little stock, asked what was to be done.

I had pondered over misery in almost all shapes; but actual poverty was so new, so unexpected an evil, that it not only left my mind without resource, but covered me with confusion. I clasped my boy in my arms.—"Oh, my father!" I cried—"is the malediction already falling on the head of this innocent!"

St. Herman at that moment entered. His salutation was polite, but cold. He expressed some concern at my altered looks; and taking his son in his arms, almost smothered him with kisses. A mother only can conceive what I felt. We neither of us spoke.

He sent for our landlord, and in the insinuating way he well could assume, paid all arrears, with an apology for not doing it sooner; then, laying a pocket-book on the table before me, said it contained sufficient for every thing I could at present want.

He had still the child in his arms. The nurse waited with her eyes fixed on him, fearing, as she afterwards said, all this was a prelude to something very bad.

He soon after gave the child to her, and saying he would request some serious conversation with me after dinner, walked out.

I thought I perceived a smothered sigh; and, affected by his caresses of our child, I endeavoured to be collected against the serious conversation I was bid to expect.

After fortifying himself with more wine than he was in the habit of drinking at home, he asked if I were desirous of knowing his real history, and without waiting a reply, began.

"I am an Irishman by birth; my father is a man of some rank and fortune, to which I should have

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been heir; but he has disinherited me, and perhaps he did right."

I gasped for breath. He proceeded.

"I found it necessary to leave my country, and change my name."

"Gracious God! *St. Herman* then——"

"Is not my real name."

My soul was in tumults. "Monster!" I cried in a voice half choked with astonishment and indignation, "then I am not a wife, and my child is——"

"As you please yourself to consider it," he answered with a still unmoved countenance.—"You remember we were twice married. You are so much a child of nature yourself, that it would not be easy to make you comprehend how it could be managed without your participation; but this, *note down for your own and your son's sake; there are a register and certificate, that, when necessary, will prove our marriage in my legal name.*"

Never was astonishment equal to mine; well might he triumph over my childish inexperience. I knew not so much as the church where the ceremony was performed. I now recollected he had on some pretence, kept the blinds of the carriage drawn up, and that we rode a long way; but it was in vain that I implored and adjured him to put it in my own immediate power to prove the legitimacy of his son. He sternly bade me not interrupt him; and while I sat drowned in tears, and suffocated with resentment, proceeded——

"I repaired to Paris. There are two ways before a man who enters life—perseverance in what they call virtue, which is troublesome—and plunging into pleasure, which is agreeable. I chose the latter."

"Ah, my poor husband!" I exclaimed. He regarded me not.

"The women spoiled me; and I was fortunate at the gaming-table. The scoundrel *Du B.* drained his sister-in-law for the benefit of a set of us, among whom, in spite of ill fortune, he would assort. My plan was a deeper one than simply to win his money. I challenged a fellow who affronted him, and who I knew would not fight, and he introduced me to the favourite as his relation. I happened to possess *agrémens* rather more creditable than the Countess had usually found in her husband's family.

"She patronized and procured me a commission in the *Guarde du Corps*; but I had enemies, whose impertinent whispers threatened to make certain discoveries. I was besides deeply in debt. My good fortune at the gaming-table forsook me; and I was on the point of marrying old *Madame Burzet*, and her half a million, when I was struck with the project of returning to my own country, in possession of the large fortune there was little doubt of *your* inheriting on a petition to the English Government, backed by the interest of my quondam cousin; and this I learned from two Scotch Noblemen, one of whom seemed *struck too*, who said there was not a doubt but, though your father could not prevail for himself, if his heiress had interest, the estates would be restored to her. My cousin, who I am afraid grew a little tired of her relation, preferred this project to that of old *Burzet*. She furnished the needful, and here we are."

Every sentiment of tenderness and esteem thus outraged, you will not wonder that I sat petrified. He drank a bumper of wine, and went on.

"I brought credentials that would have given me, with such claims, any other forfeited estates in the kingdom; but although it would have been a foolish business to object asking what your father was *refused* for himself, and would not resign to me, I suspected you would be *that fool*; it was therefore wise to prevent your exposing yourself. There is a stubborn, selfish fellow, your father's brother, whom the English Minsters like; but my cousin dare not give me up—so the estate will be mine, or rather perhaps your's."

"Ah, my dear father!" I exclaimed.

"He deserves nothing from me," said he, with a provoking *nonchalance*.

"From thee!" cried I with agony.

"Don't be in heroics, child," he continued. "I have very little more to say; I have given you the worst of myself, to save your friends a great deal of trouble. You are a good sort of quiet little body, too good for *me*; and there may be those who think me a fine handsome fellow, too good for *you*. I shall take all the care of you I can, till you have your estate, when, as it is but right, I shall take care of myself. It has been a cursed long while about; but my agent is so sure of success, that instead of asking for money, as usual, from me, he is anxious to be my banker; and as this," laying his hand on the pocket-book, "is partly your own, I heartily wish you joy."

It would be in vain, were I to attempt an exact description of St. Herman's manner through the whole of this long torture of my feelings and patience. He proposed remaining with me; but as I peremptorily declined occupying the same apartment, he sent for a coach, and again departed.

The moment he was gone, my high spirit evaporated. I was seized with successive faintings, and continued several days in the most dangerous state of nervous debility; nor can I to this moment account for that renovated strength that at last restored me to a comparative degree of health.

St. Herman's interest in my heart certainly de-

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creased with my respect for his character. There was no softening his horrid history, even though, as he said, it might be "the worst of him." To me he had been an entire falsehood, one deception following another, for purposes that all his barbarous story could not develope.

[We shall here omit some particulars of the narrative of inferior moment, and pass on to the action of the story.—Henrietta had now retired into the country.]

We had not been in the country eight days before the papers were filled with rumours of the dangerous indisposition of the King of France.

My anxiety increased. I dispatched nurse for intelligence, who returned terribly disconcerted, at so late an hour, as alarmed me for her safety.

St. Herman had been at our lodging late the night before. He had brought a man and woman and two coaches with him. His companions waited in the hall. He did not enquire for me, but his object was the Paris trunks; and he raved, the cook said, like a madman, when he did not see them in the usual place. After opening all the drawers, and taking several things out, he went away, imprecating me, the nurse (who he found moved the trunks), and all mankind.

The next morning an execution was put in the lodgings, and bailiffs so beset the house, that, afraid of bringing me into danger, she had walked from street to street two hours to avoid being watched.

"Alas! poor St. Herman!" I exclaimed, "The King is dead, and all is over."

"Yes, Madam," replied nurse, "the King *is* dead; not our English King, God be thanked! For my part I never loved the French; and indeed, I believe, if the truth was known, my master is no better than a French bite himself, and I cant't think how any Christian can pity—Oh, God!" she shrieked, "there he is!—we shall be murdered!"

It was indeed his voice, too well known to be mistaken; and, had I not perceived he was intoxicated, my heart would at that moment have been open to his distress.

"I wish," whispered I, "you had left the trunks."

"God be praised, I did not," returned she in the same tone; "they will stop a gap."

His voice became more loud; his wife was in the house, he would not be denied entrance.

The gardener with his man resolutely opposed him. I now distinguished another voice, insisting, in broken English, that Monsieur's lady certainly occupied part of that house.

The gardener denied.

"Let me search," cried St. Herman.

The landlord called for his gun.—An Englishman's house was his castle, and the law his guard; if the intruders searched his house, it must be with a civil officer by day light; and if they did not immediately retire, he would send for a constable.

St. Herman was outrageous; but his companion advised a retreat. He spoke low and in French; I could not hear all, but understood they were apprehensive of some pursuit. They soon drove off, and all was again quiet.

The gardener then came up. I found nurse had forearmed him. He apologized for taking the liberty; "but the gentleman himself was so much in liquor, and, begging my pardon, his companion so ill looking—"

In that moment a single low rap renewed our alarm. The gardener encouraged us. He had not reached the door, before it was entered, by first one man, then another. They were sheriff's officers, in pursuit of St. Herman.

Notwithstanding nurse's repeated assurance that she would tell at once, and glad if her master had been there, they were not satisfied till the house was searched, after which they civilly left us.

To expect repose after the occurrences of this evening was vain. Spite of my injuries, spite of the contempt which the duplicity of my husband's character inspired, my heart bled for the unfortunate St. Herman; and I felt the most poignant regret, when I considered that the provident care of my servant, in removing the trunks, had probably deprived him of the means to escape, not only confinement, but what I knew him well enough to feel, would be a still more bitter affliction, *contempt*, from those with whom he had no longer power to associate; and insult, from many who had been slaves to his pride, and hangers-on his purse.

[We must here likewise, for the sake of our limits, hasten over some particulars, and proceed to a scene which is wrought up with great animation.]

It was the season of the hay-harvest. The sun was setting, and the chearful labourers had just quitted the field. A few, very few steps were enough to fatigue me. I sat down on the hay, while my delighted child bounded round me, and hunted for the few flowers the scythe had spared.

The still serenity of the evening, the dead silence, only broken by distant voices floating on the passing breeze, no moving object near, soothed by degrees the restless anxiety of my soul into a quiet and hopeless resignation; I felt as if in this peaceful spot I could lay down an existence, insupportable to myself, and of value to no earthly being, save the playful infant, who was indeed all that bound me to the earth. It was long since any coincidence of circumstance had brought

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to my recollection the happy harvest evenings and beautiful vintage of Lorraine, where Julia and Henrietta were the arbiters of merit, dispensed rewards, and led the dance; remembrance too of my dear father, with a thousand recollected instances of his paternal indulgence, had scarce succeeded before his malediction filled me, as it always did, with terror; the sweet tear that accompanied the memory of dear Lorraine, suddenly changed into drops of scalding anguish. I clasped my hands together.—"Oh, my best of fathers!" cried I, "deprived of inheritance, an exile from thy native land, reduced to dependence, nothing left to console the widowed heart but one beloved child; was it for her, for thine only child, Oh, unhappy Dunbar!—"

A movement near, a sort of indistinct sound, half sigh and half groan, alarmed me, I hastily arose. A figure, whose air and character of countenance thrilled every sense, seemed moving to avoid my earnest gaze. I followed; but had not proceeded many steps before I shrieked—"My father! Oh, my father!" and fell senseless to the ground.

Merciful God! what were my sensations when I recovered, and returning sight could discern only "darkness visible," I listened, but heard only the slow lavings of the river. No star lighted the firmament, no human being was near.

I attempted in vain to rise. A shower had fallen; my clothes were wet; my limbs were stiffened, I was unable to move.

It was only by slow degrees I became collected I remembered coming to this fatal spot. My father's image was still present: but, Oh, Almighty God! my boy, my beautiful boy, my innocent cherub, whose auburn curls floating in the air, whose blue eyes, darted the pleasing sensation that animated his agile boundings, were my last recollections, what, Oh! what had become of him? What time can eradicate the misery of that hour from my memory!

Frightful were the figures that now crowded on my brain. I had seen, and no effort of reason, no argument of religion or philosophy with which the idea has since been combated, admitted the smallest doubt, I had seen my father, living or dead I had seen him, and my child was no longer near me.

I rent the air with cries so loud, so piercing and deep, as, reverberating by the echo, frightened myself.

My brain was on fire; I had just recollection enough to deprecate my father's malediction in the hereafter.—*Here* my desolation was complete!

Again I made an effort to rise, and again my shrieks resounded through the air. Lights glaring through the foliage, and a confused sound of approaching voices, stopped my breath. Life hovered betwixt a faint ray of hope and deep, deep inexpressible despair.

I heard my faithful nurse in loud lamentations—I heard my name repeated; but, Oh misery, misery! I neither heard or saw my son!

Wild and incoherent were my demands for my child, and no less so were the replies of his foster mother: she instantly concluded what had hitherto escaped me, that he was drowned, and running to the bank, plunged into the river.—Providentially the tide was low, and I had not her loss to add to my other calamities.

My mind was a chaos. I would not be removed. My son, my son, was the sole object for which I wished to exist. I implored the aid of heaven and earth; offered rewards, Heaven knows, above my power; called for the commiseration of all who had borne a child, and so interested the bye-standers that the labouring part of the bye-standers were drawn together, torches procured, every part of that and the adjoining meadows searched, and boatmen engaged to drag the river; but day broke on their unsuccessful zeal; and pains, which, while there was a ray of hope I had a resolution to conceal, now encreasing, I submitted to be carried home, and a second time became mother of a living infant; but in my weak and supposed dying state, my soul hanging on my lost boy, she excited no interest in me. If I was prevailed on to swallow nourishment, the motive was to regain strength to search the world for my son. If I submitted to medical prescriptions, still it was not life, but my child that was my object.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

AN ENGLISH ENTERTAINMENT.

FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED TOUR IN ENGLAND, IN 1804, BY PICTET, OF GENEVA.

———At first a large circle in which are exchanged a few words, extremely insignificant when the matter is neither fair nor foul. Then comes the entertainment, at which, when the appetite is satisfied (and every one knows how limited the faculty is) all the delicacies that luxury has accumulated become perfectly indifferent; and the conversation, which generally turns

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upon these dainty dishes, is consequently destitute of every kind of interest. At the third period, the ladies retire into the drawing-room, and the gentlemen seat themselves round a highly polished mahogany table, on which is placed before the master of the house a battery of decanters full of different sorts of dessert wines. These he circulates one after the other, from hand to hand among the guests, from right to left, for an indefinite time. I felt neither the disposition nor the ability to sit it out; and after patiently drinking for two hours, without having the least inclination to drink, a species of *question* to which, if I am not mistaken, persons accused of any very atrocious crime were formerly subjected, I availed myself of the privilege of being a foreigner, supposed to be ignorant of their manners, to steal away into the drawing-room. Alas! I only escaped from Charybdis to Scylla. Here the circle of ladies was at the freezing point; and had it not been for the slight noise and motion occasioned by a few cups of tea which were handed around, I should have imagined myself alone, at the Curtius's exhibition of wax-work figures which I had formerly seen at Paris. The mistress of the house in vain made several meritorious efforts to set on foot some general conversation. At length about eleven o'clock the gentlemen again made their appearance: they took coffee and tea; the carriages drew up and they departed, not without making an engagement to meet again in the course of the week at the house of some one of the guests, who of course prepared an entertainment equally agreeable.

"And it is thus that you live in society in this country!" said I, with mortification to my excellent hosts, when the company had retired; "it is thus you employ your time, your fortune, your faculties physical and moral, in communicating reciprocal languor for the benefit only of the wine merchant, the butcher, the poulterer, and so forth!" "Alas! replied they, thus is society organized amongst us. We frequently experience the sentiment with which you appear to be so deeply impressed; many rational people would gladly change this mode of living; but no one is bold enough to fasten the bell; they would be accused of interested motives by a class of fashionables of whom they stand in awe. We are therefore obliged to pay the social tax as well as many others, and to think ourselves fortunate when we can come off, as to day, with only five or six hours murdered."

DESCRIPTION OF PHILADELPHIA,

Its Public Buildings, Books, Library, Theatre, Hospital, Poor House, Society, Manners, Costume and Amusements of its Inhabitants; from unpublished Travels in the two Louisianas. This Extract has been expressly sent by the Author to the Proprietor of this Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, in every point of view, deserves the title of the first city of the United States. It is built on the right bank of the Delaware, from which, according to the plan of its founder, it was to have extended to the Schulkyll, a smaller stream, the distance at this place not exceeding two miles. But the inestimable advantages of proximity to a river navigable at almost every season of the year, induced the people to keep near to it, and to build in a different direction. The rich, and persons who have retired from business, alone inhabit the upper part of the city; consequently, instead of forming a perfect square on every side, it extends three miles along the Delaware, and not more than three quarters of a mile towards the Schulkyll. According to the water-works, which in Mr. Penn's plan were to have been placed in the centre of the city, in order to distribute water to all its parts, are still at a great distance from its western extremity. The building which contains them is of elegant architecture, and is a pleasing termination to the superb Market-street, in front of which it is erected. This street, fifty feet wide, exclusive of the pavement which occupies ten more on either side, is indisputably one of the finest in the world. The markets from which it has derived its name are 120 fathoms in length; they are built with elegance, and are superior to any thing of the kind that I have seen in Europe. They are daily provided with all that the appetite of the epicure, or the valetudinarian can desire, and it is difficult to form a conception of the regularity and cleanliness which prevail in them. I should not insist so much on cleanliness, were it not, in a populous city, so intimately connected with the health and comforts of the inhabitants.

Market-street, which divides the city from east to west, has caused the parts thus separated to be called the North Quarter and the South Quarter. All the streets that intersect it in a direction parallel to the course of the Delaware, are denominated first, second, third, &c. of the south or of the north. They are all parallel, regularly laid out in right lines, and provided with good

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pavements. The brick houses are in general embellished with a plinth of fine white stone, which the Americans call marble, but the grain of which is too coarse to deserve that appellation. The external cleanliness of the houses is a farther addition to their beauty. The Saturday is regularly devoted to the scouring of them from top to bottom, as well as the pavements and the steps, which are cleaned with as much care as the interior of our apartments.

The population of Phi'adelphia comprises about seventy thousand souls, of every religious sect and profession. It is my opinion that there is not a religious persuasion in Europe but what has its church or meeting here. These numerous places of worship, most of which are capacious and elegant, contribute not a little to the embellishment of the city. In some streets you may count six of them, which are well attended on the days set apart for divine service. The people, it is true, are not obliged, as with us, to hear the word of God in an uneasy posture, by which they cannot fail to be soon fatigued. In all of them there are benches kept perfectly clean, and on this account the most capacious churches can scarcely contain eleven or twelve hundred persons.

The palace formerly inhabited by the President, the Hall of Congress, the banks of Pennsylvania and the United States, the hospital, the poor-house, the library, the theatre, and the museum, are all structures which either for their beauty, or the utility of their construction, are deserving of the attention and curiosity of travellers.

I shall not enlarge on the two first which since the translation of Congress to the Federal City have been sold at a cheap rate, and are now an academy. All that can be said of them is, that being erected for a temporary purpose they were worthy, the former of the great man by whom it was inhabited, and the latter of the majesty of that assembly for whom it was intended.

In the front of the public library is a statue of Dr. Franklin, to whom it seems to be peculiarly dedicated. No person can be ignorant of the obligations which natural philosophy owes to him, and America will never forget the part he took in effecting her independence. The library contains from thirty to thirty-two thousand volumes, most of them are selected with judgment and preserved with care. A provision is made for its maintenance and augmentation by means of an annual subscription of such of the inhabitants as are lovers of literature, or are desirous of contributing to its progress. Each subscriber may take away any books that he has occasion for, upon promising to be answerable for the same. The surplus of the subscriptions, after defraying the current expences, is applied to the purchase of such books as the directors may think necessary to the promotion of the arts and sciences.

The Bank of Pennsylvania, the first institution of the kind in this part of the world, would be a splendid edifice, if it were less crowded. That of the United States which has been recently erected may be considered as the most beautiful structure in Philadelphia. These two banks are still more remarkable for the credit they enjoy than for the beauty of edifices which contain them. Their bills from five to five hundred dollars are accepted in business preferably to money throughout almost the whole extended territory of the United States.

The arsenal, begun during the presidency of Mr. Adams, on occasion of the war with which this country was threatened by France, has been totally neglected by his successor. At some future period his fellow-citizens or posterity will probably reproach him for his economy. However secure of peace a state may be, it ought still to be on its guard; none are safe from the ambitious activity of a turbulent neighbour, or the destroying genius of men born for the calamity of the nations to which they belong. The arsenal, situated at no great distance from the skirts of the city, displays a grand and well-conceived design; the architecture is elegant; and on surveying the portion that has been finished, the spectator cannot forbear regretting that this superb edifice should have been abandoned almost before it was begun.

The theatre is large, well built, and the interior embellishments are pleasing; but like all the fine arts, comedy is in its infancy here. The plays which are acted are of English production; America has not yet given birth to a performance of that description. The actors, some of whom were formed on the English stage, cannot divest themselves of a phlegmatic character and the uniform equality above which they scarcely rise. The Americans prefer tragedy to comedy, in which they do not appear to take real delight, unless it presents a contrast to their own character in the extravagant levity, the ridiculous foppery, and excessive impertinence of a loquacious French *petit maître*.

In the interior of the play-house neither order nor decorum are attended to. The noise of people coming in or going out is continually disturbing the attention of the spectators, who, notwithstanding the prohibitions expressed in the advertisements, has frequently much to endure from the abominable smell of segars, which are continually smoaked there. The men keep their hats on, and in this manner plant themselves before the ladies; very rarely indeed are they sufficiently gallant to offer them their places. Every

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thing demonstrates that democracy and politeness are seldom found in each other's company.

The hospital is a splendid building, distinguished for careful attendance and cleanliness, where the patients of both sexes are waited on by women, and visited daily by physicians reputed the most skilful in Pennsylvania. The beds, to the number of 120, are divided into several wards set apart for different diseases. They are kept continually aired, and are only warmed to such a degree as to prevent the patients suffering from the cold. The Council-hall, and that for surgical operations, are exceedingly beautiful. The library is furnished with all the works that can be interesting to health, and no pains are spared for its embellishment.

After visiting all the apartments of the patients, and others destined to contribute to their comfort and relief, I was conducted to the subterraneous corridors, where the unhappy wretches who labour under mental derangement are confined. It is particularly on account of the treatment which these unfortunate persons experience, that this institution deserves to be admired. Placed separately in small clean chambers, and attended with as much care as their situation will permit, they are deprived only of that portion of liberty which might prove detrimental to society. Through these chambers, 80 in number, pass flues which keep up a degree of heat always equal. Their food is good, and though they are always at liberty to ask, they obtain what they want without difficulty. Struck with the great number of unfortunate creatures contained in this dreary abode, I inquired of the physicians to this institution, who accompanied me, to what cause could be ascribed the great disproportion which I conceived to exist between the vast number of individuals afflicted with this dreadful malady and the comparatively few who appear to labour under it in Europe. He acknowledged, without hesitation, that it originated in the abuse of spirituous liquors, in which the inhabitants of this continent indulged. From the remarks made by his predecessors, and confirmed by his own experience, it was certain that half the number owed the loss of their reason to excessive drinking. Out of the other half the malady of one-third might be ascribed to love or jealousy; that of another third to religious fanaticism; and the derangement of the remainder proceeded from different maladies, and had no particular cause.

The revenues of the hospital are daily increasing by the benefactions of individuals and the improvement of the lands belonging to it. They are managed by respectable citizens, who are appointed annually by the state of Pennsylvania. The physicians and surgeons are likewise nominated by the state, and exercise their functions gratuitously for one year, and sometimes for two.

The same humanity which provides for the sick, watches likewise over that wretched class whom misfortunes, accidents, old age, and even vice, have incapacitated for procuring a subsistence. All these live retired from society, in the poor house, where they are employed in the simplest occupations, and are decently cloathed and fed. There is a hall for the incurables; to these belong the old men, the maimed, the blind, and all those who are afflicted with any of the maladies which conduct men by slow steps to certain death. There are halls of the same kind for the female sex; the men's side being separated from that which contains the women.

The employment of those who are able to work, consists for the most part in unravelling the old junk, in washing and cleansing it from the tar, to render it serviceable again. The women card or spin cotton or wool; tailors, shoemakers, weavers, too infirm to earn a livelihood in the world, here work at their trades when their health permits: in a word, every thing is regulated in such a manner, that no person who is able to work can remain idle. It nevertheless appears that the produce of their labours does not exceed one fourth of the expenditure, either on account of the small number of persons who are employed, or the little real advantage which results from their industry. The revenues of this house, like those of the hospital, are under the management of respectable inhabitants, appointed annually by the assembly of the state of Pennsylvania. No person dares to refuse this honourable office, or to treat its duties with indifference and neglect.

The yellow fever has committed greater ravages at Philadelphia than in any other city of the United States. In 1793, it broke out in such a dreadful manner, that upwards of fifteen thousand persons were attacked by it, and of that number more than one half perished. It again appeared in 1798 and 1799, but with less alarming symptoms, though it swept off great numbers of the inhabitants. Since that period, government has adopted the most judicious regulations for preserving the salubrity of the air. It has likewise taken all the precautions that prudence can suggest, for cutting off communication with infected places; but notwithstanding its care, it could not prevent the re-appearance of this scourge in 1802, with symptoms of malignity which cost the lives of a great number of persons.

In respect to the society and manners of the people of Philadelphia, something remains to be said:—

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Philadelphia is universally accused of possessing less hospitality than any other city in the United States; and it may be allowed to deserve this reproach. The excuse of the inhabitants is, the great concourse there is always here of strangers, who would too greatly occupy the time of their hosts, if too much encouragement were given to visits. The true reason is, the incessant attention that is paid in Philadelphia, more than in any other part of the world, to the accumulation of wealth; which passion is not diminished even by the possession of the greatest fortune. To mend his circumstances is the predominant idea of every man in this country. This mercantile notion, of necessity, confines within himself the man whom it influences, and gives him no time nor taste for the pleasures of society. What is justly called *society* does not exist in this country. The vanity of wealth is common enough. The rich man loves to shew the stranger his splendid furniture, his fine English glass, and exquisite china. But when the stranger has once viewed the parade in a ceremonious dinner, he is dismissed for some other new comer, who has not yet seen the magnificence of the house, nor tasted the old Madeira that has been twice or thrice to the East Indies. And then a new face is always more welcome than an old one, to him who has nothing to say to either.

The real state of society at Philadelphia is included in invitations to great dinners, and tea, to all who arrive from Europe—English, French, inhabitants of every country, men of every class, and of every kind of character, philosophers, priests, literati, princes, dentists, wits, and idiots; but the next day the idolized stranger is not known in the street, except he be wealthy, especially in money; when, indeed, the politeness of the citizens of Philadelphia continues to exist as long as the stranger can purchase estates, and even beyond that term; for the homage paid to wealth is a worship in which all sects unite.

To the ordinary defects of society in Philadelphia, is to be added the intemperance of politics. The English influence prevails in the first circles, and prevails with great intolerance.

Persons of wealth here, who caressed the agents of Robespierre, when that monster extirpated all the wealth his power could reach, are the avowed enemies of France, now that her government inclines to mildness and humanity. It is not denied that the American commerce has suffered greatly from French privateers; and we cannot therefore be surprized, either at the ill-humour of the merchants of Philadelphia, or their mode of expressing it.

Having given this sketch of the temper of the people of Philadelphia, I am compelled to say, however correct it may be, that many families are to be found who form exceptions, and are neither tainted with the general views of this place, nor inflamed with the present spirit of party. What I have said is without ill-will. I have no personal complaint to make. But I speak without reserve: for why should I write, if it were not to communicate truth?

Notwithstanding the defective state of Society in Philadelphia, this city is perhaps the most agreeable of the United States for a foreigner. The residence of the members of Congress will enable him to gather information on the different parts of this interesting country; and, in fact, to travel through the different states with great advantage to his enquiries. Although in Philadelphia, as throughout America, no one is sufficiently free from employment to give himself wholly to letters or the sciences, this city contains, more than any other, persons who cultivate them, and whose society is extremely interesting, when these subjects are discussed — There is a philosophical society here, and a large and valuable library.

The profusion and luxury of Philadelphia, on great days, at the tables of the wealthy, in their equipages, and the dresses of their wives and daughters, are, as I have observed, extreme. I have seen balls on the President's birth-day where the splendour of the rooms, and the variety and richness of the dresses did not suffer in comparison with Europe; and it must be acknowledged, that the beauty of the American ladies has the advantage in the comparison. The young women of Philadelphia are accomplished in different degrees, but beauty is general with them. They want the ease and fashion of English women; but the brilliancy of their complexion is infinitely superior. Even when they grow old, they are still handsome; and it would be no exaggeration to say, in the numerous assemblies of Philadelphia, it is impossible to meet with what is called a plain woman. As to the young men they for the most part seem to belong to another species.

Wealth makes all the distinction of classes in Philadelphia. The great merchants, and the lawyers who are at the head of their profession, hold the first rank. Different classes very rarely mingle together. The Quakers live among themselves, and in a retired manner. But gay colours please the young Quaker-ladies; and, are indeed great enemies of the sect. The toilette is the subject of much uneasiness to the old people, whether prohibited or tolerated by them. But whether prohibited or not, the young and handsome Quaker-girls will sacrifice to the toilette, and call themselves *Half-quakers*; and, it must be confessed, that they are the greatest favourites with our sex. The young men among the Quakers,

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who would make themselves agreeable to the *female deserters*, powder and shape their dress accordingly; and the sect is continually losing some of those that should be its pillars, by the effect of a ribband or gown.

Profusion is not confined to the higher ranks. It spreads among the servants; and even reaches to the negroes. Both one and the other give their balls, which are destitute of the charming simplicity of the fetes of our country. Variety of refreshments, good suppers, and fine dresses, distinguish them. A female negro servant, whose wages are one dollar per week, will, at these balls, have a dress that costs sixty dollars. They never go but in coaches to these balls, which are very frequent. On Sundays the public-houses in the environs of the city are crowded with labourers and little shop-keepers, who frequently come in a chair, with their whole family, and will expend from three to four dollars for the day's entertainment. It is not to hoard that the Americans are rapacious; their improvidence has still all the character of colonists.

There is a theatre at Philadelphia, in despite of the many and vehement petitions presented against it by the Quakers and dissenting ministers. It is generally crowded; not that the actors are good, but it is a place where people can assemble and exhibit themselves. There are from twenty to twenty-five stage coaches, that either go from or arrive at Philadelphia every day. They are mean and incommodious carriages; but are light, and travel very quickly. The horses are good in Pennsylvania; and there are sets belonging to some of the stage coaches, that are not surpassed by any in Europe.

The inhabitants of Philadelphia, like those of the whole state of Pennsylvania, are a mixture of all the nations of Europe. The English are in the greatest number. The counties of Pennsylvania, beyond the Susquehannah, and at a greater distance from Philadelphia than the rest, are little influenced by the political opinions of the capital, which, as I have said, are in favour of England.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUNDAY AT PARIS.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman at Paris.

"I PROMISED you long since, my friend, to send an exact account, as far as my knowledge extended, of the customs and manners of the inhabitants of this celebrated city; as it would require more time than I can spare, to treat at once of every peculiarity belonging to the French nation, I will begin by writing a short description of the manner in which the Sabbath is spent at Paris. You think, perhaps, that I confine myself to very circumscribed limits, but I assure you, you are much mistaken; you judge from custom, and imagine that the decent manner in which the Sunday is kept at London, would afford but very small grounds of description; learn then, that the Sabbath, that day of holy meditations, serious thoughts, and religious duties, so severe in its appearance, so full of silent grandeur, and awful stillness, in the English metropolis, wears at Paris, the garb of pleasure, and the smile of worldly joy.

Hardly have the bells announced the wished for dawn of that day of festivity, than the gay votaries of amusement, which compose the largest part of the community, instead of assuming the serious look and dignified appearance of our good countrymen, put on the robes of vanity, and exhaust all the treasures of fashion to deck their persons, and celebrate with more *decency* (according to the acceptation of the word), the Sabbath of the Lord.

What will appear singular to you is, that they do not entirely neglect religious duties, though more devoted to pleasure than the service of God. The church, it is true, for the gay and fashionable, is a place where they may display the elegance of their dress, and the graces of their figures; where they may draw upon them the timid looks of beauty and innocence, who, still ignorant of the ways of the world, come with devotion in their hearts to the sacred house of prayer. There you see the distinguished females of the day dressed in the most sumptuous manner, more suited to the play-house than the church, presenting with the smile of persuasion on their countenances, a purse half filled by their own generosity; there you hear these soft accents, "*for the wants of the church*," pronounced with such an interesting expression, that yielding to the charms of beauty, more heightened by the beneficent motives for which they are unveiled, even the miser's heart is warmed into generosity; and a profusion of gold fills the purse of the seducing *Quetaine*. That office was undertaken almost every Sunday at St. Roch, by the beauty of the age, the celebrated Madame Recamier; and that church was then overflowing with the choicest company, and the collection more than doubled that of any other cathedral.

Divine service is over at one o'clock, and

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then pleasure alone sways every heart, and fills the city with amusement and joy. Public gardens, such as the Thuilleries, and *les Champs Elysées*, are crowded with beaux and belles, who strive by their elegance, gaiety, and smiling countenances, to attract the admiration of those who, not having the faculty of equalling their pomp, follow afar off the steps of fashion, imitating, as much as lies within their power, what they envy in their hearts. The Thuilleries, on a Sunday, present a most brilliant prospect, not only of statues, the *chef d'œuvres* of art, of flowers and trees, adorned by the bountiful hand of nature with the most lively colours, but of the noblest works of creation, arrayed by the hand of taste in the light, airy robes of simplicity, walking in the bloom of youth, and breathing joy, rapture and delight. In summer, an alley composed of orange trees, is the favourite walk; on both sides there are marble seats, where whole parties enjoy the charms of conversation, which can never slacken for want of materials, since every person that passes awakes a new topic, and every dress and countenance affords a wide field of observation, criticism, and praise, to those who will take the trouble of exploring it.

Though the Thuilleries and the *Champs Elysées* be the most frequented and fashionable promenades, there is a difference between the companies which enliven them with its presence that I will not pass unnoticed. The Thuilleries are crowded with the new favourites of fortune, those who have elevated themselves upon the ruins of the ancient government, and who, like the flower that follows the rays of the sun, delights to contemplate the palace which contains their powerful supporter. The Elysian Fields, as more removed from a place that must awaken such painful recollections, are the constant haunts of the ancient noblemen who have submitted to the present government, without losing their attachment for their ancient monarchs.

After the Thuilleries and the Elysian Fields, the most fashionable places of public resort are the Luxembourg and the Boulevards; both present, on a Sunday especially, the same kind of company, and the same scenes of dissipation, as those I have already described, only on a smaller scale.

Towards four or five o'clock the promenade is forsaken for the social enjoyments of the table; and during a repast enlivened by the most brilliant conversation, new parties and plans of amusement are formed for the evening. Do you wish to go to the play? more than twenty play-houses are open. Opera, tragedy, melo-drama, serious comedy, farces, pantomimes, spread all their allurements before you, and bewilder your choice. There Leys, the Braham of Paris, pours forth the mellow strains of expressive harmony; Dupont and Vestris display the enchanting graces of the dance. Here Talma sets the soul on fire, and Duchesnois melts the heart to love. Pleasure lies in wait on every side; if she does not entice you into the play-house, where a brilliant and numerous audience is always collected, you hear her voice in every gale. Heart-enlivening music floats on every breeze, and leads your steps, as by a magical impulse, towards the delightful gardens of the Hameau de Chantilly, Tivoli, Frescati, &c. &c. There you find a blooming assembly of youths of both sexes; now they trip the cheerful country dance, and now they glide gracefully along in the slow majestic walse. There crowd all the youths and *elegantes* who prefer the enjoyment of innocent and simple delights, under the pure starry vault of heaven, where coolness breathes new agility into their limbs, and braces their sinews with new vigour for the dance, to the pompous charms of midnight balls and masquerades. They advance with joy-sparkling eyes, light hearts, and smiling lips, and augment the beauty of the scenes which they come to enjoy.

Were you at Paris, and did you frequent these abodes of pleasure, you would imagine that you were transported on the wings of a pleasant dream into those fairy regions of bliss, where a youthful imagination often delights to sport. The music that swells in light cheerful notes from every bower, the airy shapes that dance on the green, the innumerable lamps that give splendour to the shades of night, the brilliant fire-works that suddenly illume the dark blue of the sky, and seem to arise from the placid waters of a spreading lake, the accents of joy resounding in every direction, would complete the illusion, and, I am afraid, make a convert of my friend, to the manner of keeping the Sabbath at Paris. However, it must be owned, that even in this dissipated city there are some to be found who still think that meditation and prayer would be fitter for Christians than pleasure and gaiety, but I leave you to decide. What I can affirm to you is, that I never yet saw any excesses committed on that sacred day; and that if dancing be more innocent than drinking, the French people have an advantage over ours, who often disgrace the Sunday by intoxication, and, the result of it, riot.

I am afraid I have tired your patience by this long account of a Parisian Sunday; yet I have much more to say, and, did time permit me, I would explain more minutely what is the behaviour and occupation of every class of people on the day of the Lord.

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PUBLIC RECREATIONS OF PARIS.

We have been favoured with the following Communication from Mr. King, the Musical Composer, written during his residence in Paris.

THE public recreations of a great city, are chiefly comprehended in its Theatres, Gardens, and Promenades; the former for the public resort in winter, and the latter for their recreation in summer. In Paris, however, the Theatres are open both in summer and winter; neither heat or cold having the least effect on their attraction.

As the Theatre is the favour te amusement of the Parisians, as indeed of every people, I shall more particularly endeavour to review the present state of the Theatres in this metropolis.

But I first beg leave to call the attention of the reader to the lighter recreation of the Garden and Promenade.

PROMENADES.

This city is full of public Promenades. The most fashionable and frequented are, the *Jardin des Thuilleries*, and *Jardin des Plants*; and the most dissipated, the Gardens of the *Palais Royal*. Again the most celebrated Public Gardens of amusement, are those of *Frescati*, *Tivoli*, and *Chantilly*. In giving some description of these, the nature of the many others, which are not without their beauties and attractions, will, no doubt, in some measure be understood.

JARDIN DES THUILLERIES.

The Gardens of the Thuilleries are extremely beautiful. They are at all times open to the public, and are for ever full of company. These Gardens are decorated with the finest orange trees, and richly ornamented by numerous vases and statues, recently brought from Italy, or collected from various parts of France. The Gardens of the Thuilleries, like those of Kensington, are in general the resort of the most fashionable company. Here are constantly hundreds of people sitting under the trees in chairs, engaged in conversation, contemplation, or in reading the news-papers. If the people, however, converse here, it is seldom about politics; if they would contemplate, the National Palace is before their eyes; or if they search the public papers, they will not find the public sentiment.

Thus the Gardens of the Thuilleries, though elegant, chearful, and gay, are somewhat too great a type of the government to gratify those, who are not disposed to believe it the *best* in the world.

On the evening of every national festival, a grand concert is given publicly in these Gardens; which, as well as the National Palace, are most brilliantly illuminated.

Being present at one of the national spectacles, on the 14th of July, I could not help believing this to be some large public garden, such as their *Tivoli*, or our *Vauxhall*; so much did this resemble them, in point of the multitude being at *home*. The unexpected appearance, however, of Bonaparte, who came into the balcony to pay his respects to the people, during the concert, soon reminded us that we were then before the National Palace.

These continual festivals, of which the Gardens of the Thuilleries are the grand spot of celebration, may be highly *diverting* to the people; but in the eyes of a stranger, they certainly lessen the consequence, both of the National Palace and the Government.

The Gardens of the Thuilleries lead immediately into the *Place de la Concorde*, and this again into the *Champs Elysées*.

These three places are therefore nearly the same thing, except in division, and nominal distinction, and form altogether a most extensive and magnificent promenade.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

In the centre of this grand square, is the precise spot where Louis the XVIth expired. It seems to have been cruelly chosen, that the unfortunate Monarch might, through the opening avenues of trees, catch a last view of his earthly palace, before he ceased to exist. This spot, from which such extraordinary consequences have ensued, is now marked out by a few wretched pieces of wood, exactly resembling a *pound* for strayed horses.

CHAMPS ELYSEES.

These are most extensive fields, full of the finest trees, among which are several places of public amusement. The whole is laid out in grand avenues, or roads for riding and walking.

CHAMP DE MARS.

This momentous spot lies on the other side of the river *Seine*, nearly facing the *Champs Elysées*. This place is, however, only the resort of the people on grand reviews, or some other public occasion.

JARDIN DES PLANTS.

This extensive Garden is the National Botanical Nursery. It is filled with the most rare and scarce flowers, plants, and shrubs, and trees of every description; and is a complete epitome of the vegetable world. In this Garden stands the National Museum of Natural History; also the

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Public Menagerie, containing a complete collection of wild beasts, and other curious living animals.

No pains or expence have been spared by the government in the embellishment and support of this place; which, like all other national establishments, is *freely* open to the public.

GARDENS AND PALAIS ROYAL.

This place has not been mentioned before, coming more immediately under the description of a public promenade.

The Palace Royal may be justly called the Palace of the Public, by which it is chiefly occupied. This building is in the form of an oblong square. Round each of its sides are piazzas; and under these a most beautiful display of shops. The middle of the square or garden is ornamented with shrubs and orange trees; and the whole is a never-ending promenade of every description of character.

The Palais Royal is well calculated for those who do not think; for those who would spend money; and for those who would kill time. But the higher classes of society would as little think of the promenade of the Palais Royal, as people of fashion in London of the Piazza of Covent-Garden.

The Palais Royal is a world within itself, and may justly be declared the public focus of folly and dissipation.

PUBLIC GARDENS OF AMUSEMENT.

FRESCATI.

The rooms and gardens of this place are open every evening; the admission is *free*; and the company the best in Paris. The intention of this place is similar to our Ranelagh.

TIVOLI,

Or, the Parisian Vauxhall, is the popular resort of all ranks of people. In one part of the Garden is the orchestra; in another, public dances; here, fire works; there, puppet-shews; and every where some object to divert the million.

CHANTILLI

Is a delightful garden, and like Tivoli has its music, dancing, and fire-works. This place is a favourite resort of the public, and is *toujour gai*.

THEATRES.

There are upwards of twenty Theatres in this metropolis. These are for ever open, and constantly full.

That such a number of Theatres should continually find audiences, may appear astonishing; but the surprise will lessen when we reflect that the Theatre is the idol of the Parisian; with him nothing can be put in competition with the *Spectacle*.

The Theatre, thus constituting so material a branch of the public recreation, no less excites the peculiar attention of the Government. The state visibly turns every wheel of the stage, of which in fact it is absolute manager.

None of the Theatres in Paris are upon so magnificent a scale as those of the Opera, and Drury-lane, in London. Still, however, the Parisian Theatres are capacious, and well calculated both for seeing and hearing.

The Theatres at Paris are lighted by means of a large circular chandelier, suspended from the ceiling; and illuminated by double, or triple circles of patent lamps. These chandeliers give a regular and steady light, without putting out the eyes of the audience, or detracting too much from the brilliancy of the scene.

In the lobbies of every Theatre, is affixed a printed code of laws, for the order of the house. And against every box that is lett, is hung on the outside of its door, a little board, with the following words: *Loge loué*. After this notice, the box is considered as private.

Military are stationed throughout every Theatre in Paris. The guard at the *Opera* and *Theatre Française*, is particularly strong. These are the favourite Theatres of Bonaparte.

Before giving a particular description of the principal Theatres, it may be necessary previously to consider their general state, as to audience, actors, orchestra, composers, singers, dancers, scenery, and other circumstances.

AUDIENCE.

The gratification of an audience must be in proportion to its discrimination. Judgment is by no means wanting in a Parisian audience. It may perhaps be necessary to state the grounds of this observation.

The principal Theatres expressly profess the cultivation solely of *one* branch of the Scenic Art: consequently each has a greater chance of arriving at perfection. The particular province of each individual Theatre, being clearly ascertained, the general bill of fare is at once unequivocal.

The public, therefore, having the choice, will naturally prefer that particular species of performance best adapted to their taste and understanding.

Audiences consequently fall insensibly into their proper stations. And this, being nearly on a level among themselves in point of judgment, are the more capable of applauding, or condemning with proper discretion and discernment.

ACTORS.

Having so many great actors in our country, we naturally turn an inquiring eye towards those

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esteemed so abroad. In a comparative view, we shall find the English actor copying the picture of nature; while the French actor, attracted by trifles, too often runs into the pursuits of art.

The performers on the French stage pay the most implicit attention to every circumstance of the scene; and in general are so absorbed in their own characters, as to appear wholly unconscious of an audience

The duties of the actor, here, must be extremely arduous; since the Theatres being constantly open, the exertions of the performer are in a continual state of requisition.

The penalties attached to any breach of public engagement, are, unlike the following, severe indeed. A favourite actor, having at one time refused to perform, alledging that the *weather was too hot*,, was without further appeal, put into immediate confinement.

[*To be continued.*]

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

THE CULINARY SYSTEM.

THIS is one of the most important branches of domestic economy, as it relates to the convenience and comfort of life; and, by general custom, it has mostly devolved upon females. We do not, however, wish to be understood that the art of cookery, in the lower and mere practical part, is a fit object of female study; but the knowledge of marketing, the taste and skill in the display and ornament of a table, and the general management of a family, which involves the practice of many virtues (economy in particular), all these are very proper objects for the attention of females of every condition.

Numerous books have been written upon the subject of cookery, and the press is daily groaning with them. Most of these treatises have been deficient in design and order, and all have encouraged unbounded and shameful prodigality in the management of a kitchen, and the preparations of the respective dishes. They prepare receipts for the fortunes of Princes and East India Directors, and write as if a whole estate was to be consumed in dinners. At the same time they have no regard to the health or constitution, but with a merciless and unsparing hand, scatters gouts, indigestions, fevers, surfeits, through their savory stews and ragouts.

One would suppose that their favourite precept was "*eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die*;" since it must be confessed that those who should live after their plan would meet their fate in a very few years.

But extravagance and general injuriousness to health are not the only objections against these culinary writers; they are no less obscure than prodigal in the directions they give, and the receipts they prepare. A penny-worth of *this*, and a pinch of *that* are indefinite expressions.

"A book of cookery, says an elegant writer on this subject, should as nearly as possible resemble a college dispensatory, where the quantities are correctly stated, in consequence of the bulk of the composition being previously determined upon; but in the culinary art, where the quantity contained in a dish cannot be ascertained, we are unavoidably left, in many cases, to depend on the taste and judgment of the cook, into whose hands we commit our own health, and that of our posterity."

It is our purpose in this and the following essays, to take up the art of cookery as subsidiary to economy, and to the elegant, but unostentatious display of the table.—We shall not treat it as the science of epicurism and gluttony, or as one of the means of getting rid of the incumbrance of a large fortune; we shall investigate and recommend it as the source of much domestic comfort and credit, and as a branch of familiar knowledge necessary to every mistress of a house, and to every female whether high or low, in the ranks of society.

In the precepts we give, it is not our purpose to study originality, but cheapness, accuracy, justness and elegance.—We shall not be above borrowing from those who have written upon this subject, provided we agree with them; for our object is to form a good, comprehensive, and intelligible digest, rather than to propose any new system of our own.

We shall commence with some miscellaneous observations for the use of the mistress of a family, by which much will be saved, and the general appearance greatly improved.

"The mistress of a family should always remember that the welfare and good management of the house depend on the eye of the superior,

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that nothing is too trifling for her notice, by which waste may be avoided.

" If a lady has not been accustomed, whilst single, to think of family management (a circumstance, however, which should not be neglected in education), let her not, upon that account, fear that she cannot attain it; she may consult others that are more experienced, and acquaint herself with the necessary quantities of the several articles of family expenditure, in proportion to the number it consists of.

" A minute account of the annual income, and the times of payment, should be taken in writing; likewise an estimate of the supposed amount of each article of expence; and those who are early accustomed to calculations on domestic subjects, will acquire so accurate a knowledge of what their establishment requires as will give them the happy medium between prodigality and parsimony, without acquiring the character of meanness.

" Ready money should be paid for all such things as come not into weekly bills; and the best places for purchasing be industriously inquired out. In teas, particularly, a large discount is allowed in London, and other cities; and those who thus pay are usually best served.

" Under the idea of buying cheap, people usually go to new shops; but it is safest to go to tradesmen of established credit, and acknowledged fair dealers, who do not dispose of their goods by underselling.

" To make people wait for their money injures them greatly, besides that a higher price must be charged.—Perhaps the irregularity of payment may have much evil influence on the price of various articles, and contribute to the destruction of many families in gradation downwards.

" It is very necessary that a woman should know the price and quality of all articles in common use, and the best times and places of purchasing them.

" A false notion of economy leads many to purchase as bargains what is not wanted, and sometimes never used. Were this error avoided, more money would remain for other purposes.

" Some things are better for keeping, and, being in constant consumption, should be laid in accordingly; such as paper, soap, and candles. Of these more hereafter.

" A proper quantity of household goods should always be ready, and more bought in, before the others are consumed, to prevent inconvenience, especially in the country.

" A bill of parcels and receipts should be required, even if the money be paid at the time of purchase; and to avoid mistakes, let the goods be compared with these when brought home "

" Meats, sugars, &c. &c. should be weighed when brought in, and compared with the charges. The butcher should be ordered to send the weight with the meat, and the cook to file these checks to be examined when the weekly bill shall be delivered.

" Thus regularly conducted, the exact state of money affairs will be known with ease; for it is delay of payment which occasions confusion."

(To be continued.)

BOTANY.

Directions for forming a Collection of dried Plants, or Hortus Siccus.

THAT science which teaches us to distinguish one plant from another, and leads us to the knowledge of its properties, is called Botany.

To the credit of the age, this science which had been so long neglected in this country, is cultivated with considerable success, and some knowledge of Botany, and the management of the Flower-Garden, is thought necessary to complete the education of a fashionable female.

In this and the following Essay, it is not our intention to go into the more abstruse parts of the science, but to give some precepts easily retained, and highly useful to the lovers of Botany.

To teach this science properly, we must make the student acquainted with every particular part of a plant, and its use. This we shall accordingly do in a future Essay; but we must first premise a few necessary hints and general observations. Our fair readers, therefore will receive this as their first lesson in Botany.

The first object of a student is to acquire an accurate knowledge of every plant as it falls in her way, whether straying in the fields, or walking in the green-house. She must possess what may be called a Botanical eye, that she may be able to examine with readiness the stems, the leaves in all their varieties, the mode of inflorence, and all the other conspicuous parts of a plant, so as to distinguish it with accuracy from those which resemble it. In this way she learns

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to know plants by their external appearance or habit.

With this knowledge, however, she must not be con ented, but endeavour to attain an intimate acquaintance with the parts of the flower of the fruit; so as to be able to form distinct characters from these particulars; and till she has attained this acquaintance, her knowledge cannot be said to rest on scientific principles. To derive the proper advantages from such knowledge, she must endeavour to imprint the form of the plants upon her memory.—But, as from the immense number of plants, this is almost impossible, and often at particular seasons of the year, plants, which we wish to compare together, are not to be found, we must endeavour to assist ourselves, by a collection of *dried* plants, usually called, a *Hortus Siccus*, or *Herbarium*.

The rules to be observed in forming such a collection, are the following:

RULES FOR FORMING A HORTUS SICCUS.

1. The plant is to be laid between folds of blossom paper, the parts of it properly spread out, and the paper often changed, that the plant may not shrivel or become black.—This is to be done in a place moderately warm, where the sun enters freely, and the current of air is not interrupted.

2. In drying the plant, care must be had, that we give the parts no direction which is unnatural to them; for instance, we must not give to a flower which naturally hangs down, an erect position; flower-stalks that are attached to one side, must not be turned to both; a bent or procumbent stem, must be preserved in that state, &c.

3. The plants must be gathered at that particular season, when they possess all the characters by which they are distinguished from others. If the difference be found in the root, in the radical leaves, or in the fruit; those parts, as being essential to a right discrimination of it, must not be wanting.

4. Plants must not be gathered in moist weather, because at that time they generally turn black in drying; and when it so happens, they must be left to dry for some time in the air.

5. Succulent plants are dried either with a warm stone or hot iron; or, which is better, they are dipt in boiling water, and kept there for some minutes, and then dried in blossom paper, in the usual way; but the paper must be often changed The flowers must not be allowed to get wet, and they must be pressed softly.

6. Succulent, and at the same time, tender plants, such as the Iris, must be dried between folds of writing paper; but this paper must not be opened till the whole plant is thoroughly dry.

7. The *Lechens* are dried in the common way.

8. But the *Musci* must be carefully plucked asunder, and thrown into a vessel of water, and then laid between two leaves of moistened writing paper, which may be put in an old book, with a considerable weight upon it.

9. A press is likewise used for thistles and other strong leaved plants.

10. The *Fungi* are not easily preserved; but the smaller kind may be dried; and a few of the larger may be prepared by plunging them into boiling water.

When a collection of dried plants is thus made (the first step to the knowledge of Botany) they are to be laid each in a sheet of white paper, and arranged according to some system, and kept in a close cabinet, that they may not be eaten by insects.

In the drawers of such cabinets may be placed small bits of sponge, dipped in oil of rosemary, by which these depredators may be kept off.

Some Botanists, and Linnæus himself, advise the glueing or pasting of the plants to paper; but many inconveniencies attend this practice; for in this case we can only see one side of the leaf or the flower, and when it is small we cannot see it all.—For a botanist, it is much more convenient to keep the plants loose, because it is often necessary to unfold the flowers, and observe their forms, and we can occasionally substitute a better specimen for an indifferent one, which is not so easily done when the plant is pasted.—If the student, however, wishes to fit his plants, slips of paper may be used, laid over the stem, and pasted on both sides; or they may be fixed with a thread.

In our next we shall describe the outer surface or exterior qualities of plants, by which they may be easily known, and the students guided in their collection.

[*To be continued*]

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HERALDRY.

SIR,

Observing that you have devoted a portion of your Magazine to a familiar elucidation of the Science of Heraldry, I offer myself to undertake this department. My claim, as an Instructor of your Readers, is that of nearly thirty years passed in the study of Heraldry, which is likewise my profession.

So much has been already written about the origin of Armorial Ensigns, without coming to any positive decision upon the subject, that it seems as it would be wasting time either to renew the question, or repeat the assertions or arguments of others. The modern use, too, is so different from antiquity, that a description of the one would scarcely be in the slightest degree applicable to the other. The modern use, however, is apparent, and it will therefore be perhaps more easy, and very probably more agreeable, to exemplify the ancient by the modern, than the modern by the ancient.

I propose, therefore, to take, for the present, the practice as we find it; to speak of that practice as we think it deserves, and occasionally, of course, to compare the manners of our contemporaries with those of our ancestors. In doing this we shall endeavour to avoid all interference with the Professors of the Science of Heraldry, while, at the same time, we shall claim the privilege of offering our sentiments candidly and fairly; ever ready to accept and acknowledge superior information or to bow to correction.

The first rudiments of any science are generally dry and barren of entertainment; in Heraldry this is particularly the case, for though its practice is the object of daily and hourly observation and interest, its origin and laws are so connected with the remotest antiquity, that it is difficult to relish or comprehend the one, without a reference to and taste for the other.

To obviate this, I propose to divide my future papers on the subject into two parts:—1st. A Summary Detail on the Laws and Regulations of Heraldry and Blazon, as now practised; and 2dly, Of such Heraldic Anecdotes, of ancient or modern Dates, as may appear to offer amusement or interest to my readers, and serve as a kind of comment on the first.

I am, &c. J—— P——.

N. B. Any Heraldic Queries, transmitted through the Editor to the writer of this article, will obtain an answer.

FINE ARTS.

M. DE WICAR's

Account of the Education, Talents, Works, &c. of the late celebrated Painter, M. Harriet.

SIR,

"I received your letter, in which you requested some details of the late M. Harriet, an artist of the most distinguished talents.

"What I shall venture to say of him, must be brief, as I was only acquainted with him during the two years that I studied with him at M. David's Academy. You must therefore consider my narrative rather as my observations of his studies, than a continued history of the different epochs of the life and works of that distinguished Painter, having been deprived of his company since the year 1796, the time in which I left Paris, till the moment of his arrival at Rome.

"His first studies were constantly crowned with success; but the rapidity of his progress was conspicuous, as soon as he entered the Academy of M. David, the first painter to the Emperor of the French, and most assuredly, with the single reservation of the English West, one of the first artists in Europe of the present age. After having obtained all the Academy prizes, our young artist disputed the principal laurel for the year 1794. The subject was, *The Funeral of Junius Brutus*. Harriet was then only 17 or 18 years of age; he produced, however, a painting full of force, sentiment, expression, and dignity, a promise of what might one day be expected of him.

"The Judges, composed of the most celebrated artists and literary men, adjudged him the

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palm, after a most learned and scientific public discussion, of which I was witness.

"This triumph was highly important to young Harriet, as many competitors disputed with him the honour, who appeared to possess a more consummate talent in some details of the art, and who have enjoyed in France a well-merited reputation among the painters of the first eminence.

"After so brilliant a success, obtained with such honours, what might not have been expected from the exalted talents that our young artist evinced? If the circumstances of the French Revolution had not constantly opposed the departure of the State Pensioners to Rome, Harriet might have adorned that city since the year 1795; but he continued to study with the greatest success at the Academy of our illustrious master, and his progress was so astonishing, that David himself was proud of the productions of an artist who seemed to have understood the great maxims which have assigned to him almost the first place in modern painting.

"What shall I say of his arrival at Rome? he came there with the project of executing one of the most brilliant and difficult subjects of Roman history: *Horatius Cocles defending the Sublician Bridge against the whole Army of Porsenna*, a painting of about 20 feet long, by 26 wide.

"Persuaded, like his master, that it was at Rome alone where such subjects should be executed, he brought with him some exquisite colours, made at Paris, and commenced the painting of the dimensions, in a manner which astonished the boldest and most enterprising artist. Scarcely had he marked out the first figure, and the first groups on the vast canvass, than he resolved completely to change his sketch: Rome had already exalted his ideas, and given him new conceptions of the nature of his subject. He traced out no study, he made no preliminary sketches like many great masters. It was on the naked canvass that he composed, it was here alone that he traced and painted from nature, every object that was to form the composition of that great work. If that bold, and almost unexampled method in the annals of painting has difficulties which are not alwayss timely discovered, it has indubitably the inestimable advantage of giving that vivacity, energy, soul, and even movement, and particularly that original truth, which is necessarily diminished when copies are made from things already copied.—This is the true character which has exalted the name of M. Harriet, in what he has left us of his painting; the same energy, the same design, the same sentiment of expression, of colouring, and of touch, which distinguishes the works of the celebrated David, and to the extent, that the beholder might be induced to believe, that the production is entirely from the pencil of that illustrious master.

"Death has lately torn this valuable artist from the praises and fond hopes of the nation. His loss is universally regretted at Rome, particularly among the artists, and the *amateurs* of the art: his personal qualities corresponded with his great talents.

"I have neither solicitude nor talent for the profession of writing, it is solely to satisfy your desires, to render homage to truth, and to pay a tribute to the illustrious master who adorns the French nation, and to his exalted student who is no more, that has induced me to send you the above sketch.

"I entreat you to accept my highest consideration, and am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

WICAR."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE JAMES BARRY, R.A.

SIR,

As I perceeive that it falls within the plan of your Miscellany to consider the Fine Arts as holding no inconsiderable rank in the amusement and instruction of polished society, I avail myself of this opportunity to give you some account of the late James Barry, a Painter of the English School, and who, with all his eccentricities, must ever be regarded by men of taste and genius, as inferior to one Artist only of the present day; I mean the late President of the Royal Academy; and in pronouncing him second only to him, I conceive, Sir, that I cannot soar much higher in my encomiums.

THE fine arts were deprived of this distinguished Painter on Saturday, Feb. 22. He died at the house of a friend, Mr. Bonami, in Titchfield-street. His death was occasioned by an apoplectic fit.

Mr. Barry was born in the year 1738-9. His parents were settled at Cork, in Ireland. They intended to have educated him as a Priest for the Roman Catholic Church; but he discovered in very early youth an aversion to this plan of life,

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and an early bias towards that profession of which he became so distinguished an ornament.

About the age of twenty-six he came an adventurer to London, and was introduced to the celebrated Edmund Burke, whose patronage he secured from his strong indications of genius, and by being a countryman of that immortal orator. Burke introduced him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, then only Mr. Reynolds, who domesticated him in his family, and gave every encouragement to his promising talents. At the table of Reynolds Barry much distinguished himself by a strong *splash* of original thought, and an uncommon fire and intrepidity of genius; for, at no part of his life, was it the custom of Barry to be very diffident of his abilities, or to under-rate himself in his art. His eccentricities, however, were so numerous, and his confidence so arrogant, that Burke and Reynolds not only advised, but procured him the means of travelling, which they wisely judged would serve as well to amend these moral ailings, as to supply him with more correct ideas of professional excellence; and thus, at once, both inform his judgment and improve his general character.

He visited Italy, we believe, in the year 1765. He was not, however, much qualified for a student; his methods of study were capricious and irrational; his self-confidence led him to false measures of himself; his temper was not conformable to the instructions of masters and professors; he was indocile, hot-headed, and stubborn; his time in Italy was divided between slothfulness and quarrels with cotemporary students, and what knowledge he did acquire, and assuredly he brought back much, was by sudden snatches of industry, and occasional irruptions into the province of science, begun with ardour, and too soon checked by habitual indolence.

He returned in the year 1770 to England. I may not perhaps be exactly correct in my dates; nor is it of importance. The generous patronage of Burke and Reynolds was again held out to him; the former laboured most assiduously in his cause, and introduced him to a wide circle of friends. His first celebrated painting, after his return from Italy, was, "*Venus Rising from the Sea.*" It was this work that brought him into notice; and I do not give my opinion rashly, when I pronounce it to be his best. It was in the true taste of ancient simplicity; it was executed with a chastity which would have done honour to the schools of Greece: it had originality, strength, delicacy of pencil, and grace. It was conceived in a bold spirit of genius, and executed with the hand and industry of a master. Barry never afterwards excelled it; for though in some of his pieces there is the flash of a more sublime and perfect genius, and an execution of parts more manly and original, yet as a *whole* composition, I do not hesitate to pronounce his "Venus Rising from the Sea" to be the best of his works.

The invention of this subject was not, however, purely his own; for, though in his manner of treating it, he became its legitimate father on the canvass, the original thought subsists in the representation of the Greek Poet. Had Anacreon not described the subject, Barry would not have painted it. But this is no objection to the merit of the work; the Painter has a right to avail himself of the Poet. This is not that species of plagiary which robs him of the praise of invention.

He was now elected an Academician; but for any situation that required a character that should possess some associating elements, and a disposition towards acting in concert, Barry was wholly unfit. He was of a turn of temper rebellious and uncontroulable; his notions of independence were those of a savage; he was fierce, proud, and overbearing, and detested all that the forms of the society, and the regulations of his own little platoon, required to be put over him.

At this time Sir Joshua Reynolds was President, and Barry, of whose genius both Burke and himself augured auspiciously, was appointed Professor of Painting upon the vacancy of Mr. Renny. In this situation he was, as usual, indolent, neglectful, and indisposed to all subordination and order: he was five years Professor before he read a single lecture; the Academy was disgusted; he bred a spirit of rebellion among the students, and was very near destroying the establishment. It was at length resolved to get rid of him by expulsion, and peace was once more restored to the society.

His general misconduct lost him the patronage of Sir Joshua and Mr. Burke, and poor Barry, with a discredit brought upon him by his want of prudence, was turned loose upon society to shift for himself.

It is not my intention to give, at this time, a regular account of his professional life. It has not much interest, though it is not without anecdote. I shall probably revert to this topic at another opportunity. I shall now only dwell upon those productions which have given him celebrity in his profession. The world has generally agreed that his master-pieces are the paintings which are exhibited at the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures. The origin of these works is said to have been produced by a suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, in the times of their intimacy, proposed that Barry should employ his pencil to adorn the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral. To this there was an objection, from a suspicion in the minds of

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some people of great purity of conscience, and delicacy in every thing that related to religion, that the proposed paintings would accord ill with that simplicity and rejection of exterior ornament which the Protestant Church required.—Barry, whether convinced or not by the arguments, was obliged to drop his intention, and accordingly he undertook to paint for the Society of Arts in the Adelphi the celebrated pictures exhibiting the "Progress of Civilization."

These paintings are certainly the indications of a very strong and original genius.—There is something very bold and sublime in the conception, and the strong and manly parts are finished with much art and industry. They are, indeed, occasionally depraved by a kind of eccentricity, a sort of tortuosity of mind, which infected his whole character; his greatness is not without extravagance; his sublimity is sometimes rather the fury, than the perfection of invention.—However, of the more lofty and decided parts of these works, I may venture to pronounce, that the excellence is so uncommon and original, and the defects comparatively so rare and minute, that they must ever distinguish the name of Barry among the British artists.—I must not, however, acquit these pieces with praise, even qualified as this is; justice compels me to say, that in the minor, and what I would call the subsidiary parts of these pictures, there is a want of delicacy of pencil, of grace, of cultivated and refined taste, and likewise of that *indescribable something*, which, in painting, as in every other art, is the true inspiration and real mystery of genius.—In wanting these requisites, which the pictures of this master are undoubtedly without, they want that power of general delectation and pleasure which every beholder discovers, though he may not know to what cause he can impute it.

Without entering into a lengthened criticism, permit me to say that the picture, presenting a view of the Elysian Fields, and the Angel who is guarding the avenue to Hell, is the best of the collection; the figure of the Angel, the attitude and the expression, are almost beyond what we can expect from any modern genius. This figure is of itself sufficient to preserve the name of Barry to a very late posterity.

I now pass from his works.

The general character of this painter is to be collected from the above remarks. He was a painter who did not want genius, but industry to make him a master of his art. His strength lay in conceiving originally, and with manliness and good sense; but he wanted science and labour to execute as well as he thought; and above all he wanted humility; for he left a lasting complaint impressed on every one of his pictures, that he was too soon satisfied with himself.

He was chiefly famous for a manly coarseness, and a vigour of imagination; but his science was depraved by eccentricity; his imagination was distempered by a rage of invention which produced quaintness rather than novelty. He wanted grace because he disdained it; he wanted taste, because he knew not in what it consisted; because he knew not that it was the case in which genius must be set, and without which, it lost its powers of general captivation.

But with all that is subtracted from him, so much of solid excellence remains, that I do not hesitate to assert, that he is one of those British Artists who will live; and that the works of West, Hogarth, and Barry, will flourish in the admiration and increasing praises of posterity, when time shall moulder the canvass, and touch with his oblivious hand the names of many, whose genius has been more fortunate, and professional success more conspicuous.

Barry had been employed, previous to his death, upon a work which has occupied many years of his life. It is at once metaphysical, mythological, and religious. The subject was the Origin of Evil, Grief, Pain, &c. &c. We believe it is finished. Latterly, he remitted his labours upon these pictures, for the sake of making a portrait of Lord Nelson, which we understand is left unfinished.

In respect to the moral character of Barry, it was not amiable. His temper was uncertain, and occasionally brutal; his oddities rendered it unsafe to mix with him, and they were so offensive, that they could not be submitted to, for the sake of his genius. In his person he was dirty and indifferent; in his deportment a savage; in his opinions fierce and obstinate; in his general conduct various; always unpleasing, harsh, and repulsive.

A subscription was collected for him a few months back; and we believe a purchase of an annuity of 100l. per ann. was made from a banker. Sir Robert Peele, out of respect for Barry, offered the best terms; but he did not live to receive the first quarter of his annuity; of course, the generosity of Sir Robert's bargain rewards itself. I am fearful I have encroached too much upon your limits, and beg leave to remain, Sir, yours, &c.

B— L—.

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POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

TO SPRING.

GAY Spring may spread her mantle round,
And deck anew the smiling lands,
With blooming flow'rets clad the ground,
And scatter daisies from her hands.
Summer may charm with cloudless skies,
And dress the landskip rich and gay,
May bid the golden harvest rise,
Beneath the ripening beam of day.
Autumn, her mellow beauties bring,
And boast her world of sober charms,
On earth's green lap profusely fling
Her fruits, and court us to her arms.
Winter may boast his spotless white,
And hang with icicles around,
Strew his transparent gems in sight,
And deck with frozen dew the ground.
Still will the Season's beauties prove
Nought—to the charms of her I love.

TO AUTUMN.

HAIL! sober Autumn, lovely maid,
I love thy garb of russet hue,
I love to haunt thy leaf-strewn glade,
When deep impearl'd with morning dew.
What tho' thou boast no blooming rose,
No vivid green, no summer glare,
Thy calmness yields the mind repose,
And bid'st thy beauties blossom there.

TO WINTER.

COME, tyrant Winter, issue forth,
Clad in the horrors of the North,
Come and plant thy icy hand,
And rudely desolate our land.
Shake thy hoar and frozen locks,
O'er the barren broken rocks,
And if Ocean dare complain,
Bind him with an icy chain.
Bid thy bleak North East to blow,
Come on mountain clad with snow.
High amid the scowling storm,
Let me view thy frost clad form.
Hide yon mountain's haughty brows,
Bid them groan beneath thy snow,
Around be all thy terrors hurl'd,
And triumph o'er a conquer'd world.

THE MANSION OF REST.

I Talk'd to my fluttering heart,
And I chid its wild wandering ways;
I charged it from folly to part,
And to husband the best of its days;
I bade it no longer admire
The meteors that fancy had drest;
I whisper'd 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a mansion of rest.
A charmer was list'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay;
Oh! come then she cried with a smile,
And I'll shew you the place and the way;
I follow'd the witch to her home,
And I vow'd to be always her guest;
"Never more," I exclaimed, will I roam
"In quest of a mansion of rest."
But the sweetest of moments will fly;
Not long was my fancy beguil'd,
For too soon I confess'd, with a sigh,
That the Syren deceiv'd while she smil'd;
Deep, deep did she stab the repose
Of my trusting and innocent breast,
And the door of each avenue close
That led to the mansion of rest.
Then Friendship entic'd me to stray
Thro' the long magic wilds of romance;
But I found that he meant to betray,
And I shrunk from the Sorcerer's glance;
For experience had taught me to know
That the soul which reclin'd on his breast
Might toss on the billows of woe,
But ne'er find a mansion of rest.
Pleasure's path I determin'd to try,
But Prudence I met on the way;
Conviction flash'd light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my day:
She cried, (as she shew'd me a grave,
With nettles and wild flowers drest,
O'er which the dark cypress did wave,)
"Behold there the mansion of rest."
She spoke and half vanish'd in air,
For she saw mild religion appear
With a smile that would banish despair,
And dry up the penitent tear:
Doubt and fear from my bosom were driven,
As, pressing the cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to heaven,
She shew'd the true mansion of rest.

ODE,

WRITTEN AT THE OPENING OF THE YEAR.

Lo! to his task the infant year
Comes forth; no boding frown severe
Scowls on his brow, with aspect mild,
He seems of dove-ey'd Peace the child!
No numbing wand his young limbs holds,
No hoary vest his corse infolds,

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No angry blasts around him rave:—
The Spirit of the Storm sleeps in his icy cave.
A monster wakes, still fiercer far,
His dark brow trench'd with many a scar;
His voice, as loud as Ocean's roar,
His sable armours stain'd with gore;
Stern War! his arm the plain
Crimsons with countless legions slain,
While round him Famine, dark Despair,
And the wild grisly forms of Lust and Rapine glare.

Frantic each breathless corse he spurns,
His ardent eye with fury burns,
Scar'd by his lurid frowns, the choir
Of weeping virtues sad retire;
Far from the battle's horrid yell,
In peace and solitude to dwell,
Where no lorn widow's piercing wail,
No shriek, no dying groan, hangs heavy on the gale.

But, with firm gaze, the deathless Muse,
His whirlwind course indignant views;
Sees him, for conquest, and for fame,
Spread wide the wildly-wasting flame;
With lasting infamy she brands
His laurels rent from ravag'd lands;
Then borne on seraph wings sublime,
She turns from fields of blood, and seeks a milder clime.

How long, alas! must Nature mourn
Her fairest works by rapine torn,
And tremble as the clarion's breath
Excites her sons to deeds of death?
While, red, before her streaming eyes,
The flames from burning hamlets rise,
Where, lost her babes, the mother stands,
And calls on Heav'n for aid, and frenzied wrings her hands.

When shall again, at dawning day,
Wak'd by the shrill lark's matin lay,
In safety o'er the furrow'd soil,
The peasant hasten to his toil;
And, at mild eve, his labour done,
Blithe carol to the setting sun;
Blest once more in his lowly cot,
To clasp his wife belov'd, each gloomy care forgot?

Soon may ye dawn, auspicious hours!
Then bright-ey'd Pleasure, crown'd with flow'rs,
Shall lead the dance in shady dell;
While feeble Age past woes shall tell,
And gain a sigh from Pity meek:
Then rosy Love, with dimpled cheek,
His light hair floating round his head,
Shall to the laughing gale his snowy banner spread.

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. DUFF.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

To this sad grave no common grief invites,
No stale display of sanctimonious rites:
Domestic Virtues here, a drooping band,
Around the hallow'd spot despiring stand!
And here their lov'd departed Mistress mourn,
From the fond Youth of her affection torn;
Torn from gay Life's short scene in morning's bloom,
To feed the jaws of the relentless Tomb!
Ah! when she fell beneath Death's tyrant pow'r,
The polish'd world then lost its beauteous flow'r!
In whose blest frame were happily combin'd
The feeling bosom and the illumin'd mind!
A spirit finely touched by Nature's hand,
Prompt to perform when Virtue gave command:
Prompt on Affliction's wound to pour relief,
And bind the bleeding artery of Grief,
Friendship exclaim'd, while bursting tears ran o'er,
"My prime, my stedfast fav'rite is no more!"
Affection, to the bosom still more dear,
Shrunk at th' event, and dropp'd her warmest tear;
Religion rais'd her sacred hand on high,
And said, "See Innocence ascend the sky!"

ANACREONTIC.

ADDRESSED TO BELINDA.

SHUN the glass, Belinda cries,
Wine holds but a brief dominion;
And those half-animated eyes
Will steal no heart in my opinion.
Shun the bottle's tempting sight,
And give to other joys the night.
What, Belinda, dost thou say?
Wine can in thy absence cheer me;
Would'st thou take the charm away
That brings thy beauteous image near me?
Wine, though distant thou may'st be,
Gives me, dearest maid! to thee.
When given 'mong convivial friends,
Toasts various as the crew assembled;
Though Delia from my tongue ascends,
Belinda on its accents trembled.
Whate'er my truant tongue decree,
My heart, Belinda, drinks to thee.
Abuse not wine then, dearest maid,
The sad resource to which I'm driven;
Who drinks thy coolness to evade,
By thee sure ought to be forgiven.
Intoxicated though he be,
Less with the slander'd wine than thee.

Q. IN THE CORNER.

Wolverhampton,
Feb. 5, 1806.

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A LEARNED LADY,

VISITED IN HER STUDY BY OBERON, KING OF THE FAIRIES.

What saw he there? no silken robes,
But quadrants, telescopes, and globes,
In learn'd confusion pil'd,
And pickl'd toads, and ponderous books,
And pot-hooks, diagrams, and crooks—
The Elfin monarch smil'd.

Bertha was in a reverie,
An open folio on her knee,
Her finger on her cheek;
"Ho, ho," quoth Oberon, "I vow
The mystery's unravel'd now—
The lady studies Greek."

The king advanc'd, and bowing said,
"Your eyes are bright, my charming maid,
But one seems somewhat bloody."
'Ah, sire,' cried Bertha, with a sigh,
'Who can preserve a cloudless eye,
And stick to midnight study?'

"Your fingers, too, would sure display
Their rosy tips more clear, if they
From stains were freed."—
'Tis only ink, my lord, and know
I prize the glorious tints that shew,
I write as well as read.'

"Mistaken maid, the king replied,
Why shall the gloomy mists of pride
Extinguish beauty's beam?
Ah why, why cause the female mind,
For ev'ry native sweet design'd,
With pedant's weeds to teem!"

PRAISE OF WAR.

All hail to War! the Warrior's hardy life
Exalts the vigour of the glowing mind,
The body strengthens midst the martial strife,
And forms to nobler acts and thoughts refin'd.

War has its good, from slumber's listless chain
It wakes the gallant youth, and points to fame;
Here—here's the palm, who struggles may obtain
The palm of Virtue dear—a deathless name.

War has its good, amidst its virtuous strife
All vulgar fancies vanish from the soul,
The art it teaches of contemning life,
And swells above the Passions' low controul.—

All hail to War! 'tis noble souls alone,
Who dauntless scan the steps of glory tread;
All hail to War! that gives the immortal crown,
And yields a place among the noblest dead.

What image that, which, veil'd in clouds of Heav'n,
A nation follows with applauding tears?
'Tis thee! bright Nelson, to thy country giv'n,
The glorious stock of war such harvest bears!

All hail to War! it hurls just vengeance down
On the false foe, regardless of all laws:—
To arms! to arms! let's rush to gain the crown,
Or nobly fall in our lov'd country's cause.

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!
Though bush or flow'ret never grow
My dark unfruitful shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of Autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murm'ring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wint'ry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless, solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bow'r
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carv'd many a long forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breath'd upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love hath whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!

A WINTER SONG.

Now Winter is come, with his cold chilling breath,
And the verdure has dropp'd from the trees;
All nature seem'd touch'd with the finger of death,
And the streams are beginning to freeze.

When wanton young lads on the rivers can slide,
And Flora attends us no more;
When abundance awaits on your bright fire-side,
Forget not the wants of the Poor!

When the cold feather'd snow-drops in fleeces descend,
And whiten the prospect around;
When the keen cutting wind from the North does attend,
Hard incrustating over the ground;

When the hills and the dales are all candied with white;
When the rivers congeal to the shore;
When the bright twinkling stars shall proclaim a cold night,
Then remember the state of the Poor!

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When the poor timid hare may be traced to the wood,
By her footsteps indented in snow;
When the lips and the fingers are starting with blood,
And the woodlands resound "Tally-ho!"

When the poor robin red breast approaches the cot,
And the icicles hang at the door;
When your board smoaks with viands reviving and hot,
'Tis the time to remember the Poor!

When a thaw shall ensue, and the waters increase,
And in danger the travellers go;
When the fish from their prison obtain a release,
And the rivers their banks overflow;

When the meadows are hid with the proud swelling flood,
And the bridges are useful no more;
When in health you enjoy every thing that is good,
Forget not to think of the Poor.

MISCELLANIES.

SWITZERLAND.

The annual exhibition of the production of arts took place this year at Zurich, in the month of May. A marble bust of Lavater drew the admiration of all the connoisseurs, and was acknowledged the best piece in the exhibition — That bust, larger than common size, represents Lavater in his customary dress, with a modern coat or mantle, which suits his figure admirably; it will be placed on the monument which his countrymen intend to erect to his honour. They have not yet fixed upon any particular spot, but to save it from the fate the bust of Gessner met with, they will probably chuse the library of the city, where it will long remain secure and respected.

The other pieces of that exhibition, consisted mostly of landscapes. A great number of portraits were seen with pleasure: and portraits after landscape painting, afforded more delight than any other style.

GERMANY.

The Institute of the Deaf and Dumb at Leipsic, directed by Mrs. Henicke, encreases every day in utility. More than twenty of those unfortunate people h ve learned to speak distinctly, and to understand the meaning of others by the motion of their lips. They are instruct d in religion, and taught to read, to write, and cast accounts, &c. &c. Mrs. Henicke is beloved by her scholars as a mother; she has two masters under her direction, Messrs Petschke and Tunghans, whose zeal and talents equal their reputation.

A learned Physician of Gorletz, Doctor Struve, Member of the Humane Society of London, has lately invented a machine, the end of which is, through the means of Galvinism, to distinguish real death from that which is apparent. It is long since that the irritating faculty of Galvinism, and its astonishing powers in restoring suspended animation, were known; but from this machine, which the inventor terms the trial of life (Lebensprufer) and the use of which he has explained in a small pamphlet, consequences the most beneficial to humanity are expected to flow.

The Germans have admitted melo dramas on their stage. *The Enchanted Vale of Swetard*, lately represented at Vienna, obtained the most brilliant success; in the richness of its scenery and dresses, the pomp of its marches, and evolutions, in fact in every thing that constitutes a melo-drama, that piece has no rival on the stage.

The authors of Germany have for some time practised the honourable and lucrative custom of dedicating their productions to the Emperor Alexander, who rewards them with handsome snuff-boxes and other presents. Last year, a learned divine conceived, on the contrary, the republican idea of dedicating his *History of the Germans* to a titular court-counsellor, who led a very retired life among his vineyards in the Rheingau. Though a man of no very generous disposition, the counsellor was, however, unwilling to lose the opportunity of deserving the title of Mæcenas. He bequeathed in his will to the historian, a pipe of wine of his own growth, of the vintage of the year in which he should die.— Death soon took him at his word, and the legatee received a pipe of the best wine of last year's vintage. The German journalists have not omitted this opportunity of exercising their wit; they pretend that the works of the legatee is of no better quality than the wine of 1805, and they consider the circumstance as an example of the severe, but impartial retribution of the goddess Nemesis.

A plant of the *Musa* or *Poma Paridisi*, Adam's fig-tree, in the hot-house of Mr Hartmann, of Thumstatten, about twenty miles from Berne in

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Switzerland, last year produced flowers and fruit. This tree, or rather herbaceous plant, which resembles trees only in its appearance and magnitude, and the leaves of which are longer and broader than those of any other known vegetable, being from six to nine feet in length, very rarely flowers in Europe. In the last edition of Valmont de Bomare's dictionary, it is mentioned as a very remarkable circumstance, that in 1774, this plant was seen to flower and bear fruit in the hot house of the French King's garden. The fruit grows at the centre of the tree; it consists of two rows of figs, with about five or six in front. From the end of each fig issues a small flower of a dirty white. It has been observed that, in dull weather these flowers grow two inches, or two inches and a half in a day, and in clear weather five or six inches.

PRUSSIA.

An Optician, called Molin, pretends to have found the long lost secret of painting in an indelible way upon glass. The celebrated chemist, Klaproth declared, that nothing but entire destruction could efface the work of Mr Molin.—This artist made a trial upon window glasses, which not only adds to the beauty of an apartment but gives a softer and more pleasing light.

RUSSIA.

Captain Krusenstern of La Nadesta, arrived at Japan without having lost any man on his passage. Mr. De Resanof, who was on board, landed in good health; they were both well received by the Japanese.

A little comedy, entitled the Passionate Woman, set to music by Mr. Boyeldieu, was played with general approbation at the theatre of the Hermitage, and met with the same success at Petersburgh. The music is considered as very good.

INDIA.

Vaccination in India seems to equal the progresses it made in Europe. On the 19th of January 1803, the Governor invited, in a Proclamation, all the European and native inhabitants of the Presidency of Fort St. George, to profit by that salutary discovery. In the report given by the Board of Medicine, we find that in the space of eighteen months, one hundred and forty-five thousand eight hundred and six persons were vaccinated, and recovered. The Rajah of Tanjore, and the Dewan of Travancore, were among the number.

The following is given, in a recent periodical publication, as an original anecdote of Shakespeare:

It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of our immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently, (as was the custom with people of great rank in those days) to appear upon the stage before the audience, and to sit delighted behind the scenes while the plays of our bard were performed. One evening Shakespeare performed the part of a King: the audience knew of her Majesty being in the house. She crossed the stage while Shakespeare was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it! When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he would not throw off his character to notice her: this made her Majesty to think of some means to know whether he would or not depart from the dignity of his character while on the stage.—Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and re-crossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words, so immediately after finishing his speech, that they seemed as belonging to it:

"And tho' now bent on this *high* embassy,
"Yet *stoop* we to take up our cousin's glove!"

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the Queen, who was highly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him on its propriety.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

EUROPE resounds with lamentations from the one end to the other, upon the melancholy results of a war, from the conduct and issue of which she anxiously expected her emancipation and her safety. The war is at an end—the armies disbanded—a disastrous peace concluded.

Most unquestionably, in order to a succesful struggle against great and public calamities, we should begin by thoroughly knowing and thoroughly feeling them. But in times, such as those in which we live, every moment is so precious, that we are not allowed the pause of an instant for the contemplation of our misfortunes. We must forthwith examine what resources they

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have left us: we must bound over the present moment, and its sad train of gloomy reflections, that we may dive into futurity, and grasp with a vigour of courageous hope, the last combinations that still present themselves to the mind, for upholding and avenging the sacred cause of the expiring liberty of Europe. It is our intention in this place to prove, upon a fair comparison and just balance of the real losses which that cause has sustained from the result of a disastrous campaign, with the advantages it has just acquired by the changes wrought in the general system of politics, and the greater part of which advantages may be secured to it, that our present situation is, without question, preferable to that in which we were placed from the Peace of Luneville, till the month of September.

Let us first examine the extent and the nature of our losses. We shall not at present dwell upon those extraordinary and momentary losses in men and money, the recollection of which is transient, which time soon repairs, and which are scarce taken into account in the progress of a strife, upon which the fate of the human race directly and immediately depends. The losses we have now to consider, are those that powerfully bear upon the great problem of the day, which diminish our means of resistance, while they increase those of the common enemy. In considering things in this point of view, we first behold Russia, that vast basis, that body of reserve of all our combined operations, and we find that she stands now exactly in the same posture of strength in which she stood before the war; that her frontiers, that her power, that her resources remain the same, and that the reverses she may have experienced, far from having tended to enfeeble her, will rather contribute, by giving her a truer insight into her real interests, and by leading her to a correction of whatever may be defective in her military system, to enable her to come down again into the field with much greater energy, with more preponderating effect.

We find that the real position of Prussia has suffered nothing from the late events; that she has sustained no sort of loss; and that if she succeeds, through the medium of negotiation, in rescuing the North of Germany from the scourge of a French army, by which it has hitherto been oppressed and devoured; Prussia will even have absolutely gained by a war, in which no doubt she might, and ought, to have taken an infinitely more active part.

We see, in fine, that England in no respect whatever, is less competent for the struggle, nor is she now more perilously situated than she was previous to this continental campaign: should even her implacable foe resume that menacing attitude, by which, without being able seriously to affect, he had, perhaps, for two years, fretted and fatigued her, the interval of repose she has enjoyed, must, in some measure, have proved of advantage; we find, that called upon again to watch the armaments of France, such has been her good fortune, that without even taking into account the fruits of a most splendid victory, gained amidst the disasters of the Continent, she has not to regret the loss of a single ship of the line, of a single battalion of troops, no, not any one instrument of defence, while her chief means, her incomparable public spirit, will only kindle and glow more keenly from the very necessity of standing forth alone, to stem the torrent of the tyrant's fury.

It is then only Austria that has suffered any material losses. She is indeed deprived of those advanced posts which she before possessed towards the Rhine and Switzerland: she is deprived of two of her best provinces, one of which stood like a great citadel, covering all the western part of her territory: she has been compelled to bend to the conqueror, and to consent to the aggrandisement of those very neighbours, whom she has more than ever reason to consider as blind instruments determined on her destruction. These certainly are very real calamities both for Austria and for the common cause. But that their extent may not be exaggerated, that they may be estimated at their just amount, it is proper we should compare them with the condition in which that power was left after the truce, called the peace of Presburg, with that in which she was placed since 1801.

The Treaty of Luneville had dug a grave for the Austrian Monarchy, which continually threatened to devour her. This Treaty, by placing Italy, Switzerland, and the whole of the Southern part of Germany at the disposal of BONAPARTE, drew round the Austrian possessions a formidable circle which began at Verona and ended at Egra; beyond that circle every thing was France. The events which followed the Treaty of Luneville, only served to extract the mortal poison which constituted its essence—the same causes which led to that execrable Treaty, viz. a general want of decision and of union among the Great Powers, and the extinction of all public spirit in Europe, prevented the Court of Vienna from resisting the new usurpations to which it continually gave birth. She was, therefore, condemned to behold the German Empire parcelled out as suited the caprice of France; Switzerland ravaged by the troops, and finally subjugated by the decrees of the successors of REWBELL; Piedmont incorporated with France; Parma and Placentia invaded; the kingdom of Naples again occupied by the French soldiery; the German territory most daringly violated, but

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violated with impunity; and as the only answer to the murmurs excited by these atrocities throughout Europe, the man that committed them, was decorated with the title of Emperor; in fine, Lombardy, without the consent of any one Power, was erected into a kingdom of Italy; and the State of Genoa declared French territory. She was condemned to behold these unexampled unprincipled enterprizes, succeed each other with a frightful rapidity, without being able, even for a moment, to arrest their course.—Such a state of things must necessarily lead to a speedy fall; and if Austria did not find either within herself, or in some great political combination, the courage and the means of upsetting it altogether, from that moment her sentence of death was irrevocably past.

Such was the situation of the Austrian Monarchy, when it took up arms against France; and such, with scarcely any difference, is its situation at present.

In respect to our Domestic Politics, the chief object of interest is the new Ministry. As yet, however, scarcely warm in their seats, what they have done affords no room for comment; and what they have resolved to do can only be matter of conjecture. Mr. Windham is very busily employed in the new modelling our army, and, we hope, in our next number, to give our readers the result of his labours. Mr. Secretary Fox is recalling our Ambassadors from the foreign courts, in order to replace them with men, in his opinion, of more diplomatic talent and experience. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Henry Petty, is occupied in the yearly budget, and Mr. Grey, in his office as First Lord of the Admiralty, is proceeding with the spirit and wisdom of Lord St. Vincent.

The chief objects of domestic action are the means of raising money, and the methods of organizing and improving our military force.

[*To be continued.*]

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

THE ELECTRESS, *NOW QUEEN OF WIRTEMBERG.*

It has been stated, that the English prisoners at Verdun, sent a Memorial some time since to the Electress of WIRTEMBERG (Princess Royal of England), requesting her interference with BONAPARTE, for their release. The answer of her Royal Highness, which has appeared, is not only imperfect, but so worded, as to convey a very unfair representation to the reader. Being in possession of an authentic copy of this answer, we now lay it before our readers.—It is as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"You only do justice to my feeling, in being convinced, that I take a very sincere part in the misfortunes of my countrymen; and should be very desirous to assist them, did my power equal my good will. But I am sorry that you have deceived yourselves with fallacious hopes, that I could take any steps towards obtaining you leave to return to England. Any polite attentions shewn to me by the Emperor of the FRENCH, during his stay at Louisbourg, do not authorise me to interfere in a business which must be settled between the two Governments. Though I cannot come forward as I could wish to do on this occasion, I beg you will be convinced of the regard with which I am,

"Gentlemen, your Friend,

"CHARLOTTE,

"Electress of Wirtemberg."

The Rev. Claudius Buchannan, vice president of the College at Fort-William in Bengal, has proposed a prize of 500l. to all graduates, who, on the 1st of March 1807, shall be bachelors of law or physic, inceptors of masters of arts, or persons of superior degrees in the University of Cambridge, for the best work in English Prose, embracing the following subjects:—

1. The probable design of Divine Providence, in subjecting so large a portion of Asia to the British Dominion.

2. The duty, the means, and the consequences of translating the Scriptures into the Oriental tongues; and of promoting Christian knowledge in Asia.

3. A brief historic view of the progress of the Gospel in the different nations, since its first promulgation, illustrated by maps, shewing its luminous track throughout the world, with chronological notices of its duration in particular places. The regions of Mahomedanism to be marked with *red*, and those of Paganism with a *dark* colour.

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LONDON VARIETIES.

Dr. John Reid observes, in the last Medical Journal, that "The slightest nervous affection is "a *degree* of insanity—from its nascent state, to "its more full and perfect growth, the progress "is so gradual as scarcely to be perceived. The "shade of melancholy slowly and solemnly ad-"vances over the surface of the mind, until at "length it produces a total eclipse of the under-"standing."

The money appropriated last quarter towards the reduction of the national debt, amounted very nearly to Two Millions; that is to say Eight Millions a year, which is eight times what it was at its first institution in 1786, exactly twenty years ago.

Without any new debt, or other sinking funds attached to them, the present Eight Millions would be doubled in fourteen years; and in twenty-eight it would amount to Thirty-two Millions a year; but, without going into minute calculation, it is certain, that, in less than fifteen years, the debt would be reduced as far as it would be prudent to reduce it: for we shall prove, on another occasion, from the history of this country, that debt, to a certain extent, is beneficial to a commercial nation.

We are informed, that in January, 1806, the stock of Cotton in Great Britain exceeded that of the same period in 1785, by from twenty to thirty thousand bags.—Our informant adds, that the import will not be less from Orleans this year than from fifty to sixty thousand bales, and the increase from Carolina and Georgia at least one-third more than in 1805. These circumstances, with the evident diminution there is in the consumption, must reduce the price of the article, especially if no support is given to improper speculation.

At the Clerkenwell Sessions, the Court was occupied with the trial of the ci-devant Marquis de Chambonas, for obtaining goods by false pretences of Monsieur Bertrand de Molleville, formerly Minister of Marine in France. It was stated by the prosecutor, that soon after his arrival in this country, he was introduced to the Marquis, who he understood to have been a person at the head of a trading club, carried on at No. 77, Pall mall. The Marquis presented himself to him in that character, and informed him he could dispose of a quantity of Port Wine to the club. The prosecutor having some wine by him, sent the defendant as much as came to about 70l. The defendant afterwards said, the profit amounted to 10l. and that they would share it between them. The defendant again represented, that he was about to purchase a considerable quantity of linen, and he wished the prosecutor to engage in the speculation; the latter agreed, and sent him 500l.; but it turned out that the whole was a fabrication, and that the defendant had neither disposed of the wine or linen in the way of trade, but had lost the whole of what the prosecutor had entrusted to him at a gaming house.

It appeared that the defendant had absconded for a time, and that this prosecution had been delayed at the pressing instance of several French emigrants of distinction, who were apprehensive that the disclosure of the facts would throw a stigma on that body. It was clear that the Marquis had obtained various sums of the prosecutor, amounting together to upwards of 2000l by false pretences.—Counsel in his defence, merely inferred the improbability of Mr. De Molleville being so imposed on.—The Jury found the defendant guilty, and he was sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate six months.

PROVINCIALS.

LENT ASSIZES.

HOME CIRCUIT.

Herefordshire,	Monday, March 10,	at Hertford
Essex,	Wednes. —— 12,	—Chelmsford
Kent,	Monday, —— 17,	—Maidstone
Sussex,	Monday, —— 24,	—Horsham
Surrey,	Wednes. —— 26,	—Kingston

A few days ago, a large whale with her young one, came into the bay of Peterhead; on seeing which the crews of the Greenland ships there immediately manned their boats, and went in pursuit. They succeeded in catching the young; but the large whale escaped with three harpoons fast in her, and carrying away also one of the boats. She was a very large fish, about sixty feet long, and at one time came almost into the harbour's mouth, rising perpendicularly out of the water, to the height of above forty feet.

On Wednesday se'nnight, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the earth from the roof of a coal-pit, at Horsforth, near Leeds, about twenty yards deep, fell in; two men and a boy were at work in the pit; the boy was killed by the earth falling upon him; the men lived sometime after,

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and could plainly be heard by the people who flocked from every part to dig them out. One of them survived till four o'clock the next morning, at least he was never after heard. He had previously said that both his fellow sufferers were dead. No labour was spared to get them out; but as the people encreased their exertions, the earth fell in more and more, and at last completely buried the poor colliers in her bowels.

It appears that the quantity of rain which fell during the last month, was 3 inches 27-100ths. That of the corresponding month in 1805, 2 inches 44-100ths; in 1804, 4 inches 18-100ths; and in 1803, 2 inches 29-100ths. The quantity of rain in the preceding months, exceeds that of any other during the last two years, excepting the month of November, 1804, when it measured 5 inches 44-100ths.

On opening the vault belonging to the family of J. Norris, Esq. in the church of St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich, on Monday se'nnight, a live bat was found there, of a greyish colour, where it probably had laid in a torpid state, companion for the dead, more than 32 years, the distance of time since the vault was before opened.

Tuesday a most disgraceful scene was witnessed at Hull. A man named John Gowthorpe exposed his wife for sale in the market about one o'clock, but owing to the crowd which such an extraordinary occurrence had gathered together, he was obliged to defer the sale, and take her away. About four o'clock, however, he again brought her out, and she was sold for 20 guineas, and delivered in a halter to a person named Houseman, who had lodged with them four or five years.

——— Smith, a notorious deer-stealer, was apprehended in London, by the Bow-street Officers, on Thursday week, by virtue of a warrant issued by the Magistrates of Northamptonshire, which was also backed at Marlborough-street office. The charge against the prisoner was, for deer-stealing in the park of the Earl of Pomfret, in Northamptonshire, where the depredations had been committed to a considerable extent, as well as in various other parks in that county. It was stated that a white buck had been selected for Christmas dinner in Earl Pomfret's park; but that he was stolen, when the keepers sought to catch him for slaughter. The prisoner was represented as belonging to a gang of offenders of this description, some of whom were in custody in the country: he was the *Robin Hood* of the gang; and when committing depredations in the forests, his bravado and fierceness often struck such terror in the minds of the keepers, that when he was even known to be poaching alone, none dared approach him. The prisoner, according to his own account, had carried on a successful trade in this way many years with impunity. He did not consider deer-stealing as any moral offence, but merely sporting, which he had been brought up to, and which he could never desist from. He was ordered to be conveyed to the county gaol of Northampton.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

The public places for the last month have produced no striking novelties. A farce of Dibdin, senior, has been performed at Drury-lane, and condemned; it was too much in the simple ballad style, to please the present taste, but it was driven somewhat harshly from the theatre.—Since the *Travellers*, Drury-lane has exhibited no novelty worthy of notice; but at Covent-Garden, a comedy is in preparation from the pen of Cumberland.—The task of criticism, therefore, becomes light in the present number of our miscellany.—We shall mention, however, the principal theatrical occurrences of last month.

DRURY LANE.

Wednesday, Feb. 11, a very crowded and elegant audience occupied this theatre, in order to pay a tribute of respect and gratitude to the memory of the late Mr. King. The performances were for the benefit of his widow. The comedy of *The School for Friends*, with several entertainments, formed an agreeable *melange* for the evening. Among the latter was a Ballet, entitled *The Fair Circassian*, in which Parisot displayed, in the favourite shawl dance, her accustomed grace and agility. A Tributary Sketch, to the memory of Mr. King, under the title of "*Thalia's Tears*," was received with great approbation.—Mrs. Jordan, who represented *Thalia* mourning the loss of her favourite son, gave to the Sketch much interest.—It contained some merited eulogies on the deceased, which were admirably delivered by those eminent favourites of the town Messrs. Wroughton, Bannister, and Dowton. The vocal parts were sustained by Messrs. Braham, Kelly, Miller, Mrs. Bland, and Signora Storace. The *Sleeping Beauty* concluded the amusements of the evening.

The Travellers, produced in the latter end of January, continues to draw the most crowded houses, and is every night received with applause no less abundant than just.

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The music of Corri has justly exalted his reputation to that of one of the first composers of the day; he has displayed an originality and force of genius, which many are disposed to envy, and few can excel.—We repeat that Corri's name will in future rank high in public opinion.

The songs "Deep in the Fountains of this beating Heart;" and, "He was famed for Deeds of Arms," are full authority for this criticism.

We should not say thus much, but that we understand that some artifices have been practised to destroy or undervalue the fame which he has so justly acquired, by ascribing his music to other composers. We are satisfied that he is original.

The admirable singing of Braham has principally conduced to the popularity of this Opera.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Tuesday, Jan. 29, a new Farce, entitled *We Fly by Night*, from the pen of Mr. Colman, was produced: it is from the French of Picard. Mr. C. has reduced it to the broadest farce, and, after his usual manner, has sacrificed every thing to caricature and laugh. We have not room to enter into the plot, nor is it worth detailing. The music was by Kelly, and some of the songs were composed with the most bewitching simplicity. They received full justice from Miss Tyrer. This farce was successful, and has become extremely popular.

On Monday, Feb. 10th, after an absence of five years from this Theatre, Mr. Pope made his appearance in *Othello*. This actor has acquired a considerable reputation in the part, and many of the best judges esteem Mr. Pope's *Othello* as the best performance of the character on the stage. We are not altogether of this opinion, though we are far from thinking humbly of his talents.

The character of *Othello* is in one general tone of passion; he is always frantic with jealousy and blustering with rage. The part, therefore, requires great natural powers, and not much of taste or discrimination. Every part is prominent, and easily caught; the beauties are so marked and positive, that they display themselves in all the force of their native grandeur, without requiring the taste or skill of the actor to elevate them into notice. We have heard it remarked by one of the best actors and critics of the day, that *Othello* was by far the easiest of all the great characters of Shakespeare.

Mr. Pope has a good voice, and a good delivery; he is skilful in the common mechanism of action and of passion, and well versed in the business of the stage; he knows when to strike his bosom, and when to wring his hands; when to start, and when to stand stock still, without being reminded by the prompter; he knows his part off hand, and he speaks *up*.

With such qualifications no actor can be an indifferent *Othello*; Mr. Pope is one of the best.

ORATORIOS.

On Friday, Feb. 21, the Oratorios commenced at Covent-garden Theatre, under the auspices of Mr. C. Ashley. We have to congratulate him upon the arrangements he has made for affording pleasure to the public. He has availed himself of the vocal powers not only of Signora Storace and Mrs. Bland, but of Mrs. Salmon, late Miss Munday, and Mrs. Dickons, formerly Miss Poole. Besides Mr. Braham, there were four who appeared, for the first time, Mr. Doyle, a fine bass; Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. Smith. The Dettingen *Te Deum* constituted the first act, in which Storace sung "Holy, holy Lord," in a very fine style. The remaining acts were selections. Mrs Bland, in the air, "What blessings," by Dr. Arne, was encored. The trio, "Like a bright cherub," was given with great effect by Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Salmon, and Mr. Pyne. A compliment was paid to the memory of Nelson, in a *Scena*, by Storace. It was called "Britannia at the tomb of Nelson." It was somewhat dull, and the music was not altogether worthy of the subject. The anthem, "Hear my prayer," by Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Salmon, was extremely pleasing. Mrs. Salmon has great sweetness and flexibility of voice, and well accorded with the divine tones of Bland. The grand treat of the evening was Braham, in "To arms, your country's cause." Though so arduous and trying a song, he was encored, and sung it the second time, if possible, better than the first. We never heard him more applauded. There was a strength, an ardour, and sublimity, in his style, which admirably corresponded with the music. When Braham stands upon his naked powers, and rejects all petty artifice and meretricious ornament; when he treats music as a science, and not as a system of tricks; when he sings for the sake of diversifying melody and augmenting pleasure, and not to surprize by experiments on his voice, or excite wild amazement by the stratagem of this art; when he condescends to be simple—to be himself; we then acknowledge powers, eminent beyond what we have ever heard, and so transcendant, that we cannot conjecture an excellence beyond them.

Mrs. Dickons afforded us great pleasure; she has a very excellent voice, and much taste and science: she executed the difficult song, "Sweet bird," and Purcell's sonata, "From rosy bowers," with prodigious effect. We have seldom seen a

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performer more applauded, or one that gave more general satisfaction.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday, Feb. 10, was produced a new Ballet, entitled *Tamerlane and Bajazet*. It is taken from the grand Opera of *Roxana*, written by MAGNOCAVALLO, and which had great success. Mr. ROSSI has, however, made a most sensible alteration in it. We have upon this occasion the pleasure of bearing testimony to the complete success of the Artist. It was received throughout with unmixed and universal applause. It has indeed every thing to recommend it; and it is an admirable instance of the advantage which the Arts derive from the Theatre, since, in truth, it is a study for the pupil in all the theatric arts. The first scene, and the opening of the Ballet, are the most impressive things we ever saw upon any stage. The curtain opens with a battle, which is raging on a most extended scale—on the stage—and aloft on bridges flung across the torrent that falls from precipice to precipice on the abrupt declivity of a mountain. This gives a depth and distance to the perspective admirable in the contrivance, and which, even in painting, would fill the mind with the idea of all the variety and horrors of a battle; but when this effect is heightened by the actual motion and bustle of the combatants, incessantly changing their position—assailing and assailed—driven from post to post—and at every instant giving a new being to the landscape, it may be conceived that the scene is truly magnificent, and that the illusion presents to us an instance of what scenic exhibitition may attain under liberal and scientific direction.

In point of richness of scenery and dress, there has been nothing at all equal to this Ballet, since *Iphigenia*. But, in point of affecting dramatic subject, the Author was limited. It is rather to be praised for its extraordinary magnificence than its emotion. The plot is not so highly wrought up as to keep the soul in suspence, or to excite any sudden impulse, either of terror, surprize, indignation, or joy, though all of these are alternately aroused in degree. The whole rests on a story, so simple and manifest, that the spectator anticipates the villainy of *Bajazet*, and the magnanimous forgiveness of *Tamerlane*. Still the want of surprize may proceed from its being a well known story. If the same thing had been represented of names unknown, it might have awakened more curiosity, but might have also made the fable more inexplicable.

It is, upon the whole, a grand Ballet, every way worthy of the King's Theatre; and we cannot help expressing our surprize and pleasure at their producing so much illusion on so short a stage. We have no doubt but that the house will be amply rewarded for the spirited expence which has been incurred, and as to Mr. ROSSI, the Author, it secures him the most solid popularity.—It is a master-piece.

BIRTHS.

In Portland place, the Countess of Mansfield, of a son.

At Linley Hall, Salop, the Lady of Richard Congreve, Esq. of a son.

At the Government-house, Guernsey, Mrs. Doyle, Lady of Lieutenant Colonel Doyle, of a daughter.

Friday evening, in Norfolk-street, Grosvenor-square, Lady Ogilby, of a daughter.

On the 6th inst. the Lady of Sir William Ramsay, Bart. at his house, in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, of a son.

The Countess of Aylesford, Packington-hall, Warwickshire, of a daughter.

On the 11th inst. at Waterville, county of Kildare, in Ireland, the Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Dunboyne, of a son.

Lately, the Lady of Sir Thomas Whichcote, Bart. of a son, at his seat in Lincolnshire.

On the 4th inst. at Little Bookham, Surrey, the Lady of Major-General Manningham, of a daughter.

At Mill Hill, Feb. 14, the Lady of Charles Drake Garrard, Esq. of a son.

At Shroton-cottage, Dorsetshire, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Seymer, of a son.

At Weymouth, the Lady of Captain Vernon Graham, of twins, sons.

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bonne, Richard Charles Headgraves, Esq. of the West Suffolk Militia, to the Hon. Cassandra Twisleton, youngest daughter of the late Lord Saye and Sele.

At Chiswick, William Devaynes, Esq. M.P. of Dover-street, to Miss Wiseman, of New Bond-street.

Feb. 13. At St. James's Church, by the Rev. George Knott, Captain Wheatley, 1st Regiment of Guards, son of William Wheatley, Esq. of Lisney, in Kent, to Miss Hawkins, daughter and co-heiress of the late George Edward Hawkins, Esq.

At Storrington, W. Chamberlaine, Esq. of Rolvenden, Kent, to Miss T. Bishop, daughter of Colonel H. Bishop, and grand-daughter of Sir Cecil Bishop, of Parham-park, Sussex.

In Dublin, John Crampton, Esq. M.D. to

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Miss Charlotte White, sister to Sir John J. Jarvis, Bart.

At Downton, Wiltshire, Edward Dering, Esq. eldest son of Sir Edward Dering, Bart. to Miss Nevil, eldest daughter of Sir Richard Nevil, Bart. of Barford-house, Wilts, and M.P. for the Borough of Wexford, Ireland.

Thursday was married at Clifton church, Bristol, Clement Debbing, Esq. of the county of Middlesex, to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Butler, of Clifton, sister to the Earl of Lanesborough.

Thursday, at Buckingham, Emanuel Reeves, Esq. of Winslow, to Miss E. W. Harvey, only daughter of Matthew Barnard Harvey, Esq. of Witham, Essex.

Saturday, at York, Captain Samson, son of the late Dr. Samson, of Beverley, and Captain in the West York Militia, to Miss Anna Story, fourth daughter of George Story, Esq. Bishop of Wearmouth, in the county of Durham.

At St. Edmund's the King, William Hubbard, Esq. of Lombard street, to Miss Grace Pawditch, second daughter of the late Thomas Pawditch, Esq. of Peckham.

On Tuesday, at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, the Rev. John Foster, Vicar of West Thusrock, in Essex, to the Right Hon. Emma St. John, eldest daughter of the late Lord St. John.

At Edinburgh, Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, of Stirling Port, to Miss Janet Dundas, second daughter of Major-General Thomas Dundas, of Carron-Hall.

On the 14th ult. Prince Eugene Beauharnois, (son of the Empress Josephine of France, by her former husband) to the Princess Augusta Amelia of Bavaria.

DEATHS
OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

Lately, Viscount Perry, who was born at Limerick, in the year 1719, of an ancient family; and applying himself to the practice of the law, soon arrived at the head of his profession, a situation which he maintained till he was called to the Chair of the House of Commons, in the year 1771. The dignity with which he filled that important post for many years, his profound knowledge of the Constitution, his temper, his firmness, the mildness of his deportment, his urbanity, his independent spirit, and, above all, his scrupulous impartiality, are still remembered with gratitude and admiration, for a legislator and a statesman, in which capacities he eminently distinguished himself. He was peculiarly qualified by prompt sagacity, enlarged views, unwearied industry, and extensive and well arranged information.

In private life, he was truly the idol of his relatives and friends, for whilst his high character for public wisdom inspired all those who enjoyed his society with a filial reverence, the gentleness of his manners, his kind and unaffected attention, the candour and indulgence with which he received the opinions of others, the modesty with which he delivered his own, and his freedom from every appearance of selfishness, procured from all around him an affection, mingled with respect, such as is in general felt only by children for their parents. It is with much pleasure that we can add, that his life was as prosperous and happy as it was long.

His prosperity he owed not to any efforts to promote his own interest, but to his well earned reputation alone; and his happiness was derived not from the enjoyment of what are usually called the pleasures of life, but from the love and reverence which he saw depicted on every countenance which approached him, and from the consciousness that he had merited the esteem and gratitude of his cotemporaries. On his quitting the Chair of the House of Commons, in the year 1785, he was raised to the Peerage; and a pension of 3000l. a year was at the same time, by the unanimous desire of the House, and without any solicitation on his part, settled upon him for life.

In Clarges-street, Piccadilly, that venerable ornament of literature, and respectable member of society, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, in the 89th year of her age. Her understanding and scholastic attainments, if she had been of the other sex, would have qualified her for a distinguished station in the world; and her purity of morals and religious principles would have disposed her to execute its duties with unimpeachable integrity. She had a strong turn towards Poetry; but in all her compositions she endeavoured to make Poetry subservient to the interest of Virtue. Her first poetical effusion that appeared in print, was, we believe, the beautiful "Ode to Wisdom," which was originally introduced to the public in the celebrated novel of "Clarissa." She afterwards presented a volume of Poems to the world, all of which are characterized by sentiment, tenderness, delicacy, moral energy, philosophic elevation, and fervid poetry. This lady wrote two papers in "The Rambler;" one "On Religious Superstition," and the other entitled "The Voyage of Life," which appears so uniform with the style of sentiment of the work in general, that they might be taken for the production of the revered author of that admirable work. The work, however, for which she is most distinguished, is a translation of "Epictetus," which has justly placed her upon a rank with the first scholars of the age. Her introduction and notes to this work, display pure taste, deep erudition, and a philo-

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sophic power of reflection, congenial with that of the original author, whom she has, with so much elegance and precision, introduced into British literature. But Mrs. Carter, possessed of all the softer virtues, as well as the talents and attainments that adorn the human character; she was as ardent to promote the interests of humanity, as to cultivate those of learning, and a desire to spread the influence of a philosophy, which, in addition to the dictates of religion, might tend to reconcile man to the evils inseparable from his condition, was her principal inducement for giving a translation of "Epictetus." Mrs Carter was esteemed by a very large circle of friends, and those friends were of the most amiable and valuable description; among the chief of whom is the venerable Bishop of London, at whose house she was one of the most honoured guests, and whose virtues she held in the highest respect.

On Thursday night, Thomas Skinner, Esq. Alderman of the Ward of Queenhithe, at his house in Aldersgate-street.—Mr. Skinner was born at Brentford, on the 14th Jan. 1737, so that he had just completed his 69th year. He received his education at Ealing, and served an apprenticeship to a Mr. Williams, an upholder, in Newgate-street. Mr. Skinner was happy to relate from what a small beginning he raised himself by an honourable course of industry to the splendid fortune of which he died possessed. In 1757 he began business for himself in Aldersgate-street, and married a most amiable woman, Miss White, the daughter of a gentleman in extensive business; and never was there more perfect and uninterrupted felicity than they enjoyed until her death, about five years ago. He served Sheriff of Middlesex in the memorable year 1784, the commencement of Mr. Pitt's career, when he stood against the House of Commons, and dissolved the Parliament that he could not govern. We need not call back to the recollection of our readers the vehement and bitter contest which took place all over England; and no where with more acrimony than in London and Middlesex. Upon that occasion, though the Whig principles of Mr. Skinner were perfectly known, and that his intimate friend Mr. Byng, candidate for the County, and Mr. Sawbridge, for the City, were most violently opposed, Mr. Skinner conducted himself, as Sheriff, with such clear integrity, as to draw from the enemy of his known opinions the most unequivocal approbation. He was elected Alderman of Queenhithe, in 1785, and Lord Mayor in 1795.

He has left behind him two sons and five daughters to lament his loss, which to them, as well as all his friends and neighbours, is irreparable. He was a most virtuous patriot; and the last moments of his life were cheered by seeing the dawn of a brighter day to England, by the appointment of men to office, worthy for their talents and integrity, to hold the reins.

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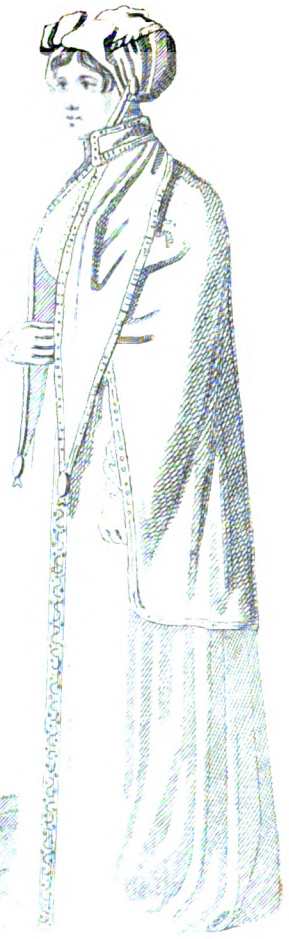

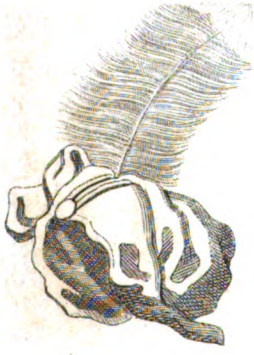

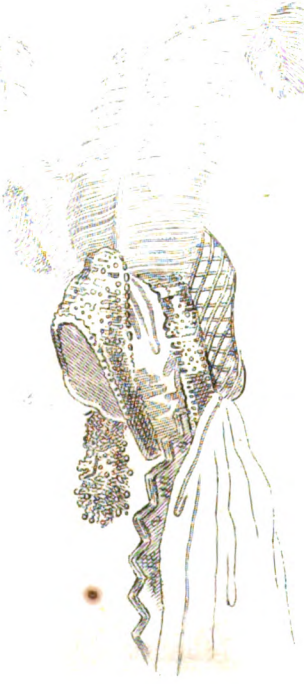

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Original Patterns for Needlework designed expressly for the first Number of La Belle Assemblée, March 1. 1806.

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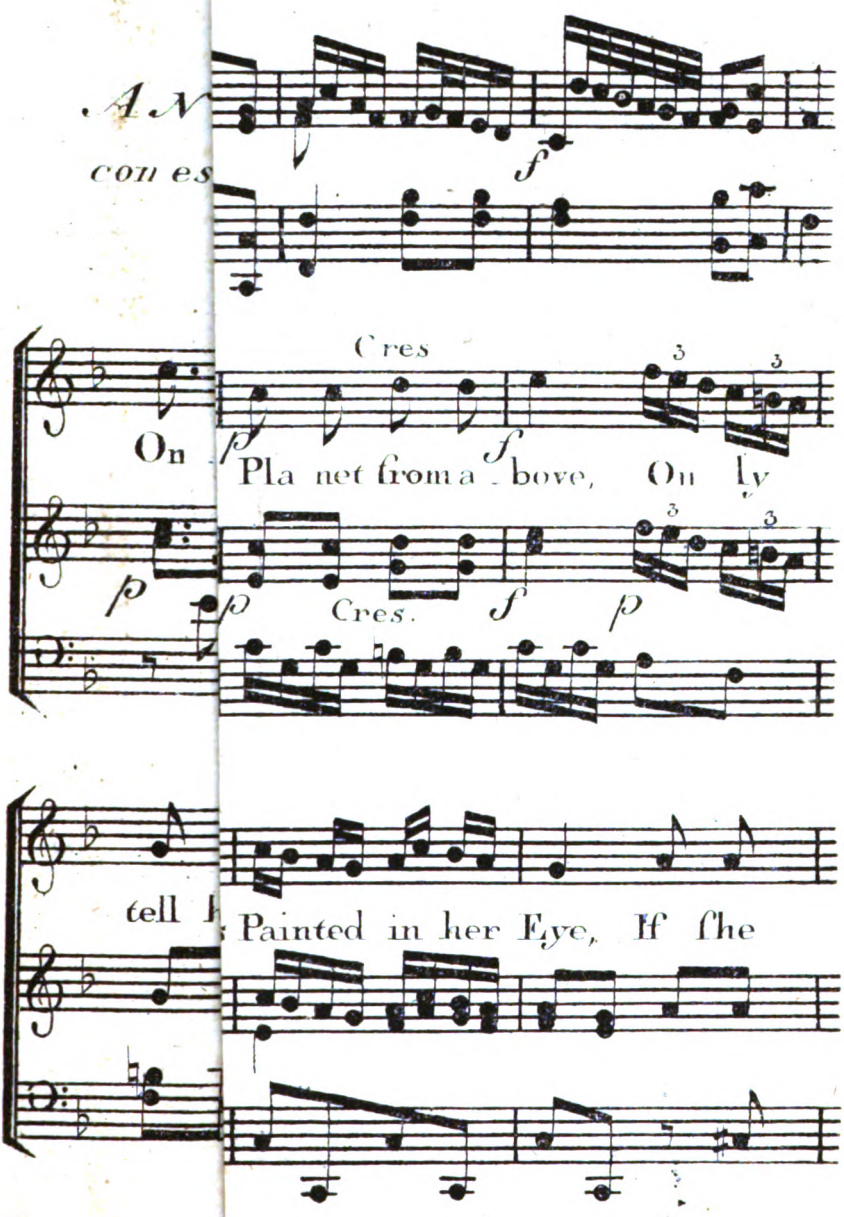

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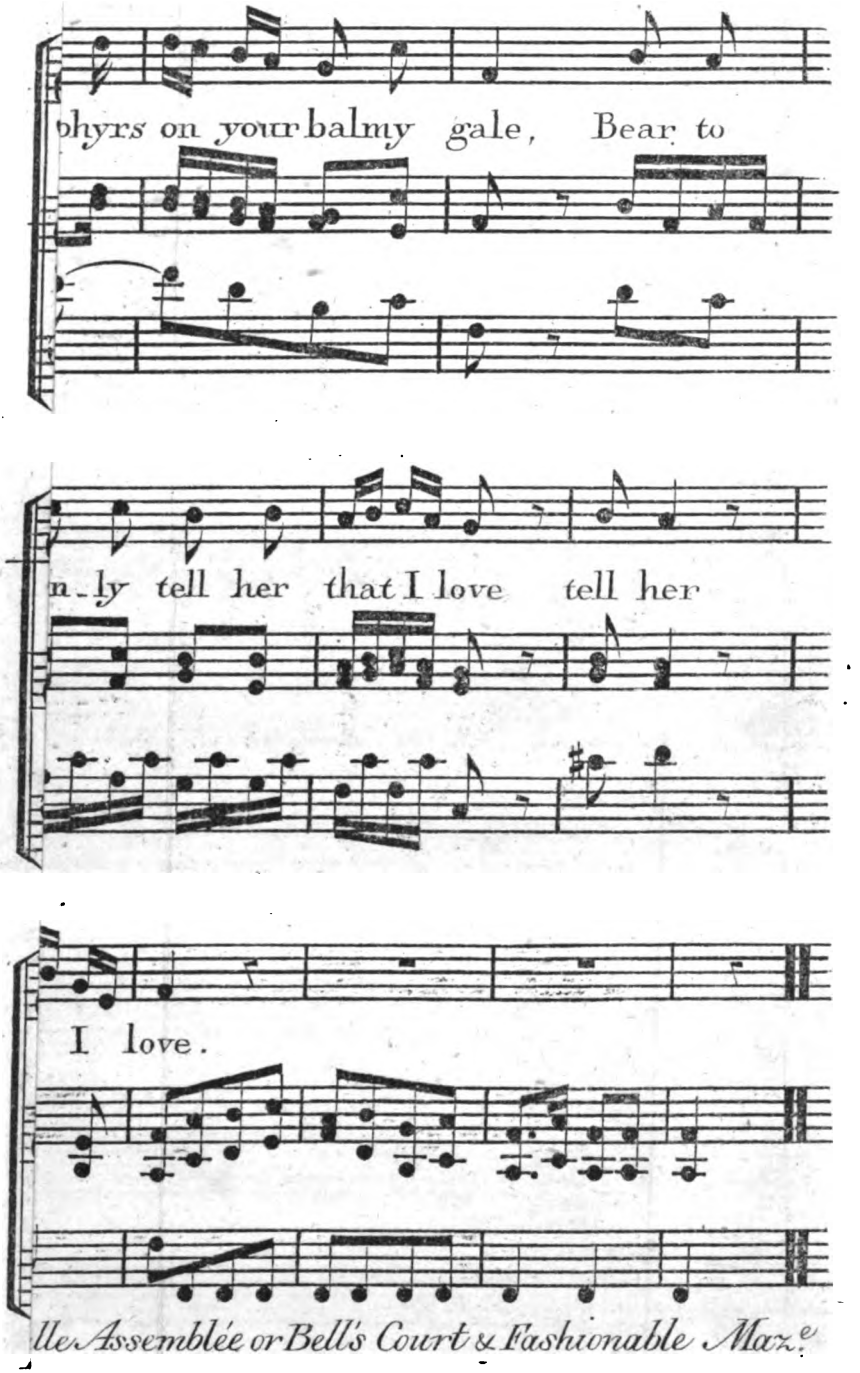

Belle Assemblée or Bell's Court & Fashionable Magz.e

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FASHIONS

For MARCH, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1. BEDFORD PELISSE and HAT, colour, *La Bon de Paris*, trimmed with fur to match.

No. 2. TRAFALGAR DRESS, white satin, trimmed with gold, or silver lace.

No. 3. YORK MANTLE and HAT, seal-skin, or Gregorian cloth, edging, orange and scarlet, India-pattern. Walking Dress.—Cambric muslin, with work.

No. 4. BEDFORD HAT, purple velvet and gold, with white feathers.

No. 5. COURT DRESS CAP, white crape, and silver *Tiara* in front.

No. 6. COURT DRESS BANDEAU, crape and gold.

No. 7. VELVET CAP, colour to fancy.

PARISIAN DRESSES.

No. 8. Cloth Great Coat, in the Hussar style.

No. 9. A Morning Dress.

No. 10. Cambric Bonnet, satin neckhandkerchief, trimmed with Marten-skin.

No. 11. Complete Full Dress.

No. 12. Half Full Dress.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

The more elegant the taste, the more superior the beauty of a lady, the less she has occasion for ornaments; her dress, therefore, should be simple and unaffected. This incontestable truth should convince our London Fashionables, that the only improvement in dress consists in a superadded simplicity and gracefulness, and not in a singularity of costume of any kind whatever. The dress that appears the most elegant in the day, would ill become the evening, at the opera, or at the ball; a circumstance arising principally from the choice of the colours.

The pale yellow colour, which is extremely elegant in the day for beautiful women, appears soiled in the evening, and tends very much to diminish the glow, and impair the brilliancy of the complexion. Dress is become so astonishingly capricious, that a lady is not considered fashionable, if she appears in public two successive days with the same bonnet. Some variety must be given, either by super-adding fresh ornaments, or new-modelling the old. The colours of bonnets and gowns are so often varied, that the gown which corresponds with a bonnet one day, is upon the next, contradictory to real taste and elegance. Our most favourite *promenades* have not been, during the last month, strikingly conspicuous for the display of dress; we have, however, seen some very graceful Turkish-slate coloured velvet turbans, ornamented with fur of the same colour; they have a rich effect, and are confined to the nobility, and the more aspiring classes of fashion. The most prevalent *pelisses* are made of black velvet, with a flounce of deep rich black lace; this last walking dress is worn by all kinds of fashionables, which renders it common, and is abandoned by those who pretend to real taste and novelty. All kinds of bonnets, from a straw to a black velvet turban, are worn with black velvet *pelisses*; the latter turban is sometimes ornamented with a black feather, in which case it must hang gracefully over the forehead; it has then some claims to attraction, when worn by an elegant woman.—Straw turbans with two pale roses, one blown, and the other a bud, is a spring hat, and likely to become fashionable: in short, velvet and straw

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bonnets, are the only head-dresses worn for walking. Dome crowns and gipsey straw hats are likely to be the most prevalent fashion for the ensuing month. The ladies in the boxes of the opera, display, in general, much elegance; many wear the sleeves of their gowns cut in the Spanish style; these kind of sleeves are only seen with full dress gowns; white muslin gowns tastefully embroidered, are very general. — A white or light blue satin turban, ornamented with white down, contribute much to the elegance of this half dress. Velvet mantles grace the shoulders of the London Fashionables, and when elegantly drapered on the back, are very tasteful and striking. Many ladies wear at balls, and fashionable assemblies, their hair fancifully dressed; a neat small square comb, ornamented with pearls, is placed in the front; the hair thus dressed, precludes the necessity of any other species of head-dresses.

Necklaces are fashionable, and cannot be too monastic; these kinds of necklaces are only worn in half full-dress; red coral necklaces, with a small watch set in pearls, attached to a string of red corals, are becoming fashionable. White tippets are very general; they are considered elegant and necessary; muffs are scarcely ever seen; fashion requires them to be white, when they are adopted. White or rose-coloured silk stockings, with a narrow clock, *not embroidered*, are the only silk stockings that adorn the feet of the models of fashion.

The dress of a Lady is beginning to be less sumptuous, of course it is less expensive. Lace is now almost rejected, except in the embellishment of mantles. *Ridicules* have completely perished, and the pocket is at length restored to its usual place. Laced half-boots, in the Chinese style, are fashionable for walking.

PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1806.

Head dress *à la Ninon*, are more numerous than ever, and resemble, with an encreasing exactness, their true model, *Petitot's* enamel; which is to be seen at the *Napoleon Museum*. On each side of the face, there are now four, five, and even eight curls of hair formed into the shape of a *cork-screw*; and, behind, the hair is collected, smoothed, or circularly involved, instead of being made up into a *cabbage*, and plaited into the figure of *cork-screws*. The grounds of full dress college-caps are ornamented with steel. Full dress hats are almost all turned up on one side with a loop or a button; behind the turned-up part of the hat is a feather which crosses the hat with the point of the feather inclining towards the opposite corner of the hat. Hats and small bonnets are, in general, made of two colours; satin stripes of the same colour as the edging form the ornament of the crowns of bonnets. The ribband in the front, if any be worn, takes place of the plaited border, and is cut into *Artichoke* leaves. Black velvet for hats and small bonnets, is as much worn as dark blue and brown cloths are for great coats. A long steel buckle, of an oval form, confines the velvet band round the crowns of small bonnets, which makes a conspicuous ornament for the front of this kind of bonnets. White, grey, pale rose, nut, chocolate, dark green, and dark yellow velvets are always fashionable for college-caps. Some grounds of full dress hats, of satin or velvet, are embroidered with the whitest silver that can be procured; the design is a kind of star, which is embellished with figured leaves instead of rays. At the Milliner's, the satin for hats and the generality of ribbands, are a style of delicate rose colour; however, white satin and ribbands are likely to become fashionable. The hats of the *Millinery Misses* have a tuft in the front, which descends on the eye-brows; but the ears remain entirely uncovered. Velvet, worked in white, and white ribbands, amply embroidered with velvet, have been much in request during the last few days. Some Milliners use dark yellow for the linjng of black bonnets. Yellow is used to ornament black velvet college-caps. Green pistachios are used with white. Feathers are much in fashion, they are worn both in full and half full dress. On many hair head-dresses the bunch of flowers is worn small, placed behind the head, and frequently concealed in the hollow of the comb. Bengal roses, or moss roses, are still most in vogue. Florists are not satisfied with imitating the Bengal rose, and the scarcest flowers of the East; they are now endeavouring to extend their art to kitchen garden plants, which they colour to the whim of the purchaser. The honey-suckle, which is also a flower much in vogue at Balls, is worn of all fancy colours, such as rose, black, and dead leaves; there are some even made to resemble oak. Hair head-dresses are very simple; they consist of hair smoothed at the sides, with a braid of hair formed into a *cabbage*, and a tuft of curls, or some curls hanging on the forehead; this head-dress is considered particularly neat and elegant. Hats, ornamented with fur, would have been very general, had not the late incessant rains prevented the Amazonians from gracing the promenades. The last fashion for the above hats is quite novel, they are made of a fawn colour; the brims are raised on each side to the height of the shape, and are cut round to resemble a fan. Gowns for Balls are short, and in general of a

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white or rose-colour; but are always made of crape. A single ribband is worn round the waist, has long ends, and hangs in the front. A ribband, gathered tastefully, trims the inferior edging of the gown; the same kind of trimming sets off the ends of sleeves. A detached bunch of flowers is worn above the gathering of the sleeves; and two large bunches of the same flowers are fixed a little above the knees, the other a little above the inferior border of the gown.

Head-dresses *à la Titus*, are in general seen at Balls; they have no kind of ornaments. Long or short full-dressed gowns are almost all made of rose, white, or chamois satin, *à l'Espagnole*. The pelisses for dress are made *à la Turque*, without collars, and are not crossed over the breasts. Five buttons may be worn on the front of a ball gown, and a sloping garland of flowers may also be worn instead of flowers. The ribbands are always white, whatever kinds are worn. A bunch of flowers at the side relieves the gown from the necessity of a trimming of flowers. Fashion suggests violets for the side of gowns. The breasts are ornamented with large hanging lace, which is a fashion extremely prevalent.

Of all kinds of combs, the most adopted are those which are ornamented above the gold with a detached row of pearls. Ear-rings made of pearls, forming a bunch of grapes, and these forming serpents made of gold, or enamelled gold, are the most general. It is fashionable to wear a shawl over a great coat, pelisse, or a velvet *Mameluke*. The most elegant velvet for *Mamelukes* is light blue; but many made of black velvet are worn. Laced veils are worn in all their extent, suspended before the face; muslin veils, on the contrary, are worn divided and turned on one side of the head. An embroidered muslin *ridicule* is festooned with lace: we have seen some cherry-coloured velvet made into *ridicules*; they are richly embroidered in gold.

OBSERVATION ON FASHONS,

As they appeared to an Observer on Sunday last, during a Promenade in Hyde Park.

THE genial mildness of an unusually fine spring, which has already decked vegetation with the budding promise of luxuriant verdure, has also banished from fashionable costume those cumbrous draperies and gross furry ornaments which so recently distinguished the prevailing taste, and were continued, through one of the mildest winters ever experienced in our atmosphere, as though British beauty were shivering under the chilling influence of Siberian skies.

The Promenade, in Hyde Park, the only general one, where beauty and fashion now deign to exhibit their combined attractions by *daylight*, was on Sunday last literally crouded by both; and the rival titles to rank and admiration were displayed in a fascinating contest for the palm of experience.

The dresses of the Fashionables were, for the most part, of that character called *Demi-saison*; the bear-muff and tippet were visible only with a few *Grisettes* and *Dowagers* of the *Bourgeois*. The prevailing head-dress of the leading *Ton*, were beaver hats *à la turban*, with a light trimming of snow-white swansdown; also beavers of what are termed the *Spanish* and *Jockey* forms, of various colours, were still much worn; as were bonnets and hats of straw, of different shapes; the most elegant were those gracefully turned up in front, lined with various coloured velvets, and otherwise ornamented with artificial flowers or silk trimming, agreeably to the fancy of the wearers. But the head-dresses most *nouvelle* and elegant, and worn by Ladies of the highest Fashion were formed of velvets, and were principally hats or turbans, turned up with different colours of the same fabric, and trimmed with swansdown or light furs; and some which wore a superior air of novelty, were made with a drooping peak or purse, falling down behind like the undress cap of an hussar, and ornamented with silk tassels, and a small ostrich feather in front, of the same colour as the cap, which attracted much admiration.

Pelisses, and robes of velvet cloth and silk, continue to be much worn, but the most fashionable and elegant were those of dove-coloured velvet, worn loose and open before, embroidered in silk of the same colour down the front, with a running foliage of *vine*, or *olive* leaves. Spencers of silk and velvet were also much worn, and some few shawls were perceptible.

By the way, it is only wonderful that such an article of dress as the *shawl* should ever have found its path to fashionable adoption, in the various circles of British taste. In its form, nothing can be more opposite to every principle of refined taste, or carry less the appearance of that elegant simplicity at which it aims.—It is calculated much more to conceal and vulgarize, than to display or regulate the contour of an elegant form, and is totally destitute of every idea of ease, elegance, or dignity. Whatever charms it may have for the *sickly* taste of the *tawny* BELLES of the torrid zone, nothing but that "witching beauty" which occasionally veils itself in the rusticity and homeliness (like the Sun, its mists and clouds) that it may dazzle anew, with the refulgent splendor of its taste and charms, could ren-

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der even tolerable the introduction of an habiliment, which turns any female, NOT beautiful and elegant, into an absolute *Dowdy*. It is the very contrast to the flowing elegance of Grecian costume, whose light and transparent draperies so admirably display the female form; and it restores something almost as disgusting, in the upper part of female dress, as the *double fortified hoop*, and the *nine-times-quilted* petticoat of the last century.

As to the *Beaux Garcons*, little of novelty appeared in their dresses to attract notice. From the almost universal prevalence of boots and *lower garments*, all would seem to have just come from the *manege*; though nine-tenths of those *jockeys* may be fairly classed with the *dismounted cavalry*. The only novelty observable with *beaux* of the promenade is, that their hats, from the order of the *bread-slouch*, are again rapidly returning to the opposite extreme: so that a fashionable *jockey bonnet* now bears strong resemblance to the helmet of *Mambrino*, celebrated in the adventures of the renowned *Don Quixote*; to whose equally celebrated steed *Rozinante* might justly be assimilated many of the *bits of blood* which kept up the *dash* of rotten-row on this occasion.

PARISIAN NOVELTIES AND CUSTOMS.—Presents of porcelain, are at this time considered the most elegant trifle. One sees a breakfast cup, entitled "The Gift of Love." On each side of the cup are inscriptions relative to the subject. On the right side, "Love revenges Perfidy." On the left, "Love repays Constancy." And the middle, "A promise of an hundred kisses payable to the Bearer." Happy the *petit maître* who can present such bill when he finds pretty women that will indorse them. The dancing parties are those which present the greatest variety of fashion. Two uniform dresses are enjoined, one for the ladies, who are spectators merely, and one for those who are performers. When they go as spectators, the ladies clothe themselves most richly. A gown of velvet or satin, with a fine train, covered with gold embroidery, and a head-dress to correspond; but those who dance are very differently drest, light and sylphic; scarcely are their tender forms covered with a fold of crape; no train, no fullness on the hips, no encumbering ornaments. By this contrast in the dresses, a Gentleman can distinguish, at first sight, the Lady who chuses to dance, from her who sacrifices the pleasure to the rage of gaudy show.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton Street, Strand.*

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE;

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, engraved by special Permission of the Duke of Gloucester, from the Picture in the possession of his Royal Highness, painted by Sir W. Beechey.
2. Song, set to Music by Mr. Braham, expressly for this Work.
3. Three whole length Portraits, and four Head Dresses of the London Fashions.
4. Three whole length Portraits of the Parisian Fashions, with Head Dresses,—for the Month of March.
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Supplementary Advertisements for the Month.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton Street, Strand. April* 1, 1806.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to return our thanks to many of those early Friends of our Work, whose Communications have appeared in our present Number. We solicit a repetition of their favours, and offer freely to them, and to others, the pages of our Magazine, for the discussion of whatever is interesting and elegant, or anywise bearing upon the important points of domestic life and character.

There are many who might wish to address admonitory, or other Letters, to friends or relations, who would not choose to appear in their own names. It is well known that such was the case with the Spectator, and with the earlier Numbers of our most celebrated Periodical Publications; the greater part of the Letters of which, and particularly of those which have been most admired and considered as Letters of Life and Character, were actually sent with this covert purpose—that of conveying, under the assumed fiction of a story, of exactly resembling circumstances, some precept or admonition, which could not have been communicated, or would not have been attended to, in any direct manner. To Correspondents of this class our Magazine is respectfully offered, as a delicate and most suitable vehicle for this covert, and not least effectual method of precept and admonition.

The Culinary System *will be continued in our next.*

We have to regret the loss of our Correspondent who favoured us with the article on Heraldry *in our last; but we have obtained the assistance of another Gentleman, intimately acquainted with this Science, who will resume it in our next Number.*

We thank Belinda *for her Letter.*

H. S.'s Poetry is very good, but the subject is too grave. We are not partial to blank verse; but shall be glad to hear from him in any other metre.

The Acrostic *on Cupid's punishment is translated from the French.*

The Tale entitled the Sisters, *came to hand; but we can never insert a Tale* to be continued, *without being first possessed of the whole of the MS.*

The future Correspondence of the Author of the admirable Letter "on the use of Rouge," is earnestly solicited by the Proprietors of this Work.

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For MARCH, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Second Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

CAROLINE AMELIA ELIZABETH, the present Princess of Wales, and wife of his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, was born May 17, 1768. She is the second daughter of the present Duke of Brunswick, of the Electoral line of Hanover, and of consequence, closely connected before her marriage with the Royal Family of Great Britain.

The following genealogical account of her Royal Highness will explain her connection with the Royal Family of England, and is sufficiently ample for our purpose:—

Frederick-Lewis, late Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty, was born on January 20, 1707. Married, April 20, 1736, Augusta, daughter of Frederick II. Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and great aunt to the present Duke; by whom (who died Feb. 8, 1772) he had the following issue; and died March 20, 1751, during the lifetime of his father.

First, Augusta, born July 31, 1737; married to the present Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, Jan. 17, 1764, by whom she had issue three sons, viz. *first*, Charles-George-Augustus, born Feb. 8, 1766; married, Oct. 14. 1790, Frederica-Louisa-Wilhelmina, daughter of the late Stadtholder; *second*, George-William-Christian, born June 27, 1769; *third*, William-Frederick, born Oct. 9, 1771: and three daughters; *first*, Charlotte-Georgiana-Augusta, the eldest, born Dec. 3, 1764; married, Oct. 11. 1780, Frederick-William, now Duke of Wirtemberg-Stutgard, lately created King of Wirtemberg by the Emperor of the French, (by whom she had two sons and a daughter), and died in 1791. The present Duke of Wirtemberg is brother to the Empress of Russia: he was born on Nov. 7, 1754; and on May 18, 1797, married, *secondly*, to Charlotte-Augusta-Matilda, Princess Royal of England: second daughter, Carolina-Amelia Elizabeth, born May 17, 1768, was married, April 8, 1795, to her cousin, the Prince of Wales, and has issue Charlotte-Carolina-Augusta, born January 7th, 1796.

In the short sketch which we propose to give of her Royal Highness, it might be difficult to confine ourselves altogether within those limits which respect for her exalted character and rank would prescribe, and at the same time to produce an account which should convey interest and instruction. We shall therefore extract from the writings of a German traveller who was intimately acquainted with her Royal Highness, such an account as will endear her to all those subjects whom she is destined to reign over in future.

The following extract is from Travels in England, in the year 1802, by Joachim Henry Campe. It is proper to observe,

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that these Travels have never appeared in any English translation.

Speaking of the richness of the soil, and the other sources of prosperity of England, the author proceeds as follows:—

"What principally contributes to the promotion of agriculture in England is the general and well founded esteem in which that most beneficial of all human occupations is held in that country. The first Peer of the realm, the Nobility of every rank, even the King himself, do not consider it beneath their dignity to become attentive and industrious farmers. Ladies of the highest rank engage in the avocations of rural and domestic economy, by which they require the respect both of their own countrymen and of all enlightened foreigners."

Thus, for example, the Princess of Wales.

"When I was at her residence at Blackheath, she had the condescension to conduct me to a garden at some distance, which she has principally laid out herself, and which she superintends, in such a complete sense of the word, that no person must presume to do any thing in it but what she herself directs. I admired the beautiful order and the careful cultivation even of the most insignificant spot; the judicious combination of the useful with the agreeable, which appeared so delightful wherever I cast my eyes. I was charmed with the neat borders of flowers between which we passed, and was doubly rejoiced to find them so small; because, as the Princess remarked, too much room ought not to be taken from the useful vegetables merely for the purpose of pleasing the eye. I was transported with the elegance, taste, and convenience displayed in the pavillion, in which the dignified owner, who furnished the plan and the directions for every part of it, has solved the problem, how a building of but two floors, on a surface of about eighteen feet square, could be constructed and arranged in such a manner that a small family capable of limiting its desires, might find in it a habitation equally beautiful, tasteful, and commodious. The manner in which this has been effected, deserves, in my opinion, the notice and admiration of professed architects.

"After my Royal Guide had shewn me her favourite spot, a small and extremely simple seat, placed in the corner of the garden, overshadowed by two or three honeysuckles, the branches of which are bent in such a manner that one of the finest prospects which this place commands opens to the view as through a window,—she invited me to survey the most important part of her grounds. I manifested some surprise, conceiving that I had seen every thing. The lovely Princess smiled, and conducted me to a considerable tract covered with vegetables, composing the farther and largest portion of this remarkable garden. 'This,' said she, 'is my principal concern. Here I endeavour to acquire the honourable name of a farmer, and that, as you see, not merely in jest. The vegetables, which I raise here in considerable quantity are carried to town and sold. The produce amounts annually to a handsome sum.'

"You will probably guess to what purpose this handsome sum is applied. Or, shall I let you a little more into the secret of the active and benevolent life which the future Queen of the first and most powerful nation in the world here leads in a simple country house, which is in fact not so large as that of a petty German Baron? Well then, be it so; I will even run the risk of incurring her anger, in case she should ever be informed of my treachery. My heart is too full to resist the impetuosity with which it attempts to discharge itself.

"Know then that this accomplished young Princess leads in this modest mansion a life so useful, so active, so virtuous, that I might challenge the most celebrated philosopher, in a like situatiou, to surpass her. She has no court, no officers of state, no chamberlains, no maids of honour, &c. because she has no occasion for them here; but she is occasionally visited by a couple of female friends, who are not so merely in name,—the very intelligent and worthy Mrs. Fitzgerald and her amiable daughter. Her whole long forenoon, that is, from six in the morning till seven in the evening, is devoted to buisness, to reading and writing, to the cultivation of different arts; for instance, music, painting, embroidery, modelling in clay, gardening, and to—education.

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"My last word, I see, staggers you; because it is so extremely unusual to see persons of princely rank occupy themselves with an employment, which cannot have any charms for persons who have a taste only for the pleasures and amusements of a court. But you will be still more surprised when I add, that it is not the young and hopeful Princess, her *daughter*, whom she educates, but eight or nine poor orphan children, to whom she has the condescension to supply the place of a mother. Her own is the child of the State, and, according to the constitution of the country, must not, alas! be educated by herself. These poor children, on the other hand, are boarded by her with honest people in the neighbourhood; she herself not only directs every thing relative to their education and instruction, but sends every day to converse with them, and thus contribute towards the formation of their infant minds. Never while I live, shall I forget the charming, the affecting scene, which I had the happiness of witnessing, when the Princess was pleased to introduce to me her little foster-children. We were sitting at table; the Princess and her friends were at breakfast; but I, in the German fashion, was taking my dinner. The children appeared clothed in the cleanest, but at the same time in the simplest manner, just as the children of country people are in general dressed. They seemed perfectly ignorant of the high rank of their foster-mother, or rather not to comprehend it. The sight of a stranger somewhat abashed them; but their bashfulness soon wore off, and they appeared to be perfectly at home. Their dignified benefactress conversed with them in a lively, jocose, and truly maternal manner. She called to her first one, and then another, and among the rest a little boy, five or six years old, who had a sore upon his face. Many a parent of too delicate nerves would not have been able to look at her own child in this state without an unpleasant sensation. Not so the Royal Mother of these orphans. She called the boy to her, gave him a biscuit, looked at his face, to see whether it got any better, and manifested no repugnance when the grateful infant pressed her hand to his bosom.

"What this wise Royal Instructress said to me on this occasion, is too deeply impressed upon my memory to be erased. 'People find fault with me,' said she, 'for not doing more for these children, after I have once taken them under my care; I ought, in their opinion, to provide them with more elegant and costly clothes, to keep masters of every kind for them, that they may once make a figure as persons of refined education. However, I only laugh at their censure, for I know what I am about. It is not my intention to raise these children into a rank superior to that in which they are placed; in that rank I mean them to remain, and to become useful, virtuous, and happy members of society. The boys are destined to become expert seamen, and the girls skilful, sensible, industrious house-wives,—nothing more. I have them instructed in all that is really serviceable for either of these destinations; but every thing else is totally excluded from the plan of education which I have laid down for them. Those who are acquainted with the splendour of the higher classes, and have reflected upon it, will beware of snatching children from the more happy condition of inferior rank, for the purpose of raising them into the former, in despite of Providence and natural destination.'

"Such is the wise and philanthropic manner in which this admirable Princess, in the flower of her age, passes one day after another. Towards evening, a very small company, of not more than three or four persons, assembles at her house to dine with her; and fortunately ceremony does not oblige her to pay regard in her selection to any other recommendation than merit. It is only on Court-days, when the Royal Family assemble, that she goes to town, or to Windsor, to complete the dignified circle of which she is such a distinguished ornament. To the Theatres, and other places of amusement of the fashionable world, her Royal Highness is a stranger. Since she came to England, she has only been twice to the play, and that was soon after her arrival. This, which of itself is an extraordinary circumstance, will be considered a great sacrifice by those who know the uncommon love and respect which is cherished by people

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of all ranks for their future Queen, and consequently need not be told, that she renounces a triumph as often as she withdraws from public view.

"She devotes one day in the week to her own daughter, the Princess Charlotte, who comes to see her, and spends the day with her. There is nothing to prevent her from enjoying this gratification oftener, for the child must be brought to her whenever she pleases. For wise reasons, however, she denies herself and her daughter the more frequent repetition of a pleasure of which both of them are every day ardently desirous. 'If,' said she, 'I were to have the child with me every day, I should be obliged sometimes to speak to her in a tone of displeasure, and even of severity. She would then have less affection for me, and what I said to her would make less impression upon her heart. As it is, we remain in some measure new to each other; at each of her visits I have occasion to shew her love and tenderness, and the consequence is, that the child is attached to me with all her soul, and not a word I say to her fails of producing the desired effect.'

"I was myself an eye-witness of the truth of this. Such tender attachment, and such fervent love as this child, only seven years old, manifests to her Royal Mother is assuredly seldom seen in persons of that rank. Her eyes are incessantly fixed on the beauteous countenance of her tender mother; and what eyes! Never, in a child of her age, have I beheld eyes so expressive, so soft, so penetrating. The first time she cast them on me she seemed as though she would penetrate my soul. The most experienced observer of mankind cannot scrutinize more severely a person of whom he wishes to form a speedy judgment. For the rest, neither her dress nor her behaviour afford the least room to suspect her high destination. The former is so simple, and the latter so natural and unaffected, that were you to see her in any other place, without knowing her, you would scarcely take her for the heiress of a throne. In every dress, and in every place, however, the attentive observer would easily discover her to be an extraordinary child. The Royal Artist, her mother, has made a model of her, and of several other persons who are dear to her, in clay, and afterwards taken from them plaster casts, which are most perfect resemblances. In acquiring that art, this accomplished Princess pursued a manner of her own. Instead of working, as usual, a long time from models, she merely procured instruction in the use of the tools; her fancy then formed, from the detached traits of a poem, the representation of an imaginary person, and she began to compose the figure without any copy. The subject of her first essay was the *Leonora* of Burger's celebrated Ballad; her second was the head of an old Lord, whose name I have forgotten; and the third was her daughter, the Princess Charlotte.

"This reminds me of another piece of work by the hand of this Royal Artist, which I had likewise an opportunity of inspecting, and which appeared to me equally beautiful and ingenious. In passing through her work-room (where, besides a choice collection of books, and all kinds of implements of the arts, you see a large table covered with papers, writings, drawings, and books), she took the trouble to direct my attention to a very handsome table, and asked me what I conceived it to be. Without a moment's hesitation, I declared it was inlaid, or, as it is called, Mosaic work, and that it was an excellent specimen of the art. She smiled, and said, that could not be, as she, who knew nothing of Mosaic work, had made it herself, and in a few hours. 'It is nothing more,' added her Royal Highness, 'than a square of ground glass, on which I have fastened with gum different kinds of natural flowers, which were first carefully dried and pressed, and then turned the glass with the smooth side uppermost, to produce the illusion by which you were just now deceived. The whole art, or rather the trifling degree of trouble, which this easy operation requires, consists merely in the choice of the situation which must be given to each flower, so that one may be properly connected with the others, and that as small a vacancy as possible may remain between them.' As the glass would not, however, be completely covered, I suppose (for unluckily I forgot to inquire) that the intervals are

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stained with colours, so as to give them the appearance of stone.

"By means of this pleasing artifice she has made a Chinese lamp for one of her other apartments, which, like those of coloured glass or thin alabaster, diffuses a very mild light.

"A second table in her work room, which appears to be composed of every possible species of marble, is, what I never should have guessed without being told,—nothing more than a square of ground glass, which, on the under side, is painted in such a manner, that the spectator cannot help taking the whole for specimens of all the species of marble joined together and inlaid. In each corner a small copper-plate of some antique figure is stuck; of course, on the reverse of the square, which completes the deception.

"You must, my friend, have no sense of what is fair, and great, and lovely, if I should have occasion to apologize for this little digression into which I have been involuntarily led. Your heart, which is ever open to all that is virtuous and excellent, must, I know, receive equal pleasure with my own, from these particulars of the wise and benevolent system of life, which a Princess, destined for the Throne of Great Britain and Ireland, has prescribed for herself, and pursued for so many years with a fortitude and a perseverance which seem to exceed the powers of her sex."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE USE OF THE FABLES OF MYTHOLOGY.

TO disguise the asperity of instructions by the more enticing mask of amusement, is a mode of condescension which the world expects from those who wish either to disseminate knowledge or to purchase fame. The power of directing the conduct of others, of appointing bounds to the sallies of passion, and of erecting the standard of duty, presupposes a superiority, against which obstinacy and self-esteem are in continual rebellion. By such as desire to instruct, this superiority must therefore be concealed: the sage must often submit to weave his lessons with romantic fiction; to be the pander of passions, that, by soothing, he may allay them; and to bribe our senses, that they may permit his access to our reason. Fable and allegory, on this account, assuming the attractions of fancy, the warmth of genius, and the language of poetry, arose in the earliest ages of the world, fraught with the moral precepts of the first philosophers. A virtue personified became the hero of a tale, interesting the imagination and subduing the affections; while vice, figured by some detestable object, excited universal dread and abhorrence. The qualities of air, of fire, of water, of earth, their combinations and effects, were frequently expressed by allegoric images. Time, the seasons, and all the properties of light and darkness, likewise engaged the attention in figurative description. Thus moral and natural philosophy were taught, and wisdom in disguise was admitted where the portal seldom opened but to amusement, or to interested knowledge; and thus, *divinâ Palladis arte*, often surprised the fortress of ignorance, and destroyed the retreat of infamy.

But such is the self-opinionated sufficiency of human nature, that we too frequently regard as our amusement only, those fictions with which wisdom has permitted some favoured mortal to veil her lustre, and are entirely unsolicitous whether mere mechanism, or a more celestial endowment, gives animation to the objects with which we are so much delighted. We are still entertained with the fable, but the internal moral is neglected. The figures either become a species of allegoric puppets, attractive by the fantastic habits of fancy, and remain pleasing by hereditary partiality, or from some artful impostor receive new interpretations, become idols, and are soon sacred from hereditary reverence.

That this was the origin of the heathen divinities; that the inundation of *celestial powers*, which arose in Egypt, and overflowed half the world, in streams as slimy and prolific as the waters of the Nile, has this head, though long concealed, is at length manifest by that improvement in physical and moral philosophy, which has enabled many learned moderns to discover the coincidence of the powers of the natural elements, and of the structure of the human mind with the attributes and natures of those artificial deities. The enormous edifices of Egypt, built probably for the purposes of science, were

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undoubtedly regarded by the vulgar with all the astonishment of ignorant curiosity, and their sculptured characters investigated with all the conjectures of superstitious credulity. What to the learned were perhaps no more than the observations of some enlightened mind, or some instructions relative to science, were to the uninformed a field of conjecture, replete with such hints as the various attitudes and forms of the several hieroglyphic objects supplied. Those whom power, riches, or virtue, had entitled to respect and superiority, were seen to pay particular attention to these hieroglyphics; the multitude therefore soon regarded them with awe; the defacing them was accounted sacrilege, and adoration, to the simple, seemed due to objects which all revered.

Thus that mythology which is now thought trivial, and only fit for the common place book of a school-boy, had its commencement in the highest characters of literature, and was sent forth to conciliate and instruct. It must, however, be acknowledged, that many of the fables which have afforded matter for poetry, and have been sung and re-sung by successive bards, originated in the oral histories of barbarous nations, when ignorance heard and believed all the tales of folly and of interest. Yet even in those parts of history which fable has most contaminated, truth often appears struggling for existence, while the unauthorised historian dares not assist her efforts, since fables ever dissimilar, though relating the same event, seldom leave a single fact, either firm or extended enough to support an argument. Modern authors have therefore agreed almost totally to neglect the rude traditions of unlettered barbarians, and the poetic relations of historic bards, as impenetrable mists or dazzling exhalations. History gains in authenticity and dignity by the rejection of such spurious legends, but poetry is a sufferer by the pride of her sister. Many of her embellishments have been demolished, because the events out of which they grew were no longer protected by the power of history. She has now to seek authority for her fictions, in the works of her illustrious sons of Greece and Rome, who have stamped an authenticity upon whatever they have touched, and have conferred a permanency to fable which even truth reveres. The fables that are found in Homer and Virgil, nay, almost the vast stories of Ovid, may be re-told in modern compositions without condemnation, although an accusation should be set up in the critical court of having plundered the school boy's common place book. These illustrious authors have indeed become the common place book of the universe; and we have as just a right to make a liberal use of their contents, as to make transcriptions from that other great common place book, *the volume of Nature*. To use them, however, in preference to Nature, is pedantry; to misapply them, folly; and literally to copy them, is plagiarism. Milton has authorised their service in English poetry by frequently calling in their aid as auxiliaries to his truly divine poem, where the nature of his subject allowed them only the secondary station: and in our own days a proof has appeared, that all the known supernatural machinery may with propriety and effect be used or alluded to in the same work. The proof I mean, is that beautiful poem, the Botanic Garden, of which the principal are, though perhaps not strictly, the elementary beings of the Rosi-crucian Philosophy, while illustrations are drawn promiscuously from ethics or from holy writ. The *Dixorum Mars, Bacchus, Apollo*, of many poetasters, might indeed be ridiculed, were they not beneath criticism; but to introduce the ancient fictions, with a view to their pristine significations, might tend to restore them to the dignity they once deserved; it might elucidate many passages of the classics, and encrease their value; it might unlock the repositories of antiquity, and recover much of that knowledge which has been concealed in the oblivion of three thousand years.

SOLUTION OF THE INQUIRY, "WHO WAS THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK?"

SIR,

EVERY reader must, without doubt, be acquainted with Voltaire's account of the person known by the name of the *Man with the Iron Mask*, concerning whom so many contradictory conjectures have been circulated during the last century. The history of the same extraordinary character, attributed to the Marechal de Richelieu, in which he is stated to be the twin brother of Louis XIV. is equally familiar to the public. Some, on the other hand, have asserted, that he was the Duke of Beaufort, who fell at the siege of Candia; while others have maintained, that he was the Count de Vermandois, the son of Louis XIV. by Mademoiselle de la Valière, who is reported by the author of the *Memoirs of Persia*, to have been snatched from human society for having struck the Dauphin. The fact is, that the Count de Vermandois died in the camp before Dixmude, and was solemnly interred at Arras.

Various have been the attempts to resolve a

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problem in which human curiosity has taken a considerable degree of interest. Some particulars, however, which have been recently published on this subject by a French writer, M. Desodoards, seem to have completely elucidated a point which has so long remained a subject of doubt. They are as follow :—

"In the first moments which followed the taking of the Bastille, in 1789, all the doors of that prison were thrown open; the archives, the preservation of which would have been of such service to history, were at the mercy of people incapable of suspecting their importance. Some spectators, more curious that the rest, picked up different papers, among which were simple cards, signed by Ministers, or by other persons. They contained notes relative to the prisoners.

"One of these cards, marked with the number 4,389,000, contained these words:—*Fouquet arrivant des iles de Sainte Marguerite avec un masque de fer*;—that is, Fouquet coming from the islands of St. Margaret with an iron mask. This was followed by X. X. X. and underneath was *Kersadion*. I saw this card in the hands of the person who found it, and who refused to part with it, in spite of all my intreaties to that effect. I took with a pencil an accurate copy of the card, which exhibited no particular character of authenticity, but which, however, is a document of moral conviction, since it affords a complete solution of the difficulties relative to the *Man with the Iron Mask*, which could never before be satisfactorily explained.

"It is well known that the *surintendant*, Fouquet, was conveyed to the citadel of Pignerol, at that time belonging to France. After remaining there several years, he found means to escape, and no person could ever tell where this celebrated exile expired. This fact is attested in the Memoirs of Gourville, the intimate friend of Fouquet. It is very probable that Colbert, who had sworn the destruction of Fouquet, might have found means to apprehend him in some foreign country, and to imprison him at St. Margaret's, from which place he was conveyed to the Bastille, when the former *Commandant* of Pignerol was made Governor of that prison; he was capable of satisfying the vindictive Comptroller-General, that his new prisoner was actually the same that had been before given in charge to him. Voltaire observes, that at this period no person of distinction disappeared in Europe: the disappearance of Fouquet took place in the year 1664. With respect to his iron mask, this expedient was probably adopted during the journey, to conceal the irregular seizure of the man in a foreign country. It would be ridiculous to suppose that he wore a mask of iron all his life. It is incontestible that his face would soon have become inflamed, and that a mortification would have put a speedy end to his captivity.

"The manner in which Voltaire relates this adventure gives it a romantic air. But is it probable that a punctilious etiquette would have been observed towards a prisoner, whose fate was intended to be kept an everlasting secret? How are we to know whether it be true that Louvois remained standing out of respect during his interview with the *Man with the Iron Mask!* Who can tell whether Chamillart pronounced it to be a secret of State? Voltaire was fond of giving an air of importance to the anecdotes which he received from people about the Court. The love of the marvellous has, in fact, converted a very simple story into an extraordinary adventure.

"Fouquet was born in 1615.—If the *Man with the Iron Mask* died, as we are informed by Voltaire, in 1704, that Minister must have lived eighty-nine years. His mother, Marie de Meaupou, died in the 91st year of her age."

I am, Sir, &c.

G— M—.

ACCOUNT OF THE ALMANACK OF LIEGE.

Sir,

No work, perhaps, ever had such an extensive circulation in this country as the celebrated Almanack of Francis Moore, to whose extraordinary predictions thousands are accustomed to look up with such implicit confidence and veneration. It is far from being generally known that a counter-part to the lucubrations of the English Astrologer exists on the Continent, in the Almanack of Liège, by Matthew Laensberg, which there enjoys an equal degree of celebrity; and it is by no means improbable that our countryman originally borrowed the idea from the German Philosopher, whose publication is of a date considerably older.

Whether the name of Laensberg is a real or an assumed name is a matter of great doubt. The latter supposition is favoured by a tradition preserved in the family of the first printers of the work, which ascribes it to a Canon of St. Bartholomew, at Liège, who lived about the conclusion of the 16th century, or at the beginning

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of the 17th. This is further corroborated by a picture of a Canon of that Church which still exists, and which is conjectured by many to represent the inventor of the celebrated Almanack of Liège. Figure to yourself an old man, seated in an arm chair, his left hand resting on a globe, and his right holding a telescope. At his feet are seen different mathematical instruments, several volumes and sheets of paper, with circles and triangles drawn upon them. His eyes are large and prominent; he has a dull, heavy look, a nose in the form of a shell, and large ears, which are left uncovered by a greasy cap. His large mouth, half open, announces surliness and pedantry; frightful wrinkles furrow his face, and his long bushy beard covers an enormous band. This man is, besides, muffled up in an old cassock, patched in several places. Under his hideous portrait was the inscription, *D. T. V. Bartholomæi Canonicus et Philosophiæ Professor.*

Such is the picture given by a person who examined this portrait, and who, though he was at the pains to search the registers of the Chapter of Liège, was unable to find any name that at all corresponded with the above designation. Hence it may be fairly concluded, that the Canon, whose portrait has just been exhibited, assumed the name of Matthew Laensberg, as well as the title of Professor of Philosophy, for the purpose of publishing his Almanack, with the prognostications, which have rendered it so celebrated.

The earliest of these Almanacks that is known to exist is of the year 1636. It bears the name of Matthew Lansbert, Mathematician, and not Laensberg, as it is now written. In the middle of the title is seen the portrait of an Astronomer, nearly resembling that which is still placed there. After the printer's name are the words, *with permission of the superior powers.* This is repeated in the eleven first Almanacks, but in that for 1647, we find, *with the favour and privilege of his Highness.* This privilege, granted by Ferdinand of Bavaria, Prince of Liège, is actually inserted; it gives permission to Leonard Streete to print Matthew Laensberg's Almanack, and forbids other printers to make copies of it, upon pain of confiscation, and other penalties.

The name of this prophet is spelt Lansbert in the first Almanacks, but it has since been regularly written Laensberg. It is to this privilege of the Prince Bishop of Liège that Voltaire alludes in these lines of his Epistle to the King of Denmark:—

Et quand vous écrirez sur l'Almanac de Liège,
Ne parlez des saisons qu' avec un privilége.

The four first pages of that for 1636 are occupied by a piece entitled, *The Twelve Celestial Signs governing the Human Body.* Cancer, for instance, governs the breast, the belly, and the lungs, with all their diseases. This was, at that time, the fashionable system of Astrology, which was succeeded by many others equally ill-founded, and equally popular. But a fact, that could scarcely be believed, were it not stated in an advertisement prefixed, is, that the Physicians manifested a jealousy lest the prophet of Liège should extend his dominion over the healing art. They obtained an order that every thing relating to the influence of the Celestial Signs on diseases should be suppressed, and this retrenchment took place, for the first time, in 1679. The principal part, however, is still preserved, and still ensures the success of this wonderful performance; it consists of the general predictions concerning the variations of the seasons, and the occurrences of the year. In each month are marked the days when there will be rain, and those that will be dry; whether there will be snow or hail, high winds, storms, &c. It is to this part which Sterne alludes in his Tristram Shandy, when he says, "I have observed this 26th of March, 1759, a rainy day, notwithstanding the Almanack of Liège."

The general predictions mention the occurrences that are to take place in every month.—Accident has frequently been wonderfully favourable to the prophet; and he owes all his reputation and celebrity to the luck of having announced the gaining of a battle, or the death of some distinguished person. The anecdote of Madame Du-barri, at that time all-powerful at the Court of Louis XIV. is not a little singular.

When the King was attacked with the malady which put an end to his life, that Lady was obliged to leave Versailles. She then had occasion, says the author of her life, to recollect the Almanack of Liège, which had given her great uneasiness, and of which she had suppressed all the copies she was able. Amongst the predictions for the month of April, in that Almanack, was the following, "A Lady, in the highest favour, will act her last part" She frequently said, "I wish this odious month of April were over." According to the prediction, that favourite acted her last part, for the King died in the following month, in May, 1774.

I am, &c.

P— M—.

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PRESENT MODE OF FEMALE EDUCATION CONSIDERED.

SIR,

AT at a time, and in an age when the female mind, generally speaking, is much more under the influence of sentiment than principle; and when the mode of female education appears to be much better calculated to confine the sex to a *secondary* instead of a *primary* place in the order of rational beings, I shall in no respect think my time or labour either mispent or misapplied by endeavouring to stimulate the female mind to the acquisition of principles that may render both sentiment and feeling subservient to solid sense, refined taste, correct judgment, and true humanity.

As beings endowed with reason, and consequently capable of the highest degree of intellectual improvement, the female sex is in no respect inferior to our own. And where there is a discernable inferiority, the cause of such inferiority will, if critically enquired into, be found to originate either in an improper mode of education and study, or an inexcusable indulgence of parents.

Daily to examine, and carefully to watch, the improvement of the human mind, and earnestly and impartially to inquire into the cause of its assents and dissents; to investigate all its operations with a desire to discover whether its notions and its decisions are properly the effect of its own labour, or whether they are the result of impressions made by others, or by something from without us, is a very useful and a very desirable employment. It is an employment that will require care, industry, and perseverance, rather than deep thought, laborious research, or intense application. And the advantages arising from such an employment will be no less durable than valuable. They will, and must contribute very essentially to a formation and stability of conduct. They will give to the mind that confidence in its own powers which will eventually lead to just discrimination of character, to true taste and sound judgment. Indolence is the greatest enemy we have: it is no less injurious to strength and purity of mind than to health and vigour of body. To an industrious and unremitted application of the intellectual faculties, many of the first rate characters of this and every preceding age are, and have been, more, much more indebted, than to the possession of talents in any respect naturally superior to those of their neighbours and cotemporaries.

Absolute ignorance is not the fault of the present age. Knowledge of the lighter kind is more universally diffused than at any former period. It is taught more expeditiously than heretofore. But the knowledge that is hastily and superficially acquired ought never to be considered as our *own* until we have made it such by reflection, study, and investigation. For it is not knowledge, but it is the proper application of it, that gives a visible and decided ascendency of advantages to those whose talents are continually employed in giving strength and effect to the powers of the human understanding. Minds that success greatly elates, or misfortunes greatly depress—minds that trifles can divert, and opinions can influence, can never have been properly formed. In these cases the work of education has done little or no good. Indeed it may be doubted whether in such instances it has not done an essential and almost irremediable injury.—Where there are great inconsistencies there may be great talents, but there must also be great weaknesses. And as the female world has long been distinguished by the appellation of the *weaker* sex, I should feel myself exceedingly happy if I could but prevail on it to adopt a resolution so to exercise its powers of investigation as to be no longer deserving of the appellation. Great and sudden changes from one extreme to another, whether in point of sentiment, of opinion, or of fashion, are equally indicative of real weakness of mind. A fashion that a great mind dislikes, a great mind will never adopt. Whenever the dress, the manners, or the principles, of a frivolous, an unsteady, and an imbecile people are adopted, their weaknesses, their instabilities, and their frivolities will soon be generated, and the mass of mankind corrupted and undone. Neither sex can be at the same time frivolous *without* and sound *within*. Where there is inconsistency, there the head must be wrong or the heart corrupt. Nothing could occasion me more pain than to draw inferences that are in any degree erroneous. But when we see more, abundantly more attention paid to the graces, accomplishments, and decorations of the person and the fashion of the times, than to the virtues of the heart, the correctness of judgment, or the energies of the mind, we cannot but wish, for the sake of posterity, that some able pen would recal us from the paths of momentary pleasure and temporary elevation to the study and practice of those principles which will insure to us domestic happiness, social harmony, and universal respect; which will give to virtue an ornament more valuable than the graces can

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bestow, and to character a dignity which nothing can injure or destroy.

It is on the character and the conduct of the fair sex that man must principally found his hopes of the aggregate of virtue and solid principle that is to be looked for in posterity. It is woman that has the care, almost exclusively, of our younger years; and it is to women principally that all eminently religious and good characters are primarily indebted for the origin and foundation of their subsequent greatness. Take from women all share in the education and guardianship of children; and religion, I doubt not, would soon be scarcely visible amongst us. How much then ought we to endeavour by every possible means, accurately to estimate the superior value of a well formed female mind, and to give to the character all the weight and importance which is so justly and so eminently due to it? Exclusively of religion, in what can the most pure and the most perfect happiness of man in this life consist, but in the endearing society of the female world! By this society the enjoyments of prosperity are heightened, and the sorrows of adversity wonderfully alleviated. In trouble, how much more firm; in sickness, how much more patient; in pain, how much more composed; in danger, how much more firm and resigned, generally speaking, are women than men! Their attachments, when founded on a worthy object, and arising from virtuous principles and affections, no words can adequately describe. Nor is it in the power of art or of language to communicate to man that variety of pleasures, and that desirable and complete system of happiness, which is to be derived from virtuous and good women. In every walk, and in every stage of life, we receive fresh bounties of pleasures, of the most interesting and affecting kind, from their presence, conversation, and society. In our boyish days, what new delights, what added charms, have not their attentions frequently given to our accustomed sports and pastimes? How often has a look of approbation and a smile of applause from them, made us more daring in our attempts, and more persevering in our exertions? And their presence is more coveted in proportion as their value is more known. By them the spring of life unfolds to us all its charms, while imagination blossoms in all the purity of beauty, and every returning year brings us nearer to the object of our best affections. By them the pleasures of manhood fasten on the heart, and become intrinsically valuable; whilst its cares and its troubles, its pains, its sorrows, and its disappointments are divided, eased, and lightened. In age, no abatement of affection is experienced; no assiduous attentions dispensed with. And if in the partner of our youth we have the happiness to behold, as we advance towards the confines of the grave, the affectionate wife, the discreet parent, the cheerful companion, and the faithful friend, life itself continues to be precious and desirable, because it dissolves not the union which alone makes it truly valuable.

The influence which women have in society, if virtuously and prudently applied, would be fully sufficient to effect a total reformation of manners in the world. In the presence of a virtuous woman the most abandoned profligate is under a restraint that he cannot break through, without descending from the man to the brute; nor does it scarcely ever happen that the least disrespect is shewn to a female, of any description, who does not omit to respect herself. Dress, manners, and conversation, denominate character; and however inclined ladies may be to display a certain playful levity of disposition, an apparent indifference to the sober opinion of the world, and an ardent propensity to appear in whatever dress may be considered to be most fashionable, it sometimes happens that the exterior of manners and fashion bears no correspondent resemblance to the interior of virtue and principle. All external deviations from decency and propriety bespeak similar internal deviations from rectitude and honour. Decency and virtue should ever go hand in hand; for when they separate, the barrier of security is thrown down, and the treasure of the citadel remains to be contended for by every unprincipled by-stander.

The husband who wishes to live happily with the partner of his days; the father who wishes to enjoy in its fullest extent the society of his daughters; and brothers who wish to see respectability attached to the character and deportment of their sisters, can neither of them feel happy, when the manners and the dress of either are calculated to give birth to ideas that even only border on indelicacy or indiscretion.

In every point of view I feel the subject before me to be highly interesting and important. It involves in its discussion the most effectual means of establishing, promoting, and securing, on the most solid foundation, the domestic and the social happiness of the present and of future ages. By giving *mind* to the fair sex, we shall make them equal to any thing that is attainable by rational beings; and by making them acquainted with their own powers, consequence, and influence in the scale of creation, they will gradually become more dignified, and less assuming; more elevated, and less haughty; more amiable, and less trifling; more useful, and less capricious; more exquisitely fascinating, and less indelicately fashionable.

I am, &c. L— C—.

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ALZADIN:

OR,

THE MAZE OF LIFE EXPLORED.

HAIL, solemn scenes of night, exclaimed Alzadin, as he arose from the couch of his rest and wandered into the garden of roses. Your silent grandeur is more congenial to my mind than all the pomp of wealth. Often as I have breathed your refreshing gales, yet still they waft inspiration, and peace to my soul. How delightful to rove amidst these solitary bowers, attended by heavenly meditation? to contemplate the skies and trace no clouds of darkness; to examine my secret thoughts, and discern no stain of corruption! Innocence! how sweet is thy reward? Thy hand opens the spring of true delights, and spreads a lovelier glow over the face of creation, while the soul of thy votaries, expanded and endowed with celestial faculties, awakes to higher feelings of joy, pure as thyself Oh! be thou my guide through the bewildering mazes of life! lead me far from the crowded paths of vain pleasure to the solitar abode of peace and virtue! And thou, beloved prophet of God, listen to the prayer of youth; let it sound in thy ear like the pleasant voice of the nightingale, wafted by the gales of night to thy gardens of bliss, while sleep has charmed to rest the songsters of the grove. Send the Angel of Innocence to hover around me; bid him spread his snowy wings over my youthful head, and speak in dreams and visions instruction to my soul.—It is my only prayer, prophet; the only wish my heart has formed."

"And Allah grants thy demand," replied, with mild expression, a seraphic voice, that thrilled every spring of Alzadin's bosom with delight, "his penetrating eye reads the inmost secret of thy soul, and explores the field of thy desires; he has found sincerity on thy lips, and moderation in thy heart, and he smiled assent to thy prayer. Alas! said his holy prophet, a mortal voice invokes thee from the lower gardens of existence; long has man despised thy gifts, insulted by sanctity, and by his vices exiled thee from guilty earth. Resume thy ancient sway over his yielding soul; descend on the wings of gladness to the garden of roses, and twine around Alzadin's brow thy flowery garlands: tear asunder the veil of darkness that conceals the true nature of things; expose to his sight the secret springs whence flow all human actions, and shed upon his soul the fruitful dews of science, knowledge, and virtue!"

He ceased, and Alzadin's eyes were opened; truth, like the first ray of the rising morn, blazed upon his soul: the secrets of the universe were unfolded, and the agents of nature stood revealed before him. Lost in wonder and astonishment, he beheld radiant legions of angels clad in celestial glory, guiding with unerring hands the silent operations of nature, and fanning with refreshing wings the panting bosom of exhausted creation. But when his timid looks rose upon the friendly messenger of Paradise, a flood of glory seemed to burst upon his senses and overwhelm his faculties. The mild, though sublime expression of his features, the blushing glow of heavenly youth that tinged his cheeks, the light that darted from his eyes, the snowy splendour of his spotless robe, struck him as with the presence of a god. His knee was bending with adoration, when the youth reproved him gently with a smile, addressing him in these words: "To Allah and his great prophet, belong thy praise, gratitude, and adorations; to me, thy confidence and love. Though blessed with higher powers, though drawing our knowledge from the fountain of all science, though no intervening clouds hide the majesty of Allah from our eyes, we are the servants of man; it is for him that we leave the fields of Paradise, where joy blooms in eternal spring, where delight swells every gale, to descend into this vale of darkness. Behold those radiant seraphims who guide through the deserts of immensity the rolling orbs that deck the firmament; listen to the music of the spheres.—It is for man they shed their rays, and, balancing each other, preserve the harmony of the universe. Contemplate these humbler spirits, placed in a station less lofty, but of equal importance to man. These watch over the birth of empires, and the fall of monarchs; brace them with the vigour of youth, exalt them to the height of prosperity, and, as heaven directs, overthrow the work of ages with a crash that shakes the world, or sink it silently into the grave. Those, born for sweeter employments, expand the bud of human understanding into bloom, and, like the vernal clouds, distil the fruitful showers of instruction upon the mind of man. Some unfold the beauties of nature; tinge, as with the blush of modesty, the snowy brow of the rose, and with the fragrance of their breath perfume her youthful bosom. Others awaken the melody of the grove, and bid the feathered songsters attune their voice to love. For whom do so many angels incessantly toil? For man; for man alone, the first, the noblest of beings when treading the

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path of virtue; the last, the most ungrateful when yielding up his heart to the vain delights of vice. And man sleeps, unconscious of the myriads that spread their protecting wings to guard his slumbers, and waft his soul to the delightful realms of dreams and happiness. The regions of air are crowded with spirits, zealous and active in his cause; and, blinded by guilt, he thinks himself a friendless unprotected being! But thou, Alzadin, who hath deserved by the purity of thy heart to contemplate the mysterious agents of heaven, fulfilling the august functions imposed upon them by the father of nature, when woes assail thee, (for thou art doomed to wander long on the wide ocean of calamity before thou canst reach the haven of rest and bliss), remember that the just is never forsaken by his heavenly guide, and that a hand mighty to save is ready to snatch thee away from the perils of the storm."

The seraphic youth touched, as he finished, the burning eye-lids of Alzadin, and the glowing vision vanished from his sight; darkness spread her veil before him, and the divine harmony of the spheres expired slowly on the breeze of night.

When light revisited his eyes, he found himself in a stately room, supported by pillars of white marble, and decorated with all the pomp of Asiatic magnificence. His heavenly guide was still at his side, but divested of all his brightness, and concealed under the dress of an officer of the palace. Alzadin soon perceived that his own person had undergone the same alteration, and was about to demand what palace contained them, and the reason of their sudden change, when Alael beckoned him to be silent.

[*To be continued.*]

FERDINAND DE GUIMARAENS.

A PORTUGUESE TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

During the reign of Aliaton, Ferdinand de Guimaraens was the most courageous and most amiable of Portuguese warriors. From his earliest youth, glory had been the first wish of his heart. Although he traversed both Spains, vanquished giants, broke open castles, and delivered fair captives, still the restless warrior complained of not being sufficiently active, but love soon gave another direction to his impetuosity.

One day, as he was traversing the Forest of Tomar, he overtook a knight, who followed the same route, but more slowly. Pleased at meeting a companion, he slackened his pace, and bowed to the Knight. The stranger returned his salute, but at the same time turned his horse to let him pass. Ferdinand inquired whether he was going to Lisbon? "No," answered the stranger. "Am I far from thence," rejoined Ferdinand? "Yes," was the only answer, and the conversation would have ended here, had not our hero felt an ardent desire of continuing it, precisely because the other seemed to wish to avoid it.

After several questions, Ferdinand began to praise the beauty of the arms and the horse of the Knight, who thanked him with great modesty, but in a very laconic manner. Ferdinand was out of temper; he spurred his horse with violence, that he might at least induce the stranger to inquire the cause of it; but the poor animal galloped to no purpose, the silent traveller continued to walk his beast, without even turning his head. In this manner the two warriors travelled for a league.

At last, losing all patience, Ferdinand addressed the obstinate stranger; "Sir," said he, with a tone of pique, "the coldness with which you treat me, proves that you have little esteem for me. I cannot support your contempt; and if you think me unworthy of conversing with you, you will not, perhaps, refuse to break a lance with me."

"I cannot despise you," answered the Knight, without betraying any emotion, "since you are perfectly unknown to me; long conversations are tiresome, but a challenge never displeases me. Let us only make haste, for night approaches, and I intend to sleep far from hence." "I am sorry to detain you," said Ferdinand, with an air of coolness; and at the same time, preparing his lance, he withdrew to a proper distance, and rushed like lightning on the stranger.

The warriors' lances were broken; their scymetars glittered, and a thousand redoubled blows made their shields resound.

Ferdinand was vain of the beauty of his armour; his breast-plate, of the finest steel, was covered with nails of silver; his helmet was surmounted with a golden cock, that bore a superb plume; the same bird was painted on his shield, with these words, *War and Love*. The blows given by the stranger had already shattered the

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ornaments of his helmet, when, enraged at the sight, he quitted the reins of his horse, and, seizing his sword with both his hands, he smote with all his vigour the head of his antagonist. The blow was terrible; but it slided over the steel, and only tore the vizor away; the helmet rolled in the dust. A profusion of auburn hair fell upon the shoulders of the disarmed warrior, a pair of large blue eyes were now turned upon Ferdinand, and easily regained the victory which he fancied had declared for himself. Trembling he let the sword fall from his hand; he alighted, and throwing his helmet away, remained on his knees, overcome with admiration.

Ferdinand was handsome. The fire of courage shone in his eyes; the emotion occasioned by the pleasure of having conquered, and the fear of having wounded his antagonist,—his attitude, his surprise, all conspired to render his appearance more interesting. The heroine looked at him and blushed, but immediately assumed a smile; and, presenting her hand gracefully, "Rise, Sir Knight," said she, "you are the conqueror: it is I who should ask my life of you." "Alas!" replied he, "I feel but too much that mine will henceforth depend upon you." Saying this, he returned her the helmet, and remounting his horse, they pursued their journey without speaking, but not without a conviction that this would be the last time they should fight together.

The lovely warrior was the Princess Elvira, daughter to the King of Galicia; no Knight surpassed her in courage; no female equalled her in beauty; her heart was yet untouched by love.

Ferdinand's fine features, the respect, the love she read in his eyes, occupied Elvira. For the first time she wished to please, and pretending that her broken helmet incommoded her, she hung it on the saddle, that her beauty might shine unveiled upon the enamoured Ferdinand. A thousand questions, a thousand ideas crowded on his mind, but expired unuttered on his lips. His eyes sought Elvira's, but as soon as they met, they were averted with fear and respect. How short was the road to Ferdinand, and even to Elvira! The sun had long since set; night was stealing from them the pleasure of gazing upon each other, when they arrived at the entrance of a magnificent castle.

Summer was the season of the year; the sun, since the first dawn of morn, had shone without a cloud; that day, the happiest of Ferdinand's life, had reanimated all nature; but the exhalations of the burning earth rose in vapours upon the horizon. Afar off were heard the low murmurs of thunder, the trees were gently agitated, and their rustling branches seemed to augur the fate which threatened them. The sky, involved in darkness, lost at every moment some star; its gloomy vault was rent by lightning: every thing announced the coming storm, and our travellers were unconscious of it, when a sudden clap of thunder illumined the dark turrets of the castle. Ferdinand proposed to seek an asylum in its walls, and Elvira consented; but the drawbridge was raised, and a moat, wide and deep, defended its entrance. Our knight sounded the horn, and immediately appeared at the top of a tower, by the light of a shining torch, not a deformed dwarf, such as at that period were kept for pages, but the most beautiful child. In one of his hands he held a lighted brand; in the other he carried a small bow. "Sir Knight," cried he, "I am the owner of this castle; I alone am sufficient to defend it against all the Kings of the earth. With this bow I could conquer the stoutest Knights of the universe. There is, however," added he, smiling, "one method of finding an asylum here.—Two lovers who, at my gates, will swear eternal love, may be secure of becoming my guests. It belongs to you to determine whether you will enter."

At these words Ferdinand looked at Elvira, who, without answering, turned her horse, and slowly re-took the path they had left. Our hero thanked the child, and sorrowful and silent followed his mistress.

The thunder still continued; the lightnings glittered, the winds roared, and the rain fell in torrents. The proud Elvira descended from her horse, and seated herself at the foot of a tree, and notwithstanding the thunder and the storm, she fell asleep, or at least pretended to dose. Ferdinand stood before her; he turned his eyes towards the sumptuous castle where they might have been sheltered from the storm, and without daring to complain, he endeavoured to devise some means of conducting Elvira thither.

While they were indulging in reveries, which perhaps were of a similar nature, the sound of a horn was heard. Elvira rose in an instant; both looked towards the place whence the sound seemed to proceed; and by the flashes of lightning they descried a knight, who blew the horn with all his might. The child soon appeared on the tower, and repeated the same words to the knight which he had addressed to Ferdinand. "Open, open," replied a young damsel, who rode behind the knight; "open quickly—I am Zulmina, and this is my beloved Abindarres; we have long since sworn eternal love."

The bridge was lowered instantly; Zulmina and her lover passed, and the bridge was drawn up after them. Darkness returned; Ferdinand sighed; Elvira dared not sigh, but resumed her seat, and the rain fell faster than ever.

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Our lovers awaited the dawn of day in silence: it appeared at last, and scarcely had the morn tinged the east, when Elvira re-mounted, followed by Ferdinand. As they passed before the castle, the happy Asmundaries and the tender Zulmina were continuing their journey. Both, in the bloom of youth, lovely, refreshed, and charmed with the asylum they had left, bowed to Elvira, and Ferdinand, who, wet, pale, and fatigued, gravely returned their salute. "I reproach myself," said Elvira, angrily, "for not having forced my way into this castle" "If we return, rejoined Ferdinand, "I promise to spare no means of getting admittance thither."

In fact, the sole idea of conducting Elvira to the castle, occupied his mind; but the windings of the forest of Tomar were so intricate, that he despaired of mastering the labyrinth. He wished to leave some mark on the ground, which could point out the track; but a knight carries nothing but his arms. Love at last inspired him with a device for which he afterwards paid dearly.

He unscrewed all the silver nails which held the various pieces of his armour, and strewed them unperceived upon the road

Desirous to break their long silence, which she began to find fatiguing, Elvira intimated a wish of knowing his history. Ferdinand related it with a charming sensibility and modesty. He touched lightly on his exploits, and carefully avoided mentioning the fair mistress he once had.

Elvira, in return, acquainted him with her birth, and the cause of her wandering life. She had fled from her father's court, to avoid the addresses of a knight, notorious for his ferocity—the renowned Rostubald, son of Fervagus. Proud of his birth, gigantic stature, and invincible strength, he had aspired to the possession of her hand; and the King of Galicia, too timorous to offend Rostubald by a refusal, had promised him his daughter; but the young princess, listening only to her aversion, fled from every place where she might chance to meet her detested lover.

The fair warrior's relation added fuel to the fire that raged in Ferdinand's bosom.

During their conversation, Ferdinand had unscrewed all the nails of his armour, which was now about to fall to pieces But why should he concern himself? Elvira was in every thought, and his only desire was to be able to lead her back to the castle.

They now beheld through a vista of trees a Knight mounted on a fiery courser; who, as soon as he perceived them, galloped quickly onwards. Elvira looked at him, and uttered a loud scream; it was Rostubald. Rivals know each other without having met.

The fierce Rostubald cast a furious glance upon Elvira, and advanced with his drawn sword towards Ferdinand. He was struck, and staggered under Ferdinand's heavy blows; but his arms resisted, while those of his antagonist were easily opened by his sword, which penetrated deep into the bosom of the unfortunate lover, who fell bathed in his blood, and turned his closing eyes towards Elvira to implore vengeance. "Feeble rival," exclaimed the ferocious conqueror; "you trusted to the courage of your mistress; you did not think yourself obliged to defend *her*. Die, coward,—but first behold her in my arms."

He said, and alighting from his horse, advanced towards Elvira. Despair, rage, and love inflamed the heart of the heroine.

"Do not approach," exclaimed she, "but defend yourself."

Elvira was no longer a woman; it was Mars who in his rage conquered every thing that opposed him. The armour of Rostubald was broken, his blood stained his breast-plate; he paused whether he ought to fly or to treat her as an enemy. At last terror and fury prevailed, he attacked her, and returned all her blows; and the two champions seemed so inveterate that death alone could terminate the fight.

Justice and love triumphed: astounded by Ferdinand's blow, and wounded by those of Elvira, Rostubald could no longer resist the valiant Amazon; he staggered at the moment she felt her vigour diminish; she perceived it, and collecting all her strength, she pressed him with more ardour. He fell on his knees, and begged his life. "No, traitor!" replied the maid; and plunged her sword in his heart.

Delivered from her foe, she ran to Ferdinand, who lay senseless on the ground; knelt by his side, and her burning tears fell upon his wound without affording any relief; his eyes were shut, his mouth half opened; he could scarcely breathe, and his blood flowed abundantly. Elvira endeavoured to stop it, and tore the veil which she wore under her armour to bind up her lover's wound. She laid her hand upon his heart, but nothing could inspire a feeble hope. "Perhaps Ferdinand had breathed his last!" Her mouth approached his to try whether he still breathed; her lips touched his. "Oh! Ferdinand! that kiss restored you to existence! it awoke all your faculties which seemed frozen by the hand of death; you opened your eyes, and transported with joy, Elvira ran to the neighbouring stream and brought you the cooling liquor in her helmet; "Live for me, my friend," exclaimed she, "live for my happiness!" These words gave fresh vigour to your exhausted limbs, you gazed with more than gratitude upon her, you pressed her

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hand, and your eyes declared what your lips could not pronounce!"

Elvira was calling for assistance to convey her lover to the next village. "No, no!" said Ferdinand, in a feeble tone, "let us rather return to the castle." Elvira blushed, and declared she was ignorant of the way. "I foresaw you would forget it," replied the wounded knight; "but the shining nails of my armour will guide you thither: I strewed them on the road that I might be able to re-conduct you to the Castle of Love."

Elvira, who now understood the cause of Ferdinand's defeat, shed tears of tenderness and affection. Without answering, she cut several strong boughs, with which she made a litter, placed it upon the horses of Ferdinand and his vanquished rival; and laying the bleeding knight upon it, followed with the charge, so dear to her heart, the track of the silver nails.

As soon as they arrived, the child appeared as before on the Tower. Elvira did not allow him time to speak; "Open," cried she, "we will love for ever!" At the words, *for ever*, the gates flew open; Ferdinand's heart palpitated with bliss as he passed the bridge. The care bestowed upon him by the inhabitants of the Castle, and the tender and assiduous attentions of Elvira, soon restored him to health; and after a month of repose, they thanked the lovely child, and hastened to the court of Elvira's father, who united them for ever.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE, OR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Concluded from Page* 14.]

OF THE PROPENSITY OF WOMEN TO DRESS.—Her elegant and delicate figure charms the eye while it awakens desire; and the bosom of this new Hebe, agitated by a sentiment which she cannot define, fills the soul with involuntary perturbation. Tell me, what art is capable of embellishing this celestial perfection? Would you cover it with gold and diamonds? Would you load it with a parasitical luxury? O, no!—every ornament would conceal a grace, would rob it of a charm. A simple and light robe, complacently accommodating itself to her ravishing form; hair, turned up with taste or flowing gracefully, a single rose—and you will behold one of those elegant and airy nymphs with which Albano has embellished his lovely compositions.

All that contributes to heighten the beauty of women, all that sets off to advantage the charms and gifts they have received from nature, lawfully belongs to them. Every thing that renders them more brilliant and more vain, every thing that leads them to substitute the advantages of rank and opulence in the place of those which nature has denied them, tends only to aggravate their defects, to cherish their self love, to excite rivalship, and to keep alive the prejudices of the other sex, by inducing it sometimes to give the preference to faded beauty tricked out in purple and gold; while native charms, unsophisticated by art and the embellishments of dress, languish neglected and unknown.

Some moralists have censured attention to dress; but very unjustly. It is perfectly useless to censure a propensity inherent in the nature of the fair sex, and it may even be asserted, inseparably connected with the object which nature proposed to herself; a propensity which manifested itself in the very origin of things, and which is in itself not only innocent but likewise praiseworthy. It is an indication in the individuals of both sexes, of a love of order and propriety, of esteem of themselves and respect towards others. Those who have studied the world with attention, must have remarked, that there is a constant relation between the character of a person and his dress; and hence it is extremely easy for an observer to form an opinion of persons. May we not, even amongst men, distinguish at once the wise man by his simple, decent exterior, equally free from puerile affectation and cynical negligence? Is it not easy to discern him who dresses merely to please, and presents only habits in a good taste and of an elegant form; whereas the individual, dressed to shine, seeks to obtain admiration by the extravagance of his apparel, piques himself on following the whim of the day, ridiculous or not, and on a profusion of ornaments distributed without judgment.

Thus each bears about with him the stamp of his character. Is it not the same with women? Undoubtedly it is. What a picture I could here draw! But I have too good an opinion of the imagination of the ladies; they will compose this critical picture in a style far superior to what I can, and they will take much more pleasure in the occupation.

The celebrated Lavater has judiciously remarked, that those who bestow particular attention to dress, shew the same love of order and regularity in their domestic affairs. Young persons who neglect their toilette, display in this very neglect, a want of order, a mind not adapted

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to the management of domestic concerns, little taste, and little amiableness. The girl who does not strive to please at fifteen, will be a disagreeable and ill-tempered woman at twenty-five. What then is it that is censurable in dress? Excess, bad taste, eagerness to follow the fashion, and the propensity to run into all extravagancies of luxury.

Of the choice of colours.—Women ought not only to adopt such colours as suit their complexions, but they should likewise take care that these colours harmonize with each other. It is particularly by this that females of taste may be discovered; habituated to dress with propriety, they possess that delicacy of feeling, that exquisite sense, which admits nothing false—nothing discordant.

A Lady who yesterday thought herself charming with a hat in an elegant taste, discovers today that she is no longer the same, though she has not changed her head-dress. The metamorphosis astonishes her; she finds fault alternately with her hat and her figure. But, my dear Madam, neither your hat nor your figure is at all to blame; they have not changed in the least. But why did I look so well yesterday?—Yesterday, Madam, the colour of your dress perfectly agreed with that of your hat; to-day a new dress forms a contrast so harsh as to produce, if I may so express myself, an optical dissonance, as disagreeable to the eye as a false chord in music is grating to the ear.

Of Paint.—If ever paint were to be proscribed, I should plead for an exception in favour of *rouge*, which may be rendered extremely innocent, and may be applied with such art as sometimes to give an expression to the figure which it would never have without that auxiliary. The colour of modesty has many charms; and in an age when women blush so little, ought we not to value this innocent artifice, which is capable at least of exhibiting to us thee picture of modesty? We ought to be thankful to the sex, which, in the absence of estimable virtue, knows, at least, how to preserve its portrait.

Of the Bosom.—A very curious remark may be made on the opinion which is formed of beauty among different nations. In countries where the women naturally have full bosoms, they have persuaded the men that this conformation is the highest degree of perfection; they have at length worked themselves into a belief of the same thing, and have employed every possible means to increase this natural *embonpoint*.—On the other hand, in countries where the female bosom is less full, beauty has been made to consist in this scantiness, which becomes more and more desirable among females who, from coquetry, would be poor in attractions, but rich in attire.

Of the Hands.—Next to the charms of a handsome figure, a woman has a right to be proud of the advantage of a fine hand and a perfect arm. A handsome figure may be found with an ill-formed body; on the contrary, a fine hand and arm scarcely ever accompany any but a perfect whole. From a sight of the hands alone of a female, it is possible to judge to what class she belongs. Thick fingers, a large and broad hand, announce obscure birth. The hand is an implement bestowed on us by nature; this implement is employed in doing every thing; but, from a very singular property, this implement assumes a different form, according to the purpose to which we apply it. The fingers become thick and short in the labourer and mechanic; they grow flat, and remain straight in clerks confined to the counting-house; in the midwife they appear to become smaller; in a word, there are fingers for every condition; and the experienced observer is capable of distinguishing them. But to return to the hand of a pretty woman.—A hand loaded with jewels is no longer a hand. Let young females, in particular, shun this useless luxury. Rings are chains, and these they ought not yet to wear.—Among the Romans, the female youth wore no bracelets till they were betrothed.

CROSS PURPOSES: A Dialogue.

I have to inform you, that I was married since I saw you.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for my wife proved an arrant shrew.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for she brought me a fortune.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for with the money I bought a great number of sheep, which died of the rot.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for I sold the wool, and with the produce I built a house.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for my house was burned.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for my wife was in it.

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LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY,

INTRODUCTORY TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

[*Continued from Page* 19.]

LETTER I.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

What a letter, my dearest Eliza, have I received from you! what an emanation of a pure, highly gifted, and instructed mind. I am, it is true, standing on the threshold of the great, the fashionable, and the busy world, and looking forward into a scene full of objects calculated to produce pleasure, to flatter vanity, and seduce reflection;—yet, if I know myself, there is nothing in all its fascinating scenery, which will afford me so much pleasure as receiving a letter from you. No amusements in this proud, splendid, and gay metropolis, which will afford me such real delight, as reading the description of your calm, innocent, and dutiful occupations. Whilst every pleasure I enjoy, every society I frequent, and every gaiety of which I partake, will be enhanced in proportion, as I think that the description of them will be interesting to you, and tend to enliven the moments of that excellent being, whose parental care, tenderness, and indulgence, we have experienced without remission, till that visitation of Heaven, which has made him almost as dependent upon us, as we have been upon him. He has done his duty;—we shall do ours; and I now consider myself as performing a part of it.

From the general turn and character of those with whom I have communicated since my arrival in Portman-square, I should not venture to declare the real sentiments of my heart to any of them, as they would be considered unnatural or affected. It is a darling sister to whom I could say, with the certainty of being believed, that, without professing an insensibility to those amusements which are presenting themselves to me; without assuming a philosophic inattention to myself, or pretending to disdain the attentions of others;—without declaring myself in hostility against the power of fashion; in short, without affecting to be a stoic of twenty, I am, in fact, very seldom absent from the dear inhabitants of ———, nor scarce an hour passes without a recurring thought on you and the superior occupations in which you are employed, as well as the high satisfaction which your bosom can boast from the performance of them. I can venture to tell you, that I am thankful, truly thankful, for this sensibility; and my heart elates me while it furnishes the belief, that no power in the realms of vanity, no Syren on the stream of pleasure, can weaken its influence, or reduce its emotions.

On Thursday evening, or rather on Thursday night; but I must make another correction, for it was on Friday morning that I was at a ball of great splendour, and crouded with fashion. Midnight was approaching when Mrs. ——— called to introduce me into this temple of pleasure; and as we were proceeding thither, what think you were my reflections?—They were as follow:—

"Eliza, after a day of filial duty, and animated tranquillity; after having made the whole of it comfortable to her father, and illuminated, as it were, by her affection the darkness of his hours, by conducting him to his chamber; and having kneeled by his bed, and implored Heaven to avert the perils and dangers of the night, has kissed his cheek, received his blessing, and is now enjoying the sleep of virtue."

But I will not tell my dearest Eliza, that I was not, after all, delighted with this scene of festivity. It really did delight me. My spirits were animated by the dance; my vanity was pleased with attentions; an occasional whisper of admiration did not escape me: and every variety of this superb entertainment found in my spirits an accordant disposition to enjoy it:—Nor will I deny the satisfaction which I received in the prospect of some promised repetitions of the same pleasure.

The rooms presented a blaze of light from lamps of various colours, arranged in every form that taste and fancy could suggest to encrease the natural effect of their splendor. Festoons of artificial flowers enlivened, while the flowing draperies and gilded decorations of the furniture enriched the scene. The whole realised to my imagination some of those magical descriptions which have so often delighted us, while we have been perusing the romance of the Arabian Nights. But I shall not attempt to describe the increased effect of this festive spectacle, when I reflect on the forms which peopled the enchanted mansion! All that beauty, elegance, and accomplishment could produce was there, and heightened by attirements which could not have

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been exceeded, if the Graces themselves had been called from the toilette of Venus, to display their power in the decoration of human charms.

Luxury provided the banquet, and taste adorned it; whilst nature itself had been forestalled to enhance its profusion. The flowers of spring, and the fruits of summer, were not scattered with a sparing hand, but seen in the abundance of their respective seasons. The eye and the palate were equally gratified by ornamental beauty and culinary perfection. The song succeeded; and voices, sweet as if they had been stolen from Heaven, successively enchanted us, till the renewal of the dance, which continued till the morning was so far advanced, that I began to apprehend a winter's returning light would faintly beam on our departure. You may, however, guess the hour of it, when I tell you, that on my disrobing for rest, my thoughts returned to you, with this silent ejaculation—"Here am I, amidst the languor and fatigue of pleasure, preparing to slumber through the greatest part of a day, whilst Eliza is about to rise refreshed by sleep, to perform a thousand kind and grateful duties through the course of it."

I do not, however, mean to write, as I am sure it is not in my habit to think cynically; for I was charmed with the scene which I have described, and have experienced no inconveniences whatever from its enjoyment: but my immediate object is to assure you, and your heart, my dearest Eliza, will confidently receive the assurance, that though my mind might be absorbed, for a few hours, by the passing pleasures, they were no sooner gone, than it returned with a warm and native impulse to the first objects of its affection, and reposed delightfully on them.

And here I cannot but remark, on the advantage which we now derive, not merely from the admirable example of our departed mother, but from the impression which it was her principal and constant object to mark indelibly on our minds; in short, to cultivate the heart, and fill every vessel of it with affection. Whether our natural dispositions were originally good, I cannot tell; but if they were not, she has contrived, thank Heaven, to make them so. She was, indeed, often told that this design of her's might have a desirable tendency, if we were destined to pass our lives in privacy; but that it would altogether unfit us for the world, with whose arts, snares, and deceptions, these warm affections were not calculated to contend. On the theatre we should be most probably called to act; it was frequently urged to her, that doubt, precaution, and that kind of hesitation, which is only a softer name for unreserved suspicion, are the necessary weapons of the mind to guard it against those artifices which are so frequently involved in all human transactions; while the predisposition to general confidence and unreserved kindness is the most dangerous quality that a youthful mind can possess; as the gratification of it leads to consequences the most fatal to happiness.

Our mother, however, who had been schooled in the world, was not unacquainted with the human heart, persevered in forming her daughters according to her own principles. *Affection* was her watch-word; and a graduated state of it in the human character, was, in her opinion, the best preservative against the commission of evil, and the best security for practical good. Nay, without being influenced by that veneration for her, which hovers, as it were, about her tomb, and will continue to be a part of myself, till I am borne to my own, my understanding dictates to me that she was right; and her wisdom is proved in this, as in every other part of her superior conduct. I feel irresistibly, incontrovertably feel, that the fear of giving pain to an honoured father and a beloved sister, must ever operate as a most powerful motive to do that, and that alone, which would give them pleasure. No temptation on earth would seduce me to commit an offence which would draw a sigh from the bosom of the one, or bring a tear on the cheek of the other. And what is this virtuous resolve, but the impulse of *affection?*

But, by way of an illustrious example of this boasted quality, who should I meet at the ball but our Devonshire friend, Lady Mary ——? You know how little she possessed of this virtue; and though there was a frolic, and unpleasant good humour about her, you cannot have forgotten how lightly she was used to treat the warm emotions of our hearts, and how she used to astonish, and sometimes even alarm us, with her unfeeling vivacity. But I must delay my further account of her till to-morrow.

To renew my description of Lady Mary ——, I must inform you, in the first place, that I found in her no alteration whatever. She is the same lively, careless, and frolicksome creature in her married, as she was in her single state. Indeed it was fortunate for me that I met her in a crowd, with my mind indisposed, by the surrounding gaieties, to any serious reflection, or I should most assuredly have betrayed something like horror at the evident absence in her mind of those sentiments which, according to our notions, my dear Eliza, form its honour, its comfort, and its happiness. Not an atom of affection appeared to be there.

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As we had not seen her since her marriage, I naturally mentioned that event; when she said it would have been fourteen most delightful months, if it had not been for the troublesome, aukward circumstance of being a mother, which had kept her at home a most unconscionable time, and had so totally destroyed her natural colour, that she had been obliged to wear rouge ever since. Here is more affection for you.

I had not observed her, when she flew across the room to embrace me. After a profusion of expressions, to tell me how delighted she was to see me, and as many compliments on my appearance, she eagerly inquired in what room you were, that she might hunt you out. On my replying that you were in the country with my father, she favoured you with a few strong ejaculations of pity. "But after all," continued she, and with one of her significant looks, "it is as well perhaps for you, my dear Caroline, that Eliza should remain in the country; for though you are very lovely, I always thought your sister the handsomest; though, to tell you the truth, fond as I was of you both, I loved you the best." Now, my dear sister, if you will promise not to be vain of your portion of the praise, I will engage never to boast of mine.

On my inquiries after Mr. M—and her baby, she said he was in the country on an hunting party; it was, she believed, in Leicestershire, but he had not written since his departure; and no news, she added, is good news; and besides, writing is such a fatigue. "Well, but my dear Lady Mary, tell me of your dear little boy."—"Oh, as for that, every body says it is a delightful child: but you must know the brat is a girl; and I have really been so engaged, that I have not seen it these three days but once, and that was from the window, in the nurse's arms, who was walking in the square."—Here is more and more affection for you. She then expressed her hopes that we should meet often, exchanged her card with me, and, after saying in half an hour that she was going to dance with one of the most elegant men about town, she hurried away in search of him. I have some curiosity to see her in her sober hours, if she, at present, has any; but if what I hear whispered be true, a great many melancholy ones are in store for her. More of this hereafter. I must now proceed to our cousin Henry. I wrote to him immediately after receiving your letter, and I inclose you his answer to mine.

MY FAIR COUSIN,

Your very obliging letter found me at ——, where we are on a visit of a few days; and you may be assured of all due attention being paid to the suggestions of it.

It may, however, be proper to premise, that the times in which we live are so unlike those which have preceded them, that they afford no grounds upon which to form a solid opinion. The experience of past ages is of little use in our days; and the conjectures of a romantic imagination are as likely to be right as the conclusions of thought and reflection. In short, the pantomime which is now acting on the theatre of Europe, offers such sudden, unexpected, and, I might almost say, unnatural transformations, that it appears to set at defiance all the long established laws of the political drama.

I have, for some time past, found my reason so continually baffled; I have seen such a succession of advantages gained by improbability over probability, while the course of human affairs seems to be so diverted from its ordinary channels; in short, the state of the world is so metamorphosed and so perplexed with new and scarcely intelligible combinations—that to give an opinion on the various objects, external and internal, which present themselves before us, may be considered rather as an exercise of the understanding for the amusement of oneself, than for the instruction of others. But I will do my best. Farewell, *ma belle cousine!* in a few days we hope to embrace you. In the mean time, if you write to ——, make any promise or engagements you shall think proper, and I will endeavour to fulfill them to the satisfaction of you all.—I am, as I trust you fully believe me, your very faithful and affectionate H—J—.

At length, my dearest Eliza, I bid you farewell.

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THE BEAU MONDE;

OR,

A HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

[*Continued from Page 7.*]

LETTER FIRST.

LORD L— TO SIR CHARLES L—.

DEAR CHARLES,

You will scarcely inquire a reason why I left you so suddenly, together with all our friends, on Tuesday night. You will give me credit for not having put myself to the expence of posting, and the fatigues of a journey of three hundred miles, without an object in view. You will be curious to know it. Listen then---It is no other than to be made a Senator; to receive a commission from some constituents in an obscure borough of Cornwall, which I never saw, to serve them in the famous chapel of St. Stephen, which I shall possibly never enter.

My father, the old Earl, you know, has a borough in the west, and returns two members to Parliament; thus has this worthy gentleman, according to the rules of arithmetic, a three hundredth share of all the rights of legislation, governing, defending, and guarding the liberties of this powerful nation! He is one of those aristocratic demagogues, and borough bashaws, who have so long been the pride of our constitution. If I were in a scribbling humour, I would tell you the history of this borough; for it is not entirely in his Lordship's own power, though his interest commonly prevails. He did not purchase it. No: he left that for your overgrown East and West India merchants; besides he had scruples of some sort or other, and held it to be a kind of *state simony* to purchase the cure of consciences, as much as the law makes it to those who traffic in the cure of souls. His Lordship's qualms would not suffer him to buy it; he won it at a game of cards—it is true, I assure you. I have often heard the old Peer tell the story, and you know he has humour.

In his youth he was a desperate gambler, and was Vice President of the club over which my Lord Acreless so long presided; indeed there is no question, but when the last mentioned Peer was obliged to fly the country, for having killed in a duel a young man whom he had stript of his last shilling, that the votes of the society would have put my father at their head; but unluckily, or luckily I may rather say, the worthy Viscount Mortgage put in his claims; and producing testimonials of having ruined six heirs, and being twice ruined himself, he carried the chair hollow. My father withdrew in dudgeon, and to that very affront, perhaps, he owes his present opulence.

One of the spoils of his winnings was this same borough, which his son and heir, myself, am now about to represent. The game was whist—*nine* all. Sir Harry Forceclose staked his borough, and the two representatives on the odd trick. My father found it difficult to find an equivalent; but his honour required that the bet should be taken up. The wood on his Hampshire estate, half a dozen presentations to Christ Church Hospital, and a vote in the India House, were judged an equality. Fortune decided for the Earl, and for his son to be a Member of Parliament. A vacancy has lately happened by the death of one of his representatives, and he immediately summoned me to repair to the spot, and get chosen in his room. This is the history of my present jaunt. I am now within a dozen miles of the town, and as I am stopping to change horses, seize this opportunity of giving an account of myself to dear Charles.

Yours truly,

L—.

LETTER SECOND.

LADY L— TO LORD L.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE winter has again come round, and with it the necessity of my return to town. I only want the wings to fly—you will, perhaps, say to flutter; and it is in your Lordship's power to furnish them, by transmitting me some orders on your banker. With your permission, my Lord, I shall take a share in Lady Shuffle's Faro Bank; I think it will turn to account—a word I have just learned by a letter from your steward, who says the rents are all paid, and that he has no money in hand to send me. I believe he is a rogue, my Lord; he goes to church twice on Sundays, and has taken an odd whim into his head to instruct the psalm-singers of the village. Heaven knows they want it!—for I have never

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endured the church since I last heard them. The stupid stuff is all this stupid village can furnish me wlih to write to you.

Pray, my Lord, let me know your own affairs —how your electioneering goes on, and whether you are likely to succeed. Does my uncle Sir Hilary give you all the support he promised? I suppose you must drink yourselves blind to please the brutes. It is rather whimsical, methinks, that a man must loose his reason before he can become a Member of Parliament; but the misfortune of it is, to judge at least by the conduct of most of them, that they never recover it during the whole sitting. I beg pardon for troubling you with this letter, for I suppose the tumult of an election takes up all your time. Adieu, my Lord—but do not forget the orders; for I purpose to set off for London in a few days.

I am, my Lord, &c.

L—.

LETTER THIRD.

LORD L— TO LADY L—.

MY LADY,

We have carried our election, and one half the town is drunk for joy, and the other for consolation. Such is the happy spirit of a free government. Once in every seven years the whole nation may get drunk at the expence of their governors.

I never was a friend to what some people are pleased to call the liberties of their country; and Lord G— himself shall confess that I rival even him in my efforts to put an end to them. What, in fact, are these liberties? Why something that the people may sell, and what we, their governors, must buy. 'Tis a most insufferable piece of expence to us; one might almost buy a county for what it costs to become its representative. However, I'll be even with them. They have cost me ten thousand pounds; and ten thousand pounds will I, by some means or other, make of them. I shall put them up to auction; and the devil may take them if he prove the best bidder.

The bearer of this will bring you the orders on my banker. As you brought me a fortune you shall share it. You know I always hated that selfish illiberality which is but too common amongst our noblemen, and which leads them to indulge themselves in every extravagance, whilst they deny their wives and sons that little sufficiency which is necessary to their rank. This is a meanness of which I shall never be guilty. Spend as you like, Madam; I set but little limits to my own expences, and can therefore have no right to prescribe any to yours. In the name of all good, then, no more hesitation, my Lady V. in asking money of me. Let us spend with equal hand; and should our extravagance oblige us to sell, we will cut a card for the benefit of the last mortgage. The steward has no money you say! he certainly is a rogue—his hypocrisy is a strong presumption; but you must not dismiss him; for as the world goes, a rogue may be useful. I wish the fellow had been a lawyer, and then his roguery might have helped us in our present election. I begin to detest this town; the fools were so honest, that they would not sell themselves; and though we had a dozen lawyers employed, the town got drunk at our expence, and then voted for the opposite party.

But now to the chief purport of my letter. Your uncle, Sir Hilary, is lett guardian to his niece, your cousin, Miss Rachael. She is a Norfolk heiress, and of the immense fortune of fifteen thousand pounds? her father brought her up in the true country style, and she is totally ignorant of all the forms of fashionable life.—Plague take this letter, and my circuitous pen! but to finish all in one word. Your Ladyship is to break this young savage in; you must take her to town with you this winter, and lick the young bear into some passable shape. I have promised Sir Hilary. Have the goodness to let him see I have some influence. She will arrive at Clarebrook to-morrow night.

Dear Madam,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

L—.

LETTER FOURTH.

LADY L— TO MRS. F—.

DEAR FRAIL,

Ten thousand thanks to the dear seasons that have again brought round the month of December. It is this month that concludes the hated, though necessary period, during which fashion banishes her votaries from her true seat, the capital, and condemns them to a detestable penance in the fields and woods of the country. Horrid fields!—abominable groves!—This, you will say—or rather, like all correspondents, I will say for you, is no very poetical address. You are right, my dear, it is not so The country and all its inhabitants are my rooted aversion. It may suit a native squire, a dunned poet, or a retiring alderman; but I am a woman of fashion, and have nothing to say to either of them.

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The country to me is a necessary exile, and an escape from it a return to pleasure, splendour, and happiness. In short, I came to it with as much ill-humour as vexation could occasion, and I shall now leave it with as much pleasure as when I left my nursery, and returned from the duties of a mother to the poignant delights of a fashionable life.

Congratulate me, my dear Frail, that the time of departure is now at hand. I shall leave this place in a few days; I shall have time, however, to write you two or three letters before this event; and as I love you, I shall certainly have the charity to continue my correspondence even when returned to London.

Your disagreeable affair will prevent your coming amongst us this season; but keep up your spirits, my dear; they will talk of it but for a time, when some new adventure of the same kind will arise, and divert their scandal into another channel. Malice must always have a victim; but I have observed this difference between fashionable malice—I mean the malice of a London drawing-room, and the vulgar backbiting of a country neighbourhood. The one is content to teaze, torment, and play with its unfortunate object; the other is a bloody demon, and demands a complete sacrifice. I wish you could only hear how our country ladies treat each other's weaknesses. I have heard a harsher construction put upon an innocent whisper, than our most malignant scandal-loving coteries would affix to a masquerade assignation. Take my advice, my dear, and support your spirits: scandal must have a victim; but it is her delight, like that of the priests of old, to offer up on the altar the most pure and unspotted one. The affair will soon blow over, and you may again return to your element.

Some few prudes, perhaps, who envy you your charms and your gallant, may gratify their spleen by reminding the world of you *faux-pas*, when it has good naturedly forgiven and forgotten it. Such you know there are in all societies, who affect freezing and distant looks to their frail friends, and from their lips draw arguments of self-congratulation; "happy," as they say, "in their own good fortune, in not being that weak, wretched, undone thing, a *beauty!*"—All frivolous pretence, my dear! A handsome woman, I grant you, is subject to temptations, and like good Queen Emma, is perpetually walking over burning ploughshares. Then these odious opportunities, as the men call them—such as visits to milliners, jaunts to Windsor and Hampton Court, besides saunters in the Park by moonlight, and Kensington Garden assignations; these, I confess, afford strong instances of a fine creature's frailty:—but not to wish to be handsome for fear of being undone—pshaw, child! it would be as unreasonable not to wish to have been born, because we must one day be old. Youth and beauty were Nature's best gifts, and meant for enjoyment; and those that suffer them to rust and spoil in their possession, are guilty of contradiction to her sovereign will and pleasures.

I am summoned to supper. Good-night, dear creature!—I will write again to-morrow, and do all in my power to relieve your present dejection. Again good night, and believe me

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

E. L.

LETTER FIFTH.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR FRAIL,

I HAVE just seen a friend of your's, who had the charity to turn his horses' heads towards Clarebrook, and pay me a morning visit. Can you guess who it is? I defy you, my dear. Why then, to relieve you at once, and perhaps to relieve myself by telling you—for the eagerness to tell a secret is sometimes equal to that of hearing it)—my visitor was no other than the charming man himself! Yes, the object of your late levity—the source of your present banishment—the envy of all imitating coxcombs, the aim of all rising toasts—the gallant, gay Lotharia—Sir Harry Loveday! Do you tremble, sigh, or blush? But I forgot, my dear,—you are a woman of fashion, and are therefore exempted from every feeling of nature. Nature may rise in the cheeks as she rules in the hearts of these country ladies; but as the habits of fashionable life so effectually banish her from our hearts, we have ourselves had the prudence to drive her from our faces. To give you a single instance:—how often are we under a necessity of professing what we do not mean; in other words, perhaps such as a surly moralist would use, how often must we profess an absolute l—e. Now if we could not do this without a blush, to how many inconveniences would the forms of fashionable life subject us!—But enough of this.

I gave my visitor a hearty welcome. I was eaten up with spleen before his arrival, and contriving how to kill the lagging day. I was as melancholy as the great clock in our hall—or, rather, I was like it. I had nothing now to do but count the time, whilst my former occupation was to kill it. And is it not reasonable then, my dear Frail, to pay time in its coin, and destroy that which destroys every thing else? But to Sir Harry.

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After some previous bows, &c. I put a piece of civil restraint upon him; and exercising a species of hospitality I had learned in Ireland, ordered his horses to be locked up in the stable, and compelled him to stay dinner, and pass the day. He was in great spirits, and, to use a pretty strong metaphor, his wit was beaming as the sun; and, in spite of the odious foliage that stood opposite our dining-room windows, his elegant and sprightly merriment made me imagine myself already in St. James's-square. I made him repeat to me the whole of your affair, and he told me some circumstances of which I was before ignorant. He says your husband, the Colonel, followed you and himself to your milliner's, Mrs. Etching, and that he burst in upon your conversation while Sir Harry was upon his knees. You, of course, fainted. They fought. Sir Harry was desperately wounded, and the Colonel left you with a tragical and ridiculous threat that he would never return—"No, never, Madam, shall you see me again!"

Is it possible, my dear, he could have made himself so ridiculous? I really thought he had been more the man of fashion than to give into any of these foolish energies; and the *beau-monde* has hitherto been in a great error, and bestowed upon him the credit he little deserves, of having borne his misfortune with a truly fashionable indifference. My Lord Lounge, who has the most facetious knack at improving a story, tells every thing to the credit of the Colonel. He says that, on perceiving the interruption he had been guilty of, your husband bowed, and begged pardon for an intrusion on a party to which he was not invited; but as he had long owed a grudge to Sir Harry for rivalling him with a favourite opera-dancer, under the pretended feelings of an unjured husband, he took an opportunity to gratify the spite of a piqued lover, and bade the Baronet draw. Sir Harry, perceiving him in a bantering humour, and being himself in a state of equal good temper, would have excused himself, and turned the matter off in that tone of raillery which the Colonel seemed to assume. Your husband, however, insisted on satisfaction; but preserving an inimitable *sang-froid* even in his obstinacy, added, in a rallying tone, "that he had laid a bet he would kill a man before he went to bed, and he could not loose so fair an occasion of winning his wager."

This was Lord Lounge's story. Whether true or not, I confess I prefer it to Sir Harry's; it sets the Colonel in a better light—it shews him possessed of those distinguishing characteristics of a man of fashion—a pleasant indifference, and a habit of elegant levity in affairs generally esteemed of the most serious nature.

But I am swelling my letter to an unusual length, and must put an end to our mutual fatigue, by assuring you that I am,

Your's, most sincerely,

E— L—.

[*To be continued.*]

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A LIVING CHARACTER,

UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME.

In proportion as mankind became more civilized, the influence of women gradually increased; and it is only in the most inhospitable and unpolished countries that they are incapable of obtaining an ascendency over the actions of the other sex. Though few will attempt to controvert the truth of this observation, still fewer will deny the necessity of the greatest attention being paid to the education of the fair; for upon the morality of their principles, and the rectitude of their actions, the good of society in a great measure depends.

Were boarding-schools under the dominion of legislative authority, and licences only granted to those whose abilities and moral character qualified them for the important trust, the benefits which society would derive from such a regulation, would be greater than imagination is able to conceive. The petty schools, which actually swarm around the environs of the metropolis, are productive of more ill consequences than the power of language can describe; and I never see a little trumpery house established with the well-known characters of "*Young ladies genteelly educated*," without considering it as a hand-post to conduct them into the path of vice.

Of all terms in the English language which admits of corruption, the word education is carried to the greatest extent; for total ignorance would be more advantageous in its consequences, than that kind of instruction which the middling classes of society receive. Of what utility can music be to the daughters of an humble mechanic? What advantage can they derive from a little smattering of French? Had they not better learn to make and mend their father's body linen, than to be wasting their time in attempting to trace the varying tints of a flower? If the evil merely rested in a total ignorance of all useful acquirements, it would not be so seriously de-

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plored; but these accomplished misses, proud of their superiority, soon despise their parents for being deficient in those accomplishments which it is their misfortune to have attained; and instead of devoting their time to domestic occupations, they are too refined in their ideas to descend to any office which they consider in a degrading light.

The circulating libraries complete the mischief which these fashionable seminaries unfortunately began; and in every libertine which these luckless girls unhappily become acquainted with, they behold a Lorenzo, or an Orlando, expiring at their feet! The licentious and the profligate, perceiving the slightness of the foundation on which the sacred temple of virtue is fixed, find little difficulty in destroying the beauteous edifice, or in substituting the altar of vice in its place.

The streets of the metropolis display a striking proof of the truth of these observations: we there behold seduction stripped of all its alluring charms, and presenting a picture of the fatal effects of false education and indulged passions, calculated to shock every susceptible heart! The censure passed upon schools is not intended to include the whole number; for there are doubtless many conducted upon the most judicious plan; and if the daughters of humble tradesmen and mechanics were, instead of accomplishments, to be instructed in domestic duties, even the seminaries purposely intended for the reception of that class of individuals, would doubtless have their use; and it frequently happens that the mothers of girls in that situation are too much occupied in their husband's business to find leisure to instruct a child.

In the higher classes of society, a love of dissipation is frequently so powerful, as completely to destroy every other claim; even the maternal duties are neglected, and principle sacrificed at pleasure's shrine! Schools conducted by able instructors, must then be considered of the highest utility, and may be no less advantageous to girls than boys; example improves, emulation excites attention, and the noblest faculties of the mind are called forth. But when a parent is truly a mother, and ready to sacrifice the allurement of pleasure for the benefit of her child, the advantage evidently leans to the side of private education, where opportunities hourly present themselves for the improvement of the mind.

Though I have apparently digressed from my original subject, which was to prove the influence of females upon the opposite sex, yet I mean to confirm my opinion by entertaining my readers with the history of a young lady of rank.

Elvira Beaumont had been educated under the eye of an affectionate mother with such undeviating attention and solicitous care, that the slightest propensity to error was discovered, and by admonition and representation nipped in the very bud. Nature had been lavish in her gifts to Elvira; to a person completely lovely, was united an intelligent mind, and a heart replete with every dignified virtue that can adorn the female sex. As a child, her sensibility was so susceptible, that her anxious parents trembled for her future fate; for frequently, in witnessing the boyish sports of her brothers, has the tear of commisseration embalmed the lifeless body of a bird. Lady B—, instead of encouraging, repelled these striking marks of genuine feeling. "You could only weep, my Elvira," she would say, "for the death of a friend; and though I abhor every species of wanton cruelty, yet I could never shed a tear for the loss of a bird or a cat. Sensibility almost deserves a rank amongst the virtues, but it becomes a weakness when carried to excess; and if you suffer your mind to be agitated by the untimely death of an insect, how would you support a mother's or a brother's loss?"

By this kind of reasoning Lady Beaumont conquered by degrees that exquisite sensibility, which, by indulgence, would have incapacitated her daughter for those trials to which the most affluent are exposed, and fortified her mind for those misfortunes which, at a future period, it was her lot to endure.

Nobly born, carefully educated, and possessing all those attractive graces for which females are admired, no sooner was Elvira introduced into public, than she actually enslaved all the young men's hearts. The Earl of C—'s estate joined that of Sir Edward Beaumont's; in consequence of which an intimacy between the families had taken place, long before that period when the public were first captivated by a view of Elvira's charms. Mr. Beverley, the younger son of his Lordship, had beheld the expanding beauties of this fair flow'ret from the very moment they first blew; yet, from daily viewing this masterpiece of loveliness, its attractive graces lost their charm. The buz of admiration which attended Miss Beaumont's presentation, first led him attentively to view a face, which intercourse had rendered familiar, and in which he had never discovered any thing extraordinary before.

"What a divinity! What an angel! What grace in all her motions!" burst from the lips of every beholder, as Elvira Beaumont entered the drawing-room. These eulogiums roused Mr. Beverley's attention; his eyes eagerly followed the attracting fair; and those charms which he had been accustomed to behold with indifference, suddenly seemed to partake more of the angelic

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than the human kind. The drawing-room happened to be unusually crowded. He, in vain, endeavoured to discover Elvira's *compeer;* but so completely transcendent was her beauty, that all comparison only tended to evince its superior power.

Proud of appearing upon terms of intimacy with a being who had excited such universal admiration and remark, he accosted her with that familiarity which their long acquaintance authorised; and upon Lady Beaumont's retiring from the brilliant circle, exultingly conducted the lovely Elvira to her chair. Lord C——, at that period, had made a pleasurable excursion to the Continent, and was not expected home in less than six weeks; an actual age in Cupid's Calender, who converts minutes into days. In his Lordship's character many eccentricities were blended; and to epistolatory communications he had an antipathy which he did not endeavour to overcome; and to solicit a favour through pen and paper, was a certain means of having that favour denied.

Mr. Beverley's situation was, from this peculiarity, completely trying; in every company he heard the charms of Elvira praised, and likewise understood that two or three young men of the first consequence had openly solicited the fair one's hand. He resolved, therefore, to fly on the wings of love to Paris; yet it was torture to think of leaving the arbitress of his destiny surrounded by a numerous train, who, from possessing both rank and fortune, could place her in a most elevated state. As a younger son, he was aware that he lay under many disadvantages. He was, it is true, a Member of the House of Commons, and had been educated for the bar—a profession in which he was calculated to make a figure, from a peculiar elegance in the choice of language, and a perfect knowledge of the law.—Yet unsanctioned by parental authority, he could not presume to address Sir Edward Beaumont upon a subject so dear to his heart; but at length conquering that timidity which arises from genuine affection, he made her Ladyship the confidant of his hopes and his fears; and had the happiness of hearing her declare, that fortune would be a secondary consideration in disposing of the hand of her child.

Animated by this cheering declaration, and assured that Elvira's affections were disengaged, the delighted young man instantly set off for Paris, for the purpose of obtaining his father's consent, and knowing what addition he would make to his fortune, if sir Edward Beaumont did not repress the flattering hopes he had indulged.

Lord C—— was one of those phlegmatic characters who never deviate from the beaten road; and whose feelings were never under the dominion of a passion from the very hour of his birth. That his son, therefore, should for years have been in the habits of intimacy with Miss Beaumont, without discovering the situation of his heart, struck him as a circumstance so completely incomprehensible, that he actually began to fear his brain was turned; and until he had conversed with him upon different subjects, and found him completely rational, he could not conquer his fears.

Had Elvira Beaumont been totally destitute of personal attractions, she would have been a most desirable match for a younger son; for she possessed charms, which the generality of parents estimate far superior to loveliness; in short, she was presumptive heiress to an estate worth upwards of fifty thousand pounds! The old Earl, therefore, as it may be supposed, was highly pleased with the prospect of such an alliance, and did every thing in his power to promote the wishes of his son, who, on the day of marriage, received twenty thousand pounds with the lovely bride.

A dissolution of Parliament took place a few months after the union of Elvira, who would fain have persuaded her husband to resign a contest which it was evident must involve him in expences which his income could not support; as, since the last election, there had been a total change in the ministry, and the former supporters of his pretensions were no longer in power.—Relying, however, upon the professions of friendship, and too self-important to be influenced by the representations of his wife, this misguided young man, not only lost his election, but actually spent upwards of two and twenty thousand pounds.

Sir Edward Beaumont, who had foreseen the consequence of this imprudence, and who had endeavoured to dissuade his son-in-law from standing the poll, was so exasperated at seeing his daughter's fortune squandered away upon electioneering dinners, that under the impulse of passion, he cut off the entail of his estate; declaring, that a man who was weak enough to beggar his family for a seat in parliament, should never enjoy one penny of what he possessed!—Elvira, eventually, was the chief sufferer from this mark of resentment; the disappointed Beverley constantly upraided her with the injustice of Sir E——; and instead of endeavouring to render his family independent by the emolument arising from an honourable profession, indulged himself in the practice of every disgraceful vice!

Poverty and dependance Elvira could have

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supported with resignation; but to see the man on whom her heart still doated with inexpressible fondness, daily sinking deeper in the ingulphing pit of vice, was a trial which required a greater portion of fortitude than so pure a nature was able to sustain. Repeatedly had she urged this lost young man to make exertions. "Nature, my beloved Frederick," she would say, "has endowed you with uncommon powers; why then suffer your mind to be depressed by an unexpected disappointment, when by assiduity and application, you could realise as large a fortune in a few years? My father's disposition, I know, is passionate; but his resentments are momentary, and his nature is kind; the slightest acknowledgment of your error would produce reconciliation, and I should again have the happiness of seeing you friends."

Too proud to be guided by this judicious council, yet agonized by those reflections which his situation naturally inspired, the bottle was resorted to, as an antidote to banish painful recollections, and drive away care. The death of Lord C—, which happened a short time after the election, had left the imprudent Beverley destitute of resource, as the present Earl and himself had never, even during the days of childhood, been upon intimate terms.

The amiable Lady Beaumont exerted her influence to induce her husband to be reconciled to her son-in-law; but every enquiry Sir Edward made into his conduct only tended to strengthen his antipathy, and fix his resolution. An annual allowance was punctually paid Elvira, and this was her only support; for Beverley totally neglected his profession, and selected his associates from the most despicable part of mankind. Yet let it not be supposed that his mind was so degenerated as to find pleasure in the society of the illiterate and obscure. No; his companions were amongst those whom a good education had enlightened, but who shamefully perverted those abilities which nature had bestowed. In short, he became a member of a Free-thinking Society, where disputations upon subjects which the Divinity has thought proper to render obscure, were every evening committed and discussed, until these unfortunate reasoners upon religion actually doubted the existence of a God! This dreadful turn, which the shining abilities of Beverley had taken, completely filled the measure of Elvira's woes; for she had not only the misery of seeing all the temporal prospects of her husband blighted, but what was far dearer to her, he was sacrificing his eternal peace.

She had endeavoured by all the argument of persuasion to raise him to make those exertions which must necessarily have insured him both fortune and fame; and though they had not succeeded, she felt gratified in the reflection of having fulfilled the duties of a wife! But more than fortune, fame, or ambition, this exemplary young woman now beheld at stake. The eternal happiness of the man, with whose interest her own was interwoven, depended upon regaining that influence which she had once possessed over his mind.

By all those blandishments of love, at once refined and delicate, Elvira endeavoured to captivate a heart which possession had rendered cold; and upon finding the amiable artifice had answered her intention, she then adopted those measures which piety and affection had pointed out. Instead of pronouncing anathemas upon her husband's atheistical associates, she mildly induced him to make her acquainted with the different subjects they had discussed; and with an inspiration almost equal to that which had been bestowed upon the apostles, from the sacred book of scripture, she refuted their remarks—"and truths divine came mended from that tongue."

The wavering Beverley listened with astonishment; every long-cherished idea underwent a sudden change;—and clasping to his breast the being who had produced this alteration in his sentiments, he exclaimed—"Oh, Elvira! I am your proselyte! from this propitious moment your husband is reclaimed! Form me—mould me—I am newly created.—Yes, most amiable of women—I denounce—I abhor my former self!" Tears of contrition marked the sincerity of this declaration—the delighted Elvira tenderly returned his embrace. But who shall attempt to paint the ecstasy of her sensations, at perceiving those talents which did honour to human nature, no longer disgraced; but rendered resplendently bright by the irradiating light of religion, and adorning a being whom she both loved and admired.

That religion and morality are intimately connected, does not admit of a doubt: the reformed Beverley is sufficient to prove the justness of the opinion; for no sooner was he convinced of the truth of his wife's argument, than his disposition seemed to change; and, instead of wasting those talents which nature had endowed him with, he felt it a duty incumbent upon him to exert them for the public good. In the course of a few years he rose to the highest eminence in his profession. Sir Edward Beaumont became proud of his son—and Elvira had the happiness of seeing her husband act an example to her children of religion, honour, and rectitude of mind.

After perusing this simple statement of matter of fact circumstances, who will venture to doubt

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the influence of the female sex? or who will assert that they hold a subordinate state in society, after such an indubitable proof of their ascendency over man? In the history of Elvira there is neither novelty nor singularity? England, I am persuaded, produces many feminine characters equally worthy of being admired; and *La Belle Assemblée* will probably (in future numbers) exhibit them to the public eye.

M— P—.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

GENLIANA.

The following are extracted from the Works of the celebrated Madame Genlis.

Love.

Love does not awake in the heart of a virtuous woman those violent feelings the offspring of a delirious imagination. It does not at once occupy her soul; it steals into it. It is not like a devouring fire; but as the genial warmth of spring, it animates and fertilizes. It is so timid and unassuming, that it appears abashed; it is so generous, that it resembles friendship.—*Duchesse de la Vallière.*

Love when excessive, either purifies or bewilders the soul. Impetuous and resistless, it deprives us of reason, and, according to circumstances, exalts us into virtue, or plunges us into guilt. It has often been the spring of immortal deeds, and may become the source of crimes. It has produced heroes and cowards; but those whom it has inflamed with a thirst for glory, might, in a different and less favourable situation, have betrayed the cause of honour and virtue. Fatal intoxication! Sentiment at once fleeting, blind, and imperious. Happy the man who can resist thy violent impulse! for, alas! who can know where thou wilt lead us?—*Veillées du Chateau.*

The Love of Glory.

How should we shrink from the prospect, if the hearts of those who pant for what the world terms glory, were unfolded to our eyes? Could we have penetrated into all the secret thoughts of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Charles XII. with what sentiments of horror should we have looked upon those mighty conquerors!—*Le petit La Bruyère.*

Self-love.

God has implanted in our hearts a salutary propensity to distinguish ourselves, and toil for glory; it is self-love:—when pure, it is the spring of heroism and genius; but man—corrupted man, abuses that precious gift; changes and debases its nature, gives it a vain and frivolous aim, and perverts it into pride.—*Théâtre d'Education, Agar.*

Friendship.

Friendship is a noble sentiment, her source is pure; it comes from the heart. The ancients, so ingenious in their emblems, gave this device to friendship, "*Near and far, summer and winter,*" to express that all seasons are alike to her; and that she sweetens the first, as well as the last, hours of our existence.—*Le petit La Bruyère.*

Good Actions.

Cold and perishable is the remembrance of past pleasures; but the remembrance of good actions delights and transports the soul.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

Beauty.

It seldom happens that a beautiful woman is amiable.—Persuaded that nature has done every thing for her, she imagines that, in order to charm the hearts of men, she has only to shew the graces of her person. Such are the vanities with which she enters society; but her triumph is short; it does not extend beyond the frivolous admiration of the moment, which soon passes away, and leaves nothing but *ennui*, insipidity, and even disgust. In her company the mind remains inactive, the heart is cold; and the truth of this remark will for ever appear, that strong and lasting passions are not inspired by the most beautiful women.—*Adèle et Theodore.*

Beneficence.

To relieve the helpless is the greatest happiness which man is allowed to taste in this life.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

Happiness.

Do you wish for happiness?—Enjoy what you possess without consuming life in vain expectations, learn to be patient, and set proper boundaries to your desires. Without moderation nothing can be really enjoyed.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

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Buffon.

Buffon has shewn in his natural history that a man may sometimes unite a great extent of learning with a splendid imagination, and an acute sense of feeling with the delightful art of painting; that he may join with equal excellence the most affecting objects and the most gloomy and tremendous scenes of nature. His work presents the best models of every kind of style and description of eloquence. By turns a poet, a painter, a profound metaphysician, a sublime philosopher, Buffon speaks every language; equally flexible and comprehensive, his genius grasps and masters every subject.—With the same facility that he traces the most minute lines, he seizes the whole of the most extensive plan. No French writer explored the treasures of his language with a more happy industry, or joined so much exactness with so much elegance, and was at once so correct and brilliant.—*Les deux Reputations.*

Conversation.

The conversation of men of letters generally commences with praises and flatteries reciprocally exchanged. An attack upon their rivals ensues; and then arise long arguments, stubborn assertions, and bitter quarrels. Indeed it cannot be termed a conversation; every one speaks for himself alone, and follows his own ideas without listening to those of others. They are absent, impatient, or thoughtful. Are they silent? it is to prepare an answer without the least attention to what is said. Is an interesting story related? their minds are occupied in inventing another, which they trust will diffuse more delight among their hearers. It seems as if they had assembled together with the intention of challenging and surpassing each other, without attempting to promote the common amusement and instruction of the party. They are mostly on the watch to find out an opportunity of introducing some *bons mots* of their own composition. These are sometimes in honour of men of letters; sometimes anecdotes which relate to themselves; but those numerous quotations become at length tiresome; the hearers seldom feel any portion of the satisfaction of those who repeat them; they are not always instructive; and who, listening to such a conversation, would not imagine that he hears the lecture of one of those fatiguing books, full of ridiculous stories and puns, compiled without care and without choice, which we may take up for a moment, but soon throw away with disgust?—*Les deux Reputations.*

Chivalry.

The golden age, as sung by the poets, is a pleasing chimera; but the age of love and friendship was not fictitious; it flourished in the brilliant days of chivalry. A woman at that period appeared such an interesting being, that deprived of the attractions of youth and beauty, she might implore and obtain the protection of courage and power. Obedient to the impulse of honour, every knight devoted himself to the service of the fair sex. He exposed his life and fortune for the aged and oppressed widow, as well for the young, unprotected, and orphan virgin. Women, it is true, at that happy time, laid claim to no other virtues than those which ought to characterize their sex. They felt the love of glory; but only as a sentiment, never as a passion; the only ambition it awoke in their bosoms was that of deserving the pleasing appellation of obedient daughters, faithful wifes, and affectionate mothers. Elevated by the exploits of their knights, their celebrity depended upon their own choice. Courage and loyalty alone could inspire love; and love, by exciting emulation, produced the most astonishing feats of valour and heroism. The glory won by the knight who saved his country, his friend, or his companion, shed its mildest rays upon his mistress, and he divided with her the crown which fame had bestowed as the reward of his deserts.

Renouncing all vain pretensions, and completely divested of selfishness, women followed in those days the impulse of nature; who, to ennoble their dependant state, gave charms even to their weakness, and endued their hearts with a sublime sensibility, which displayed itself in the behalf of others, and rendered them forgetful of themselves. By that sweet union, that delightful covenant between both sexes, friendship became a passion, and love a virtue.—*Arthur et Sophronie.*

Economy.

Generosity cannot subsist without economy. What is uselessly given is lost; it is a theft committed upon the unfortunate.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

Gaming.

Gaming, of all passions, is the most dangerous and inexcusable. A gamester endeavours to enrich himself with the spoils of those whom he calls his friends. But how many armies are in arms against him! Behold that mother, her tears reproach him with the ruin of her only son! That father pronounces his name with horror and contempt to his children! Pursued

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by hatred, overwhelmed by calumny, he feels himself condemned by reason and humanity, and after wandering long in the mazes of vice, he finds nothing before his eyes but ruin and remorse.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

FASHION

"Is the child of vanity and love." Thus says the celebrated Montaigne: when it springs from the desire of decorating the person with modest ornaments, and rendering it amiable in the eyes of man, it is praise-worthy; and then it is the true offspring of love. When its object is to feed conceit, and to administer to pride, to *purvey* for coquetry, and cherish self-love, it is the child of vanity.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN SCOTLAND.

From "Stark's Picture of Edinburgh," published in the preceding Month.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, public amusement began to be introduced into Edinburgh in greater variety than formerly. Of these, music, dancing, and the theatre, were the chief; and perhaps had no small effect in the improvement of manners. Science also now began to dawn in the Scottish capital with a distinguished lustre; and industry and commerce, by the introduction of luxury, almost entirely changed the habits of the inhabitants. Still, however, the gloom with which rigid presbyterianism shaded all the transactions till the middle of the 18th century, was remarkably conspicuous in their aversion to stage performances, and other amusements.

A paper published by Mr. William Creech in the Statistical Account of Scotland, throws considerable light on the manners of this period. From this account it appears, that in 1463 people of fashion dined at two o'clock, or a little after it, and business was attended to in the afternoon. It was a common practice at that time for the merchants to shut their shops at one o'clock, and to open them again after dinner at two. Wine at this time was seldom seen, or in a small quantity, at the tables of the middle rank of people. It was the fashion for gentlemen to attend the drawing-rooms of the ladies in the afternoons, to drink tea, and to mix in the agreeable society and conversation of the women. People at this period too were interested about religion, and it was fashionable to go to church. Sunday was by all ranks strictly observed as a day of devotion; a few were seen strolling about the streets during the time of public worship. Families attended church, with their children and servants, and family-worship at home was not unfrequent. The collections made at the church-doors for the poor, amounted at this time to 1500*l.* and upwards, yearly.

In 1763, according to Mr. Creech, masters took charge of the moral conduct of their apprentices, and generally kept them under their eye in their own houses. The clergy visited, catechised, and instructed the families within their respective parishes in the principles of morality, Christianity, and the relative duties of life. The breach of the seventh commandment was punished by fine and church censure. Any instance of conjugal infidelity in a woman would have banished her irretrievably from society, and her company would have been rejected even by men who paid any regard to their character. The fines collected by the *kirk-treasurer* for natural children amounted to about 154*l.* annually. There were at this time only about five or six houses of bad fame, and a very few of the lowest orders of females skulked about the streets at night. Street-robbery and picking of pockets were unknown. House-breaking and robbery were extremely rare; and many people thought it unnecessary to lock their doors at night. The execution of criminals in Edinburgh for capital crimes was rare; and three annually were reckoned the average for the whole kingdom of Scotland. For many years in Edinburgh there was no execution.

In the year 1763 there was no such amusement as public cuck-fighting, the establishments of this kind which were in the city before having been given up. A young man was termed a *fine fellow*, who to a well informed and accomplished mind, added elegance of manners, and a conduct guided by principle; one who would not have injured the rights of the meanest individual; who contracted no debts that he could not pay; who thought every breach of morality unbecoming the character of a gentleman; and who studied to be useful to society, so far as his opportunities or abilities enabled him. At this time,

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in the best families in town, the education of daughters was fitted, not only to embellish and improve their minds, but to accomplish them in the useful arts of domestic economy. The sewing-school, the pastry-school, were then essential branches of female education; nor was a young lady of the best family ashamed to go to market with her mother. At this time too, young ladies, even by themselves, might have walked through the streets of the city in perfect safety at any hour, and no person would have presumed to speak to or interrupt them.

The weekly concert in 1763 began at six o'clock, and the performance was over at an early hour. The morality of stage plays was at this time much agitated, and several of the clergy were censured for attending the theatre. By those who attended this amusement without scruple, Saturday night was thought the most improper in the week for going to the play. Every thing, either improper in sentiment or decorum, would have been hissed at with indignation at this period. In the dancing assembly-rooms, in 1763, strict regularity, with respect to dress and decorum, and great dignity of manners, were observed. The profits of this assembly went to the Charity Workhouse. The company at the public assemblies met at five o'clock in the afternoon, and the dancing began at six, and ended at eleven, by public orders of the manager, which were never transgressed.

In the year 1763, the accommodation of the inhabitants of Edinburgh was mean, compared to what it now is. The city at that time was almost confined within the walls, and the suburbs were of small extent. With respect to lodging, the houses which, in 1763, were possessed by the first families, were twenty years after inhabited by tradesmen or by people in humble life. The Lord Justice Clerk's house was possessed by a French teacher, Lord President Craigie's house by a rouping wife (saleswoman of old furniture), and Lord Drummore's house was left by a chairman for want of accommodatson. In 1763 there were only two stage-coaches to the town of Leith, and the only other in the Scottish capital was one to London, which set off once a month, and was from twelve to sixteen days on the road. The hackney coaches at this time were few in number, and perhaps the worst of the kind in Britain. But the want of these was less severely felt at this period, from the great quantity of sedan-chairs, which were to be had at a very moderate price. In 1763 few coaches were made in Edinburgh; and the nobility and gentry in general brought their carriages from London. Perfumers' shops were not at this time known, and there was no such profession as a haberdasher. Hair-dressers were numerous, but were hardly permitted to exercise their professions on Sundays, and many of them voluntarily declined it. There was no such thing known or used as an umbrella. The wages to maid-servants at this period were from 3*l.* to 4*l.* a year. They dressed decently in blue or red cloaks or plaids, suitable to their stations. Few families had men-servants. The wages were from 6*l.* to 10*l.* per annum. A stranger coming to Edinburgh was obliged to put up at a dirty uncomfortable inn, or to remove to private lodgings. There was no such place as a hotel; the word indeed was not known, or was only intelligible to persons acquainted with the French.

The chief characteristic feature of the times we are speaking of seems to have been a formality, which those who recollect the period call decorum; an affected gravity, which has been called dignity; and a sanctimonious preciseness and regularity, the last remains of fanaticism, which has been named prudence and propriety. It is natural for those who spent the best part of their life about the time we have mentioned, to look back with partiality to that period, and, when comparing it with the present, to look with less complacency upon that freedom of manner, unshackled with affected gravity or distant reserve, which marks the present age: but we do not choose to rank among those common-place declaimers who think every succeeding age to be worse than the former.

The gentleman from whose notes we have chiefly extracted the preceding state of the manners of the inhabitants of Edinburgh in 1763, has fortunately also given a statement of facts relating to the same subject in 1783. If this statement be correct (which we have no reason to doubt), luxury and licentiousness, rapine and robbery, had, in the short space of twenty years, made a remarkable progress indeed. Happily, however, the current of vice has not increased with the same rapidity since that time, or we should by this time have been totally overwhelmed in it.

In 1783, people of fashion, and of the middle rank, dined at four or five o'clock: no business was done in the afternoon, dinner of itself having become a very serious matter. Every tradesman in decent circumstances presented wine after dinner: and many in plenty and variety. At this time the drawing-rooms were totally deserted; invitations to tea in the afternoon were given up; and the only opportunity gentlemen had of being in the company of the ladies, was when they happened to *mess* together at dinner or supper; and even then an impatience was sometimes shewn till the ladies retired. Card-parties, after a long dinner, and also after a late supper, were frequent. Attendance on church

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too, at this period, was greatly neglected, and particularly by the men; Sunday was by many made a day of relaxation; and young people were allowed to stroll about at all hours. Families thought it ungenteel to take their domestics to church with them; the streets were far from being void of people in the time of public worship; and in the evenings were frequently loose and riotous; particularly owing to bands of apprentice boys and young lads. Family worship was almost disused. The weekly collections at the church doors for the poor had greatly decreased in amount.

In 1783 (says Mr. Creech), few masters would receive apprentices to lodge in their houses. If they attended their hours of business, masters took no further charge. The rest of their time *might be* passed, as too frequently happens, in vice and debauchery; hence they became idle, insolent, and dishonest. The wages to journeymen in every profession were greatly raised since 1763, and disturbances frequently happened for a still further increase: yet many of them riot on Sunday, are idle all Monday, and can afford to do this on five days labour. Visiting and catechising by the clergy were disused (except by a very few); and if people do not choose to go to church, they may remain as ignorant as Hottentots, and the ten commandments be as little known as obsolete acts of parliament. At this time, likewise, although the law punishing adultery with death was unrepealed (says Mr. Creech), yet, strange to tell, it ceased to be acted upon; church censure was disused, and separations and divorces were become frequent. Even the women who were rendered infamous by public divorce, had been, by some people of fashion, again received into society. The fines collected by the *kirk-treasurer*, for bastard children, amounted to 600*l*. The number of brothels had increased twenty-fold since 1763, and the women of the town more than a hundred-fold. Every quarter of the city and suburbs was infested with multitudes of females abandoned to vice; and street-robbery, house-breaking, and theft, were astonishingly frequent. At one time, at this period, there were no less than six criminals under sentence of death in Edinburgh prison in one week; and upon the autumn circuit of this year (1783) no less than thirty-seven capital indictments were issued.

In 1783 there were many public cock-fighting matches, or *mains*, as they are technically termed, and a regular cock-pit was built for this school of cruelty. A young man at this time was termed a *fine fellow*, who could drink three bottles of wine; who discharged all debts of *honour* (game debts and tavern bills), and evaded payment of every other; who swore immoderately, and before ladies, and talked of his *word of honour*; who ridiculed religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy (but without argument); who was very jolly at the table of his friend, and would lose no opportunity of seducing his wife, or of debauching his daughter; but, on the mention of such a thing being attempted to his own connections, would have cut the throat, or blown out the brains of his dearest companion offering such an insult; who was forward in all the fashionable follies of the time; who disregarded the interests of society, or the good of mankind, if they interfered with his own vicious, selfish pursuits and pleasures. At this period, the daughters of many tradesmen consumed their mornings at the toilette, or in strolling from shop to shop, &c. Many of them would have blushed to have been seen in a market. The cares of the family were devolved upon a housekeeper, and the young lady employed those heavy hours when she was disengaged from public or private amusements, in improving her mind from the precious stores of a circulating library; and all, whether they had taste for it or not, were taught music. Such was the danger at this time to which unprotected females were exposed, that the mistresses of boarding-schools found it necessary to advertise, that their young ladies were not permitted to go abroad without proper attendants.

In 1783 the weekly concert began at seven o'clock; but it was not in general well attended. The morality of stage plays, or their effects on society, were never thought of, and the most crowded houses were always on Saturday night. The boxes for the Saturday night plays were generally taken for the season, and strangers on that night could seldom procure a place. The galleries never failed to applaud what they formerly would have hissed as improper in sentiment or decorum. The public assemblies met at eight and nine o'clock, and the lady directress sometimes did not make her appearance till ten. The young masters and misses, who would have been mortified not to have seen out the ball, thus returned home at three or four in the morning, and yawned, and gaped, and complained of head-achs all the next day.

In 1783 the accommodation of the inhabitants of Edinburgh was splendid, and the houses in the New Town unrivalled in elegance. The city had extended so much, that it covered twice the extent of ground it formerly did. The stage-coaches to Leith and other parts were tripled, and no less than fifteen every week set out for London, and reached it in sixty hours. The hackney coaches at this time were the handsomest in Britain. Coaches and chaises were com-

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structed as elegantly in Edinburgh as any where in Europe; and many were annually exported to St. Petersburg and the cities on the Baltic. The profession of a haberdasher, which was not known in 1763, was now nearly the most common in town. (This profession includes many trades, the mercer, the milliner, the linen-draper, the hatter, the hosier, the glover, and many others.) Perfumers had now splendid shops in every principal street; and some of them advertised the keeping of bears, to kill occasionally, for greasing ladies and gentlemen's hair, as superior to any other animal fat. Hair-dressers were more than tripled in number, and their busiest day was Sunday. An eminent surgeon, who had occasion to walk a great deal in the course of his business, first used an umbrella in Edinburgh, in the year 1780; and in 1783 they were much used. Maid-servants dressed now as fine as their mistresses did in 1763. Almost every genteel family had a man-servant; and the wages were from 10*l.* to 20*l.* a year. In 1783, also, a stranger might have been accommodated not only comfortably, but elegantly at many public hotels; and the person who, in 1763, was obliged to put up with accommodation little better than that of a waggoner or carrier, may now be lodged like a prince, and command every luxury of life.

Such are, according to Mr. Creech, the features of the times in 1783. Less rigid, morose, and affected then those of 1763, an ease of manner seems to have been by this time introduced, which characterizes an improvement in manners. Of morals, this period, from the foregoing facts concerning the decay of religious principle, the multiplication of the women of the town, of robberies, and the late hours which fashion had introduced, presents not such a pleasing picture.

"In no respect," says Mr. Creech, "were the manners of 1763 and 1783 more remarkable, than in the decency, dignity, and delicacy of the one period, compared with the looseness, dissipation, and licentiousness of the other.—Many people ceased to blush at what would formerly have been reckoned a crime."—"The behaviour of the last age (says Dr. Gregory) was very reserved and stately. It would now be reckoned still and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected."

Of the leading traits of the manners since that period, the following is a short sketch:—The luxury of the table, and the late hours of dinner and amusements, have much increased since 1783. By the more opulent tradesmen and merchants, business is little attended to in the afternoon; and the variety of delicacies at their table is perhaps equal to what the first cities had in 1763. The company of the ladies is also, as in 1783, much neglected, and the bottle is preferred to the amusements of the drawing-room. Attendance at church, however, was in 1796 fashionable, and a universal interest was excited with regard to religion. The large building of the Circus, which had been erected in 1788 for equestrian performances, and in 1792 converted into a playhouse, was now occupied as a place of worship, and considerable sums of money were subscribed for sending missionaries to convert the heathen in foreign lands. At this time religious zeal was so universal, that even some of the *servants of Satan*, the players themselves, became ministers of the gospel*. Sunday, however, was not so rigidly observed as in 1763, and it still continued by many to be held as a day of relaxation. Whether family-worship was much attended to in the period we are speaking of, we have not ascertained, but public prayers were more frequent than before. Religious societies were also formed for propagating the gospel at home; places of worship called Tabernacles were built; the Scottish capital was inundated with different preachers from England; and from it, as a centre, missionaries were issued to every part of the country. One of the most elegant amusements of the metropolis, the concerts at St. Cecilia's Hall, was at this time given up, and the hall itself was, and is still, occupied as a place of worship.

Visiting and catechising their parishioners, is by the clergy at this time (1805) almost entirely given up, excepting among the dissenters; and these too do not officially visit so often as formerly. People of fashion do not frequent the church as often as a few years ago; and the number of fines for natural children has not decreased in the hands of the present *kirk-treasurer*. The number of prostitutes, which, according to Mr. Creech, had increased more than a hundred-fold in the short space of twenty years (from 1763 to 1783), has not increased in the same ratio since the latter of these periods, though their number has not perhaps much diminished. The torrent of vice, which, from the facts exhibited, appears to have been so alarming at that period, has been stopped, else by this time, on the same average of increase, the number of prostitutes would have amounted to that of the present population of the city. The wages of journeymen, since 1783, has been much increased, and nearly doubled since that time. Housebreakings and robberies at present are rare; and the execution of criminals seldom occurs in Edinburgh. If the terror of ecclesiastical punishments, the *repenting stool*, and *public satisfaction to the kirk*, did not precipitate unfortunate women into the unnatural crime of child-murder, perhaps a se-

* *Vide Edinburgh Missionary Magazine, Vol. I.*

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ries of years might be mentioned, in which there was no capital offence committed in Scotland.

Public cock-fighting matches are now nearly given up in the city; and this barbarous amusement, it is hoped, will soon be laid aside for ever. Of the *fine fellow* of 1805 it is difficult to strike the peculiar likeness. Less accomplished than those of 1763, and without many of the vices of those of 1783, the *fine fellow* of the present day is rather an object of laughter than censure, of pity rather than reprobation. He can drive a coach, full of ladies, equal to the most experienced coachman; does not often overturn the carriage, and very seldom rides down old people or children. As a genealogist, he equals the Highlander or Welchman; can trace the pedigree of Goldfinder through a hundred descents, and enumerate all the dams, grand dams, and great grand dams with the most fluent accuracy. He is a skilful physiognomist; can tell the good or bad qualities of a horse at first sight; and in the refined employments of the stable, can vie with the most expert groom or stable-boy. With regard to religion, unless he acquires it in the Racer's Kalendar, or Taplin's Farriery, he has no opportunity of knowing any thing about it. But in other parts of education he is not deficient: he excels in those tropes or figures of speech which the vulgar call swearing; and his method of argument is much more simple and convincing than the analytic or synthetic modes of the schools. By this mode (betting) he could argue with a philosopher, and come off victorious, unless the philosopher were richer than he. As to the fair sex, the elegant society of the stable is preferable, in his estimation, to that of the drawing-room; and the lounge among brother *fine fellows* in the coffee-house, or the tavern, is superior to the company of the ladies, in whose conversation his accomplishments do not enable him to bear a part. He pays his debts of honour much in the same manner as the *fine fellow* of 1783; and like him can drink three bottles of wine, kick the watch, and knock down watchmen with a good grace. In short, the *fine fellow* of the present day is neither calculated to add much to virtue by his good qualities, nor to increase vice by his bad ones.

Balls and concerts are conducted much in the same manner as in 1783, except that perhaps later hours become more fashionable. In the theatre, though loose expressions may still be applauded by the upper gallery, yet by the other parts of the audience they are always reprobated. Of the present manners of the female sex, the improvement is certainly striking. Though the young ladies are seldom to be seen at market, or perhaps do not interest themselves much in the management of household affairs, yet we may pronounce them superior to those of 1763, or 1783. Music, dancing, and a grammatical knowledge of their own and of the French and Italian languages, are essential parts of modern female education; and though the making of pastry, jellies, and gooseberry-wine, are not held of so much importance as they appear to have been in the first of these periods, yet they are not even now totally neglected. As domestic conveniences, the ladies of 1805 may possibly be inferior to those of 1763; but as accomplished companions, they are certainly far their superiors.

The accommodation, in every respect, is better now than at any former period. The Edinburgh inns and hotels equal those of any city in elegance and ready service; and if the manners of the people are not so perfect as might be wished, they are at least as good as could be expected, in a city where wealth and luxury give so many temptations to corruption and vice.

The gentleman of 1763 seems to have been so much under the restraint of rules, which regulated all his periods of amusement, as to leave him very little exercise of thought, or allow him little liberty of consulting his own ease or pleasure. In 1783 this stiffness was thrown off; ease and familiarity occupied its place; but vice and folly seem to have predominated. In 1805, this ease and freedom of manner continues; but to the honour of the times, vice is not so prevalent as it is related to have been in 1783. The ladies have also much changed since 1763, but that change has been for the better. At that period they were good housewives and nurses, and perhaps little else; but in 1783 and 1805, if they have lost something of these qualities, they have made it sufficiently up, by improving themselves in all that can be expected or wished in an interesting agreeable companion.

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STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARNIVAL AT PARIS AND OF THE FETES DE LONGCHAMP.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING given you in my last a faithful account of a Parisian Sunday, I proceed to the description of various customs which prevail in this metropolis, and which will, I hope, unfold more of the character of the French than all the deep observations of self-elected critics, who fatigue the press with their attempts to prove what will strike every Englishman who sojourns a few days in France,—that the French are a light, airy, fantastic nation; the slaves of a burning imagination, which sometimes exalts them to heroic deeds and sublime virtues, and sometimes debases them into the wildest frolics of folly and extravagance, while it gives to their minds a romantic and sentimental turn, which years, and the varied accidents of life, can never alter.

At length we have seen the long wished-for day, when the Carnival spreads her joyous dominion over this noisy metropolis, and turns the serious busy look, that darkened every countenance, into the cheerful smile of pleasure and amusement. All the streets and public walks are already crowded with humorous shapes and strange beings, who, secure under the sheltering mask, attack and torment the unexperienced passenger; half pleased and half angry, he receives the shower of jests that fall upon him, and oftentimes wonders at the hints and expressions which seem to announce a perfect knowledge of his person, his secrets and affairs. It seems as if imagination had opened her enchanted bowers, and rolling back the tide of time, brought again to light the delightful days of fairy ages, and the humorous inhabitants of fairy regions.

La Rue St. Honoré, the *Palais Royal*, and the *Vieux Boulevards*, are the walks most frequented by the joyous children of the carnival; the favoured spots where they delight to spread the wild magnificence of their dresses, and exert the poignancy of their wit. *La Rue St. Honoré*, especially, is the focus whence the brightest rays of pleasure emerge; there folly and dissipation hold undisputed sway, rule every bosom, and transport every heart. There, carriages filled with masks, attract the eyes of the gazing multitude by the diversity of characters they contain; whilst peals of appropriate eloquence, bursting from the lips of some fiery orators on their tops, silence the acclamations of the crowd by their Stentorian thunders. Follow these pompous cavalcades. Here you behold folly, surrounded with pleasure, fashion, mirth, ridicule, and youth, welcoming, with benignant smiles, the triumphant legions of *Parisian Badauts*, who, mounted on asses, advance slowly towards the consecrated ground, where the goddess and her radiant train await their homage. There the flower of earthly valour, the famous knight of the sorrowful countenance, shakes the long forgotten spear of chivalry, and, proclaiming aloud the peerless beauty of his lady, challenges all the knights of the universe. His faithful squire, the simple hearted, humorous Sancho, follows close to his master; astonished at the dazzling tumultuous scene, he frequently sighs out an *abrenuntio*, and shuddering recollects the fatal pomp that attended his descent into the gloomy empire of Pluto, and the deliverance of Dulcinea.

But to give you a description of every character that awakens popular applause by its singularity, or the inventive powers it displays, is a task that would extend too far the limits I had fixed to this letter. Let then your imagination soar and wander over the fields of amusements I invite her to explore; let her pursue the path I pointed to her flight, and she will bestow upon her brilliant pictures a richness of colouring which description can never imitate, and reality but seldom equal. When tired with following the giddy course of the votaries of pleasure who parade the streets and gardens of Paris, unmindful of the wintry sky that frowns upon them; let her penetrate with me into those *bals masqués*, where the same mirth, the same dissipation, softened by the polite manners of the *beau monde*, prevail. Let her mix in the gay country dance, which the highest Gods of antiquity ennoble and enliven by their divine presence. Here, conquered once more by love, the powerful Sovereign of Olympus is sighing at the feet of mortal beauties. There, charmed into pity and tenderness by the plaintive lyre of the God of day, yielding Daphne repents her flight, and enters with her conqueror the delightful maze of the dance. The Carnival has unlocked the gates of mythology, and heathen divinities and heroes descend on the wings of pleasure to repossess for a

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while a land which once acknowledged their supreme power.

You will tell me, perhaps, that you have masquerades in London, which afford equal delight to those who frequent them: that I will not deny, though I contend that Parisian masquerades display more pomp, more elegance, and open a wider field for amusement; as wit is more abundant, the stings of *repartée* more pointed, and characters supported with more ease, nature, and propriety.

As I have still some room, I will give you an account of a custom which the Parisians religiously observe; and which, though its origin was religion and piety, is now become the spring of that intoxicating and deceitful nectar, pleasure.

During the age of simplicity, commonly styled the age of darkness and ignorance, towards the middle of the fourteenth century, a convent of nuns was founded on the spot called *Longchamp*, at the distance of about five miles from Paris. There, when spring awoke the earliest flowrets of the year, and nature revived under the tepid gales of April, the Parisians used to come, and offer praise and thanksgivings during three days to the great Father of Creation. This service was interesting and simple; the melting voices of the sacred virgins, soft as the vernal dews that fertilize the earth, stole on the breezes of spring to the throne of the Almighty, imploring peace, plenty, and propitious seasons; and the numerous spectators, struck with awe at the solemn ceremonies and lofty strains, fancied they beheld the angel of fertility descending from the sky, to unfold the swelling buds, and watch over the ripening fruits and harvests.

A great fault with the French is that of turning every serious duty into a source of amusement. Pleasure is the constant wish of their hearts, and they endeavour to extract it from every object, even the most unlikely and the most unfit to gratify their wishes. What for a time had been a religious duty, became a party of pleasure; piety was exchanged for dissipation; and instead of the sentiments of gratitude and humility which a few years before prompted the inhabitants of Paris to visit the house of God, the wish of spreading before the admiring eyes of the crowd, the elegance of dress, and the pomp of fashion; of listening to the delightful strains of divine harmony flowing from the lips of beauty and innocence, became the only motive for their annual attendance at the convent.

Levelled with the dust by the storms of the Revolution, the convent exists no more; and the custom of repairing to the spot where once it stood, still exists. The pure voices of the virgins of the Lord invite no more; it is the call of pride we obey, the beckoning hand of vanity we follow.

Go on the 6th of April to the *Champs Elysées*; it is there the festive company assembles; it is on that day the profanation of the ancient custom commences. There you will behold with astonishment, in the wide valley which leads to the *Bois de Boulogne*, the most splendid equipages ranged in double rows, advancing in all the pomp of wealth slowly towards *Longchamp*, and crossing the whole of the *Bois de Boulogne*. For five miles the same prospect will strike your eys, while the middle part of the road is enlivened by *Cavaliers*, mounted on fine horses, who, galloping from carriage to carriage, display the graces of their figures, the elegance of their dress, and their excellent horsemanship, to the view of the *Parisian Belles*, who repay their attentions with a smile.

The alleys on both sides of the road are crowded with the humbler followers of fashions, whose wealth is not equal to the expence of lolling in a carriage, and who drink the dust, and brave the inclemency of the skies, to be able to say, "*I have been to Longchamp.*"

Farther from the road, under shelter of the thickening trees, you discern groups of dancers. There the fables of antiquity, the sports of fauns and nymphs, seem to be realised before your eyes: the airiness of the shapes, the agility and gracefulness of their motions, the mysterious twilight caused by the young leaves unfolding upon the spreading branches, and the soft voice of music sighing through the opening glades, give to the pleasant scene a truly *Elysian* aspect. On that side roars the vain, tumultuous, bustling world; on this smiles the shady vale, where, embosomed in peaceful bliss, the souls of the virtuous inhabit and taste the pure delights of joy, innocence, and simplicity.

Your's, &c. &c. L—.

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PUBLIC RECREATIONS OF PARIS.

[*Concluded from Page* 41.]

Singers.

The song is certainly not the forte of the French theatre. It is the trio, quintetto, chorus, and the more complex compositions, that we must admire. In these the vocal performers succeed in the highest degree. Nor is the composer less happy; as confident in the abilities of the performer, and the powers of an excellent orchestra, he gives full scope to his genius and fancy.

We should certainly expect, at the French opera, to hear singers of the first-rate talents; particularly when we consider the vicinity of Italy. But, at present, there are no great vocal performers on the Parisian theatres; and we look in vain for such as we have been accustomed to hear in London.

Many circumstances, however, will account for the present inferiority of the French opera, in point of vocal performance.—First, singers of superior talents expect immense salaries, which, perhaps, their treasury is as little disposed as capable of giving:—Secondly, the opera being invariably written in French, naturally attaches to the best singer all the vocal disadvantages of that language:—and thirdly, the singer, in the French song, is not sufficiently considered as principal, being too often subservient to the powers of the orchestra.

These circumstances are certainly great impediments in the way of good singers; and may possibly account for the want of superior vocal performers on the French theatres.

Dancers.

In this captivating art, the French certainly excel all other countries. The fascination and splendour of their ballets exceed description.

Vestris justly stands at the head of the dance at Paris; and indeed of every dancer in Europe.

Madame Gardel is the principal female dancer here; but the others are not without grace in all their steps.

Even at the inferior theatres, we often witness superior dancers. At this, however, we cannot be surprised, when we reflect, that dancing is the forte of the people.

Scenery.

The Scenery, dresses, and decorations, in the French theatres, are all at times characteristic, and well executed. Though in point of splendour the Parisian is by no means before the London stage.

The magnitude of the London theatres, the public spirit of their managers, and the comparative riches of their treasuries, are at once reasons why we ought to excel in the pageant and splendour of the scene. The scenery here is well managed, and particular attention paid to the disposition. In any complicated change, parts of the scene come from under the stage, others from above, and others from the sides.

Rise of the Curtain.

The moment the curtain is seen to rise, that instant confusion turns itself into order. Unlike our countrymen, who call for silence by the word itself, the French express their wish for attention, by a noise which may be described by a prolongation of the syllable *ish*——

After the curtain is once up, it is expected that no person should interrupt the performance; the established law of a French audience being universal attention.

A singular theatrical breach of decorum took place on Sunday evening, August the 8th, 1802, at the opera.

The theatre being very full, and the weather uncommonly hot, two gentlemen in the centre boxes were of a sudden observed to be sitting without coats! The audience perceiving this, rose up and demanded the coats to be put on. After much clamour, the desire was apparently complied with, and the performance resumed. As the coats had not in reality been put on, but only thrown over the shoulders, so in less than five minutes they were again thrown off. Open war now ensued between the audience and the enemy; the latter completely repulsing the former in every successive attack. During the heat of the battle, one of the enemy, after having discharged a tremendous artillery of oaths at the audience, followed it up by a parley, which in the English language set them all completely at defiance. I will not pretend to repeat a speech which probably the major part of the audience did not understand. But the great concourse of English then on the theatre of war, justly feeling this unexpected attack on their national manners, immediately joined all their force to that of the audience, in the expulsion of the enemy. The consequence was, the allies were victorious.

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Whether this extraordinary affair was the result of frolic or intoxication it is difficult to determine. But the French papers, in relating the circumstance, said, that the disturbance took place in consequence of two English gentlemen sitting without coats, according to the custom of their country!

Having so far viewed circumstances of a general nature, I shall now endeavour to enter into the merits of each particular theatre, beginning with the opera.

Theatre des Arts,

Or the opera, stands at the head of all the theatres in Paris, and ranks itself as the first of its kind in Europe. The grounds of this superiority may certainly be disputed.

Pre-eminence can only be substantiated by a superior perfection over every theatre of the same description. This the French opera has aimed at, but by no means attained.

In the *Ballet* this theatre is unrivalled. In the excellency of the music, also, it is truly happy. But in the grand points of capital singers it fails, and yields dicidedly to the opera of London. As these circumstances may require further confirmation, we will consider them more particularly.

Lais is the first male singer here. This performer possesses taste and judgment, and is deservedly a favourite; but still, with all his merit, he is not that superior singer we should expect at the opera of Paris. The female singers are much better actresses than musicians. Indeed the place for a great vocal performer is evidently open. The orchestra is by no means equal to that of the French national comic opera. In the full pieces the harshness of drums cut the ear into pieces; and in the song, the band, as if conscious of a superiority, accompanies the singer much too strong; thereby forcing the voice to exert itself in a greater degree than it ought to do. Thus the singer and orchestra are too often at variance; and thus the execution of the finest music is so far unjust, since the ear finds too little relief between the accompaniment of a song, trio, or chorus.

The orchestra here is conducted by a director, who beats the time, orders the pauses, and dictates the various expression of the music. Admitting the piece to be well understood, this parade is surely unnecessary. But as it is, it looks to a stranger precisely as though the music was actually undergoing a rehearsal. At any rate, the flourishing roll of parchment, and the corporeal signs of the conductor, are extremely offensive to the eye of the spectator.

These are some of the principal defects of this theatre, and great ones in an opera they certainly are. In order, however, that the reader may more clearly judge of the performances, I shall mention here, as well as at the comic opera, the chief pieces at present in representation.

Armida, by Gluck, at this theatre, is a most superb spectacle; the dancers are incorporated with the opera. The soft chorusses of females during some of the dances, are finely enriched by tenor and bass voices behind the scenes; these are so nicely kept under, as to be detected only by a very inquisitive ear.

The loud and dreadful peal of warlike music which rouses the lover of *Armida* to a recollection of his state, positively electrifies the audience.

The shower of fire, and the destruction of the superb palace of *Armida*, is, perhaps, as magnificent and awful a scene as the stage is capable of representing.

Les Mystères d'Isis, by Mozart, is indeed a majestic production. Music, dancing, and scenery all unite in one of the finest operas ever produced.

The music of this celebrated piece may justly be considered as a *chef d'œuvre* of the art. This opera is, perhaps, better understood and performed than most others at this theatre.

The other pieces in representation are all upon the same plan as the above.

There seems a great want of novelty at this theatre. *Tamerlane*, a new serious opera, by Winter, has been a long time in rehearsal, but is not yet produced.

The popular *Ballets* at present are—*La Dansomanie*, *Telemaque*, *Psyche*, and *Paris*. These are all the composition of the successful Gardel.

The story of the first piece is extremely entertaining, being founded on the rage for dancing; that of the others may be immediately implied by their names.

The hall of this theatre is spacious. But the house has apparently not been decorated for some years; and the heavy gold-fringed curtain is ill calculated to add to its brilliancy.

L'Opera Comique Nationale.

This theatre professes the cultivation of the French comic opera, which it has brought to great perfection.

The orchestra at this theatre, is decidedly the first in Paris. The singers also are good; and the operas such as we could ever wish to see, hear, and applaud.

The composers of this theatre are, Gretry, Farchi, Cherubini, Daleyrac, Mehul, and many others, whose talents have established the reputation of the French comic opera.

Ellevion, the principal singer, possesses a

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good voice, which he manages with much taste. He is also a good operatical actor, and a decided favourite with the public.

Martin is likewise an excellent singer, and approaches his rival in point of merit. These two performers have, in consequence, their respective partizans, and the laurel is often divided.

Le Deserteur has just been revived at this theatre. On the first night of its representation the house overflowed, and the piece was received with rapture. The people were no doubt delighted at being permitted to see an old favourite once more. Every person at all acquainted with the plot of the *Deserteur* will easily imagine the cause of its having been hitherto objectionable to the Government. This theatre, however, having gained its point in representing the *Deserteur*, may even now think it prudent not to insist on its repetition.

Lodoiska, as performed here, differs considerably, both in music and plot, from the *Lodoiska* of London. The concluding scene of the palace on fire is omitted at this theatre; perhaps from fear of comparison, or out of compliment to the last mentioned scene of *Armida* at the opera.

Zelima et Azor, which we see curtailed on the London theatres, is here given at length, and in a very superior style. Nothing could do their female performers more credit than their excellent execution of the favourite trio of *Veillons mes Sœurs*.

La fausse Duegne, has just been brought out here. The piece is a posthumous work of Della Maria. It was exceedingly well received by an overflowing house. Nor was its success less indebted to its merit than to the excellent singing of Ellevion, and the fine acting of Madame Saint Aubin.

The hall of this house is one of the most elegant and cheerful in Paris.—Indeed this theatre is not less a national school than a public ornament, whether on account of the excellency of the music, the merit of the performers, or the spirit which pervades every department of the establishment.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[*Continued from Page* 43.]

LETTER FIRST.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I KNOW you delight in flowers. You wish to become a botanist, and following Nature in your books, your progress is but slow. I offer myself to you, my dear friend, as a guide through the pleasant paths of that enchanting science. Though conscious of my limited knowledge, your confidence awakes self-love in my heart; and to you perhaps I shall owe successes, which I am desirous of obtaining, only to consecrate them to friendship.

Revived by abundant rains, the country now wears the verdant livery of spring, and Nature unfolding the growing germs, prepares a fruitful summer. Hasten to your friend, and let your imagination wander amidst the bloomy bowers that surround me.

This morning I descended into the garden; my mother gave me two roses gathered by her hand; and a young maiden of the village, our *protégée*, brought me a fresh and elegant nosegay. What can be a better introduction to Botany than the pleasure excited by flowers? It is universal; it cannot be explained; it effects the soul. Their perfumes, the elegance of their shapes, the harmonious *ensemble* of their leaves and colours, the promising hope of the fruits they foster and conceal, dispose us to yield to the soft impressions they are calculated to produce upon the feeling heart.

Numerous and bright as the real enjoyments of life, are the flowers that deck the earth; but we tread exultingly upon both, without deigning to gather them.

A botanist forms an acquaintance with those lovely individuals who drink the same atmosphere, are nourished by the same soil, and warmed by the same sun as himself. He examines and studies them; and after he has explored their common laws, he traces out their peculiar characters.

LETTER SECOND.

MY DEAR E—,

Flowers produce fruits through the medium of their organs, which observation has taught us

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to unite both sexes. The corolla is the temple, the sheltering tent, where the work of reproduction is accomplished.

The corolla is, you know, the coloured part of the flower, which envelopes the germen, and the filaments called stamens.

Linnæus disposes his twenty-four divisions according to the number and disposition of the sexual parts of the flower. He considers the stamens as the male, and the pistils as the female organs.

The stamen is the filament surmounted with a small head, which you will find in all flowers. The head is called *anther*, and contains the dust or *pollen* which fructifies the germen.

The pistil, always placed in the centre of the flower, is composed of the germen, which swells, ripens, and contains the seed; of the style, which is sometimes very long, often almost imperceptible, and rises above the germen; and lastly, of the stigma, which crowns the style, and varies in its shape. A single germen often carries several styles.

The celebrated traveller Tournefort, was the first who, at the beginning of the last century, undertook to class the plants. His characters were mostly taken from their external shapes. He numbered the petals or divisions of the corolla, and united in the same class the flowers that contained an equal number; but he soon found himself obliged to separate them into numerous divisions and subdivisions. In the class of monopetalous flowers (whose corolla is composed of one single piece), for instance, it was necessary to distinguish the hypocrateriform, or saucer-shaped, such as ths helitropum, from the rotaceæ, or wheel-shaped flowers; such as the borage, the infundibuliform, or funnel-shaped, as the primrose, from the personatæ, as the antirrhinum, toad-flax, &c. &c.—new difficulties arose at every step, and the system wanted precision.

Jussieu, more recently, made some alterations in the Linnæan system; and the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris was classed according to his method.

His three great divisions are founded on the state of the stem, when it arises from the ground.

The stem that presents no cotyledons or seminal leaves, is ranged among the acotyledons. That tribe contains the families of mushrooms and ferns, but no kind of moss; for the seed of that last plant has been sown, and two seminal leaves appeared on its stem.

The stalk, which is enveloped with a single seminal leaf or cotyledon, when it begins to grow, is classed among the monocotyledons. That division contains the gramina, as corn and the liliaceous, or plants whose root is of a bulbous nature.

The stalk that is enclosed in two seminal leaves belongs to the numerous family of dicotyledons.

M. Desfontaines has found means of ascertaining in full grown plants and trees, to which of the last divisions they must belong. Monocotyledons have no distinct layer in their wood or substance which forms their stems, their branches, or their trunks. Their marrow, disseminated in their substance, does not gather at the centre of the stalk; such, for instance, is the hyacinth; whilst all kinds of trees, or dicotyledon plants, present the contrary, without any exception.

You may, in one of your walks, cut horizontally various stems, and compose after your own observations, the two different catalogues.

In Jussieu's system the division of acotyledons forms only one class. The monocotyledons are divided into three different classes, according to the respective position of the stamens and pistils.

The first class encloses the hypogean family, viz. when the stamens are placed under the pistils, as in the gramina, &c. &c.

The second contains the perygean, viz. when the stamens are fixed upon the calyx, as in the lily.

The third is that of the epigean, and requires the stamens to be implanted on the pistil, as in orchis, &c.

The numerous division of dicotyledons is subdivided into families of apetalous flowers (without any corolla); monopetalous and polypetalous (with a corolla composed of several petals or leaves). The first and the third of those three subdivisions form each three classes of hypogean, perygean, and epigean plants.

The second forms four subdivisions, hypogean, perigean, epigean with anthers divided, and epigean with anthers united together.

The 15th class contains plants whose stamens and pistils are separated from each other, as in hemp: and those 15 classes comprehend 95 families of plants.

The divisions of Linnæus will be more particularly the object of our study. His learned and profound system may offer difficulties; but the beginner, whose steps it directs, derives from it the most satisfactory result.

I have not attempted, my dear friend, to demonstrate to you the advantages and utility of classical divisions. The vegetable kingdom is so wide that it requires a regular code of laws.

Linnæus, as I told you, characterises his twenty-four classes from the number or the position of the stamens. Plants with only one stamen, compose the monandria; with two, the Diandria;

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with three, the triandria; with four, the tetrandria; with five, the pentandria; with six, the hexandria; with seven, the heptandria; with eight, the octandria; with nine, the enneandria; with ten, the decandria; with twelve, the dodecandria; with an undetermined number the icosandria; and with an illimited number, the polyandria. No flower has yet been found with eleven stamens. You see by that enumeration that the number of stamens is the distinguishing character of every class.

The 14th contains the labiates, which have four stamens, two long ones and two short: it is called didynamia.

The 15th incloses the cruciforms, or flowers with four petals in the shape of a cross. It is remarkable for the position of its six stamens, four are long and two short opposite each other. It is called tetradynamia.

The 16th is the monadelphia, it comprehends the flowers whose stamens are united together around the pistil, as in the mallow.

The 17th, or diadelphia, supposes the stamens to be divided into two bundles around the pistil. It contains the leguminose or papilionaceæ, as the pea.

The 18th is the polyadelphia; it comprises the plants whose stamens are divided into separate bundles, as in St. John's wort.

The 19th, or syngenesia, is composed of the flowers whose stamens hold together by their anthers alone, and not by their filaments. The radiates, such as daisies, &c. are amongst the number.

The 20th, gynandria, contains those whose stamens are attached to the pistil, without adhering to the receptacle.

The receptacle is the base upon which stand all the parts of the flower.

The 21st class, or monoecia, comprises the plants which carry on the same stalks, flowers distinctly male, or filled with stamens alone, and others distinctly female, with one or several pistils.

The 22d class is the dioecia; it contains the plants whose male and female flowers blow on different stalks; such as hemp, &c.

The 23d, polygamia; when male and female flowers appear on the same stalk, which sometimes carries also hermaphrodite flowers, or uniting stamens with pistils.

The 24th, cryptogamia; contains every kind of vegetation which offers to the eye of observation no visible flower; such are algæ, moss, fern, mushroom, &c. This class is immense, and yet but little known. The word cryptogamia means *secret nuptials.*

Every class of Linnæus is divided into orders.

The orders in the thirteen first classes are taken from the number of pistils.

When there is but one pistil, it is the order monogynia.

2d order, digynia, 2 pistils.
3d ——— trigynia, 3 pistils.
4th——— tetragynia, 4 pistils.
5th——— pentagynia, 5 pistils.
6th——— hexagynia, 6 pistils.
7th——— heptagynia, 7 pistils.
8th——— decagynia, 10 pistils.
9th——— dodecagynia, 12 pistils.
10th——— polygynia, many pistils.

The 14th class is divided in two orders, according to the disposition of the seeds. The first, gymnospermia, is composed of flowers that leave four naked seeds at the bottom of the calyx. The second, angyospermia, the flowers of the same class whose seeds are enclosed in a pericarp.

The 15th class is divided in two orders, siliculosa and siliquosa. A siligile is a round pericarp, composed of two valves, and marked in its length with a style. A silique is a long two-valved pericarp, which enclose the seed, and has a membrane in the middle, which separates both valves.

The 16th, 17th, and 18th classes have for orders the classical divisions of the 13 first classes, and are regulated by the number of stamens. Mallow, for instance, is of the monadelphia class, and of the polyandria order. Peas are of the class diadelphia, and of the order decandria.

The 19th class is very numerous, and divided into five orders.

1st. Polygamia æqualis, when the florets of the disk (or centre), and those of the ray (or circumference), are equally hermaphrodite.

The florets are those small flowers which by their aggregation in the same calyx seem to form but one. A semi-floret is one of those small flowers whose base is a tube and extremity in the shape of a tongue.

2dly. Polygamia superflua, when the disk contains hermaphrodite, and the ray female florets.

3dly. Polygamia frustranea, when the florets of the disk are hermaphrodite, and those of the ray neuter, or deprived of stamens and pistils.

4th. Polygamia necessaria, when the florets of the disk are male, and those of the ray female.

5th. Monogamia, when the flowers, without being radiate and composed of florets, have their stamens united by their anthers as in the violet.

The orders of the 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d, classes are taken from the classical divisions of the first classes.

The 24th is divided into as many orders as it contains families,

This is the whole of the Linnæan theory.

Your's, &c. A. B.

[*To be continued.*]

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LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY,
UPON THE SUBJECT OF PERSPECTIVE;
Elucidating the practice of taking Views, and of designing Landscapes.

LETTER FIRST.

Does the fair Matilda with so much tenderness solicit the correspondence of an infirm old man, whose life has passed in retirement, and whose studies would alone have been sufficient to have secluded him from the general pleasures of society? Yes, and with sincerity; for my lovely niece cannot but desire what she so affectionately expresses. Then let me endeavour to discover some topic suitable both to her and myself; some subject instructive at least, if not so entertaining as those that arise in the fashionable circle of the drawing-room, or that succeed the exhilirating dance. Far from such scenes, amid studies which are commonly esteemed more laborious than amu ing, have past my many years. Many indeed; but, I thank my God, full of such enjoyments as I had hoped to find in the investigation of that part of truth in which alone it is permitted to man to arrive at any degree of certainty; I mean the truth of mathematical science. Early in life I became persuaded that geometry, and those studies which originate in it, were the proper exercises of human reason, and that all pursuits which were not directed by that important science, were merely the wanderings of the imagination. Taste hath no laws, metaphysics no language. The standard of the former can never be distinctly defined; it exists in the incommunicable sensations of every individual; sensations which are even more dissimilar than the features of each countenance. On the latter, all discourse is vague; for how shall names be attached to ideas that are ever varying their forms, and in a different situation cannot again be known; that are frequently the most concealed when they are the most powerful agents, and appear continually in the disguise of the most opposite sentiments? No, my Matilda, it hath been my determination to be pleased with the works of taste, without considering, critically, how much I ought to be pleased. If an author has power to touch one string of my heart, its vibrations immediately convince me of his merit; I am persuaded that he himself felt when he wrote; and that faculty of expressing his feeling, which submits to no law, but is as extensive as the imagination itself, constitutes a great and wonderful attribute of the human mind, on which all reasoning is fertile; for we cannot obtain data or definitions for the fabrication of a single argument. And yet more firmly have I resolved never to enter into the inscrutable jargon of metaphysics. When I consider the faculties of the soul, my astonishment bewilders me; I perceive something beyond the grasp of my reason; and since I am not conscious of any power of investigation superior to natural reason within me, I desist from the incomprehensible contemplation, and content myself with natural subjects. Geometry, therefore, and its large family of sciences, have been my constant companions. In them I have found indubitable truth; it is by them that we want no other testimonies to convince us of the order and harmony of the universe, of the certainty of the Great First Cause, and even of the nature of infinity itself. They are called abstruse, but falsely so; they are the most simple of all human inquiries; they demand only the most common endowments of intellect to be exerted upon the most apparent objects.

It is upon these subjects, Matilda, and upon these alone, that I am able to sustain the correspondence which you so sweetly request. To answer your enquiries on such topics, and to direct your attention to the proper objects of them, would indeed be to me a delightful occupation; but, perhaps, the asperity generally attributed to them intimidates you, and makes you already regret the solicitation with which you have favoured me. No, the attentive education which you have received, the love of truth in all its forms, which you have so frequently manifested, and that ardent perseverance in the search of real knowledge which elevates your understanding above the feeble curiosity, so characteristic of the inconsiderate part of your sex, warrant me in venturing to make some branch of the mathematics the subject of my epistles. I use the word venture, for in spite of the confidence which I have in your strength of mind, I fear the possibility of rendering my lovely niece thereby weary of the correspondence of her uncle; such a fear originates in the most affectionate sensations of an old man's heart, and admonishes me to commence with the most engaging branch of those sciences, the very names of which too often deter the fair, and even the man of taste, from attending to them. Perspective, the most gentle legislator to the most pleas-

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ing of the arts, shall be the first mathematical study to which I will engage you. Is it not time, my dear Matilda, that the pencil which in your hands possesses such powers, and which has been permitted to rove at large over flowers and landscapes in so beautiful but so wild a manner, should become acquainted with those laws of proportion to which it owes its excellence? Nothing that is justly admirable in painting can originate from yourself, unless you are perfectly versed in this geometrical theory, and in the practical rules derived therefrom; without this knowledge you must submit to be the humble copyist, and even that superiority of tint which practice has enabled you to bestow upon your beautiful copies will not save you from the degradation.

That I may support my observations, and engage your attention by that form of language in which you delight and excel, I here transcribe the lines of a Gentleman of my acquaintance:—

ON PERSPECTIVE.

Ere fair perspective's gentle laws were known,
Would bold design his daring forms display,
In colours brighter than the robes of May;
Yet without order was his tablet strewn,
Nor were the tender mists of distance shewn,
Nor objects less'ning thro' the length'ning way,
But as in dazzling noon's solstitial ray,
Delug'd with waves of light, the uncertain landscape shone.

'Twas then geometry, dark, thoughtful sage,
Sent from his cell recluse, his loveliest child,
Perspective, who had oft his toils beguil'd;
For she alone could to soft cares engage
His anxious mind, what time fair nature smil'd,
And would, with mimic scenes, his tedious lore assuage.

Straight in proportions just the objects rise,
The long receding vista slowly fades
In the far, faint horizon, while the shades
Of intermingled columns with surprize
Rivet upon one plane th' admirer's eyes,
As if a real distance did pervade
The portico, the less'ning spire, the glade,
Woods and receding hills that melt into the skies.

But ah! too like her sire, the nymph unlov'd,
Wander'd, while lawless scenes usurp'd her name:
Nor knew she where she might protection claim,
Till sense and taste in Oxford's figure moved.
Then felt her bosom hope's enlivening flame,
That art would keep her laws, by beauty's lips approv'd.*

I begin then, my dear Matilda, with the definition of that branch of knowledge which I intend to explain to you. Perspective is the science of those geometrical proportions by which the distance and inclination of any object or objects may be accurately represented on a *superficies*.

The *superficies* on which the delineation is to be made, is called the *plane of the picture*: for it is generally a flat, smooth surface, as canvass, paper, &c. And here, my dear niece, I would have you consider the idea of a plane independent of the substance to which it is attached. Not that a surface or plane can ever exist independent of substance, but the substance or thickness may be of no consequence in comparison with the surface. Thus, when I commend the beautiful polish of a mahogany table, the idea of its solidity is not in my mind: the plane surface alone occupies my attention. It is in the same manner that I shall frequently speak of certain perspective planes, without any reference to thickness. It will also be necessary sometimes for me to speak of lines, in which length only is considered, without any regard either to width or thickness; and of points, which are frequently denoted by dots, but which have in reality no sensible representation, being the extremities or boundaries of lines, and therefore without length, width, or thickness. These abstract ideas of points, lines, and surfaces, are very simple; but if you do not perfectly comprehend them at first, do not fatigue your imagination with endeavouring to do so; for almost every difficulty in the theory of geometry becomes lessened by the actual practice.

I suppose that you are acquainted with that manner of taking views which is practised by many artists who have but little knowledge of perspective. As the manner to which I allude will serve to illustrate the principles of this science, I shall here describe it, particularly as I believe you have the apparatus which it requires, and will therefore more easily comprehend my references. A frame of plate glass, covered with a thin layer of isinglass to render it capable of being drawn upon is fixed upon a stand, and the eye being always kept at the same distance from it, and at the same point, the forms of the objects seen through it may be traced accurately upon the plane surface of the isinglass.† You

* These lines are the production of Mr. Noble, author of Amphion, the Dawn of Peace, and various other poems, and were sent by him to the Countess of Oxford, with a copy of his Work on Perspective, lately published by Orme, Bond-street.

† This instrument is represented by plate 1, and will be easily understood on the slightest observation: the position of the delineator in it is supposed to be much elevated.

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have, then, in this instrument, the *plane of the picture*‡ represented by the surface of the isinglass; the *distance of the eye*§, represented by that wire which is usually attached to the frame, to determine the position of the eye of the person who delineates the picture, and also the *point of sight or perspective centre*‖ in that point on the isinglass to which the distance wire is directed, and which is therefore directly opposite to the eye of the delineator.

We accept it as an axiom or self-evident truth, that the apparent magnitude of objects is diminished according to their distance from the eye of the person who looks at them.§ But as the reason of this may be more clearly understood from the study of optics, and some knowledge of the structure of the eye, I refer you to the works of Mrs. Bryan, of Blackheath, who has condescended to open the gates of science to the most uninformed, and by elegance of diction, and all the ornaments of polished literature, has rendered irresistibly attractive, that entrance to knowledge, which was before so forbidden and uncouth.

Without inquiring, therefore, into the causes or nature of the decrease of objects as they become more distant from the eye, I shall content myself with observing, that we may suppose objects removed from us until they appear merely points, or rather totally disappear. Imagine, then, my dear Matilda, *that boundary* of our sight to which objects of the greatest possible magnitude being removed, would in appearance be diminished to imperceptible points, and you will have an idea of that which in perspective is denominated the *Visual Horizon*. You will thereby easily comprehend that it is on account of this decrease in the appearance of objects that vistas of trees or columns appear lower or more narrow as they recede from the eye, and that rows of stones which compose long walls, appear to converge to one point. Any surface or line belonging to any object, being supposed to be extended to the *Visual Horizon* is said to *vanish*.

So far, my dear niece, have I led you in my first letter. If I have not made my subject so engaging as you expected, remember that the rudiments of all knowledge is more tedious than the higher attainments. If you are not discouraged from proceeding any further, I shall in my next explain some more of the theory; and in my third, I shall arrive at a more pleasing part, the actual practice of the simpler propositions; thus, blending as much as possible the use of the pencil with the theory that ought to direct it.

Pleasing, indeed, to me is the task—how anxious am I to render it so to my Matilda—how grateful is the hope that the mind of her whom alone I love in this world, may be improved by those studies which have been my highest gratification, and at some periods my consolation.—Farewell!—Believe

Your fondly affectionate Uncle,

MATHOS LE BON.

[*To be continued.*]

‡ Marked P L N O on the plate.

§ Marked E C on the plate.

‖ Marked C on the plate.

§ Although, mathematically considered, the diminution of objects is not exactly in proportion to the distance, yet it so very nearly so, that no objection can be taken to the above sentence: and it must be observed, that mathematical disquisition is as much avoided as possible.

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FINE ARTS.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THIS important and excellent establishment was founded June 14th, 1805; pictures, &c. were received into its gallery January 18th, 1806, and on the 17th of February the exhibition and sale of those works of art, the productions of British artists, natives of, or resident in, the United Kingdom, was opened to the public, under the gracious auspices of his Majesty as Patron, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales Vice-Patron, and the Earl of Dartmouth President.

The first object of this institution is to improve and reward the talents of the artists of the British school, to stimulate their exertions in the higher and intellectual departments of the arts in historical and landscape painting, in sculpture, and in modelling. It is conceived that such an institution is of peculiar importance to the nation at large at this present moment, when efforts are making in different parts of Europe to promote the arts of design by great national establishments, and thereby to wrest from us those advantages in manufactures and commerce, which can only be retained by a pre-eminence in the fine arts. This pre-eminence, however, cannot be retained but by the assiduous cultivation of those arts. If we do not advance we must recede; and when we cease to improve we shall begin to degenerate. In a country where native energy is most abundant, professional taste and talent, and national patronage should no longer be confined to inferior objects; our artists should be encouraged to direct their attention to higher and nobler attainments; to paint the mind and passions of man, to depicture his sympathies and affections, and to illustrate the great events which have been recorded in the history of the world.

With a view to these important objects this institution has been formed by some of the most dignified and enlightened characters in the United Kingdom, by whom a purchase has been made of the premises late the Shakespeare Gallery, Pall-mall, which have been fitted up with a degree of appropriate elegance becoming the elevated rank of the noble founders and the importance of the object of their exalted patronage.

The splendid assemblage of British art, which forms the first exhibition in the gallery of the institution, has burst upon the public eye with a magical force of effect. A provident principle of the institution permitting those works which had passed in the reviews of former annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and others, down to those of the preceding year, some works even of deceased artists, but more of living ones, which have not yet found purchasers, are again brought before the public, in conjunction with numerous others, prepared by the first masters, purposely to form this magnificent national spectacle, so highly honourable to their talents, and so gratifying to the public feeling.

It cannot but have struck the spectators of our annual exhibitions, that in a mixed assemblage of dissimilar objects, of which they are formed, it is next to an impossibility that historical representation should have a chance of being contemplated with that care and attention requisite to the forming a just conception of the combinations required to produce a work of merit in this highest of the walks of art, whose province it is not only to please, but also to instruct.—Placed in contact with the portrait of a British beauty, or the figure of a distinguished military or naval character, a West, or a Barry, may pass unnoticed, unseen, and forgotten, but for the rank their names might hold in the catalogues. And thus the high and important office of the art in its province of instruction is rendered a non-entity, a thing unknown and unfelt. In the exhibition now before the public, all obstructions of that nature are removed. History presents her august form undisturbed by irrelevant objects, and with a dignity her own, tells her tale of joy or sorrow, of ancient or of modern lore, in a language adapted to the feelings of all, and which he who runs may read. Mind and sentiment pervading every object presented to our view, not a picture but is a lesson of reflection, not an object but challenges our taste, and demands our approbation.

The raising of this standard, around which, as to a rallying point, the arts have been invited to assemble, augurs much of glory to the professors, and more of honour to the illustrious

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patronage which has so liberally reared, and so strenuously laboured to support it. The genius of the country has been called forward by the voice of patriot zeal, and liberally awaits to remunerate its labours.

That call has been answered with promptitude and energy by the classic pencils of West, Mortimer, Fuseli, Copley, and a long etcetera of native worthies, in the historic class; whilst Turner, Daniell, Calcott, Ward, Freebairn, and others, eminent in landscape, with the modest, but most able, Nollekens, Bacon, Rossi, and Manning, have raised monuments of signal honour to their own, and to the character of their country. At a moment when the elegant arts were on the brink of annihilation, and seen fast drooping to decay, where is the British bosom that is not warmed by the cheering prospect that is now opened to the exertions of native genius, and participating in the gratifying feelings resulting from those labours in which national and individual honour is the certain issue of the cordial co-operation of talent, kept in constant activity by the cheering excitations of genuine taste and discriminating liberality. We hail the outset of this truly patriot place, which promises so much of good in its issue to all of the present, and gratification to those of future times.

The executive government of this illustrious institution is confided to a committee of sixteen of the noblemen and gentlemen who are of the classes of hereditary governors, having subscribed one hundred guineas, and of life governors having subscribed fifty guineas in one sum. A committee of visitors of the same number and order of subscribers form also a branch of the establishment; together with a treasurer, secretary, and keeper, with an adequate number of necessary servants. As soon as it may be found expedient, application will be made to his Majesty for a charter of incorporation for the institution.

The property of the institution is vested in the hereditary governors, subject to the privileges of the life governors, and of the annual and life subscribers.

Every governor has a right of personal admission to the institution, and of introducing two friends each day to the exhibition and gallery.

Annual subscribers of five guineas have also the same privileges.

Annual subscribers of three guineas have personal admission, with one friend, daily.

Annual subscribers of one guinea, or ten guineas in one sum as life-subscribers, have only personal admission to the exhibition and gallery. Ladies are subscribers in the class of governors, and may vote by proxy. They are also life or annual subscribers, in which classes none are qualified as voters on any business of the institution. The treasurer is annually chosen, and gives security to the directors, with two sureties, in the sum of 5000l. William Morland, Esq. M. P. is appointed to that office, which is merely honorary. The keeper, who has the care of the premises, and the whole property of the institution, the arrangement and conducting of the exhibition, and sales of pictures, &c. in the gallery, together with the direction and superintendance of all the servants of the establishment, holds that office during pleasure; Mr. Valentine Green possesses that situation, under the security of his own bond, in the sum of one thousand pounds, and that of his friend, in another thousand pounds.

The terms of admission of pictures, &c. for exhibition and sale, in the gallery of the institution, are the same as at the Royal Academy. The artist being only at the expence and trouble of sending them, and of taking them away at the close of the exhibition. No artist can have any share in the direction of the institution; but they are at liberty to become subscribers.—Pictures, &c. that have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, or in any other exhibition, are eligible to be received and exhibited in the British Gallery, if approved of by the committee of directors.

No deduction whatsoever is made on any picture, or other work of art, sold in this gallery; nor on the sale of any picture, &c. can they be removed till the close of the exhibition. The amount of the sale of pictures in the space of twenty-three days, which, to the writing of this article, is the whole of the time the exhibition has been open, and during a very inclement season, is 1127*l*.—March 15, 1806.

Subscriptions to the British Institution are received at the following bankers:—Messrs. Coutts and Co.; Messrs. Down, Thornton, and Co.; Messrs. Goslings, Sharp, and Co; Messrs. Hammersleys and Co.; Messrs. Hoares; Messrs. Praeds, Digby, and Co.; and Messrs. Ransom, Morland, and Co. Pall-mall.

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POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

STANZAS ON THE MOON.

NIGHT'S silver lamp ascends the skies,
By myriad splendid stars impearl'd,
And bids her midnight beauties rise,
To light and charm a weary'd world.

Yon mould'ring turret's time-worn form
Her soft and trembling beams illume;
She smiles amidst the coming storm,
And brightens from surrounding gloom.

Now the fleet footed fairies lave
Their spotless limbs in pearly dew,
Or sit beside the lucid wave,
Or deck the scene that Spencer drew.

On some gay flow'ret's emerald stem
Perchance their magic feet alight,
Whose silv'ry sandals bear a gem
Dropt from the starry sphere of night;

Or sprightly o'er the spiral grass
With giddy, graceful ease they glide;
A dew drop is their looking-glass,
Their mirror is the sleeping tide.

When morning opes her cloudless eye,
The fairies seek their mossy cell;
There in soft smiling slumbers lie,
Till waken'd by the ev'ning bell.

Kingsland. J. M.

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is love?—'Tis pleasure, pain;
One time 'tis loss, another gain;
It breeds the soft impassion'd sigh,
And bids the tear suffuse the eye;
Yet oft a smile it makes us prove—
This, youthful poets, this is love.

It bids us oft avert the eye,
When her we hold most dear is nigh;
It makes the eloquent grow mute,
Who fain would pay a lover's suit;
Yet bids the tongue of silence move—
All these are surest signs of love.

It makes stern valour crouch its slave,
Degrades the proud, unnerves the brave;
Ev'n the bright seasons seem to change,
Beneath love's soft and fostering range;
And winter, as we gaily rove,
Changes to summer, touch'd by love.

J. M. L.

ON THE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY OF MISS A—TT.

YES, thro' the veil of pale disease,
Those charms have still the pow'r to please;
Charms which the purest lilies show,
Or snow drops op'ning into blow;
Charms which the fairest form pourtrays,
Or budding jessamine displays;
Whose hectic blushes not in vain
Reflected loveliness on pain.

Thus when hoar winter's frozen hand
Spreads o'er Helvetius' dreary land,
Alps' tow'ring heads with gloom invests,
And swells with snow its mountain breasts,
The sick'ning sun with languid ray
Gleams through the misty cloud of day;
But when from off the face of heav'n
The gelid northern breeze has driv'n
Dank fogs, whence noxious vapours rise,
To taint the lustre of the skies,
The golden orb refulgent breaks,
With radiance new the mountain streaks,
When sparkling gems reflecting light,
Unnumber'd dance upon the sight;
While as returns the vernal gale,
Waving fresh beauties o'er the vale,
Nature, in lovelier colours drest,
Smiles o'er the earth supremely blest!

Of thee the winds enamour'd grew,
And kiss'd the blossom as it blew;
Then sipping off the dew of health,
Strove to destroy its beauteous wealth;
Thus rudely daring to invade
A form they vainly sought to fade;
'Twas then I saw thee as a flow'r,
Which drooping still retains its pow'r.

When o'er her frame Hygeia's breath
Its balm diffus'd, the dart of death,
Doubly envenom'd, she defied,
Tho' wounded, still no beauty died;
As glowing tints the morn disclose,
So the new Helen blushing rose;
As flow'rs which shed increas'd perfume,
When dew drops glisten on their bloom.

Welcome the gale Hygeia blew,
Which brought returning charms to view!
Ah! far more welcome than the breeze,
Which drives yon vessel o'er the seas;
Or wafting thousands to the shore,
Who never thought to reach it more.

Then oh! how well did she conceal
The pain less beauties would reveal!

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How well the contest she sustain'd!
How great the victory obtain'd!
While from the radiance of her eyes
New lightnings flash, new dangers rise.
Beware, for oh! their potent charm,
Where'er they glance they must disarm.

But when, alas! life's spirits die,
And souls to realms ethereal fly,
From the unfathomable deep,
And awful death's sepulchral sleep;
Those too, on heavenly wings from earth,
Shall mount to renovated birth,
And bloom again in youthful pride,
"Where angels live, who mortals died!"

Surrey Street. R. C.

LA LUNE D'UNE VIELLE.

WRITTEN IN BUSHY PARK, AUGUST, 1805:

Occasioned by hearing a Lady say she loved to look at the Moon, though it made her melancholy.

If thus pensive, my Cynthia, thy image I see,
If thy orb to the memory brings
The dear pleasures of youth—lost for ever to me
On the fugitive Time's rapid wings.

Yet devoutly I court thy return to the skies,
With the dawn of thy infantine light;
Still I greet the faint beams which with languor arise,
As if shy to encounter the night.

Still I trace, with pure homage of wonder and love,
The progressive advance of thy ray;
Still adoring I view the bright circle improve,
Till in splendor it rivals the day.

When again to depart I behold thee prepare,
Sympathetic I mourn thy decline;
Some resemblance remote to each other we bear,
For *thy changes* are emblems of *mine*.

Then forgive, if while thus I contemplate thy sight,
And thus musing I mournfully gaze;
If my worship's profane of the Heav'n-born light,
By the tear that I blend with its praise.

For to *me* how *revers'd* is the beam of that sphere,
As it glides o'er the desolate ground;
What a paleness it sheds on the face of the deer!
Like a spectre he wanders around.

With a timid suspicion I shrink from the lamp,
Noxious vapours impregnate the air;
On the dew frozen lawn I behold the chill damp,
And joy sinks on the bosom of care.

Yet, perchance a fond dream of enchantment I find,
As *reflection* exhibits her glass;
Here the scenes that are vanish'd pass over the mind,
As thy shadows fleet over the grass.

With endearment the visions of time I renew,
Their past claims on my heart I replace;
To the mould'ring tomb the lost friend I pursue,
And the phantom with transport embrace.

I review the fair days of my juvenile pride,
When the moments with gaiety smil'd;
When a feather of pleasure the present supply'd,
And the future of thought was beguil'd.

In refulgence full orb'd my bright Cynthia then rose,
Ruling star of the *dance* or the *song*;
Then—impatient I waited the day's tardy close,
And *her* presence to lead the gay throng.

With a lustre divine she embellish'd this grove,
And these bushes in splendor array'd;
It might seem that the *goddess* commanded by Jove,
For *Endymion* had silver'd the shade.

But where now is the moon that so brilliantly shone?
Lost—in treasure of *Time*'s rifled store;
Where the colours from *life*'s painted canvass are flown,
When *Hope* dresses the *picture no more*.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

ANACREON, ODE XLVI.

Love's a pain that works our woe;
Not to love is painful too:
But, alas! the greatest pain
Waits the love that meets disdain.

What avails ingenuous worth,
Sprightly wit, or noble birth?
All these virtues useless prove;
Gold alone engages love.

May he be completely curst
Who the sleeping mischief first
Wak'd to life, and, vile before,
Stamp'd with worth the sordid ore.

Gold creates 'mong brethren strife;
Gold destroys the parent's life;
Gold produces civil jars,
Murders, massacres, and wars;
But the worst effect of gold,
Love, alas! is bought and sold.

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LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. T. W. VAUGHAN*,

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARP.

SURE 'tis a voice divine that wakes yon strings,
And calls the power of music from her cell,
Bids her unlock her most melodious springs,
And make each tone with choicest sweetness swell!

Hark! in yon distant note what softness dwells!
Attention, breathless, sits to catch the sound,
While fancy's hand unbinds her secret spells,
And all her airy visions float around.

Come, ye whose breasts the tyrant sorrows own,
Around this breathing harp obedient throng;
Here all your woes shall meet an answ'ring tone,
And hear the plaint that does to each belong.

Solemn and slow yon murm'ring cadence rolls,
Till on th' attentive ear it dies away,
To your fond griefs responsive, ye, whose souls
O'er friends just lost affection's tribute pay.

But hark! in regular progression move
Yon silver sounds, and mingle as they fall;
Do they not wake thy trembling nerves, oh love!
And into *warmer* life thy feelings call?

Again it sounds, but shrill and swift the tones
In wild disorder strike upon the ear;
Pale frenzy listens, *kindred* wildness owns,
And starts appall'd, the well-known sounds to hear:

But e'en the gay, the giddy, and the vain,
In mute delight the vocal wires attend;
Silent, they catch the ever varying strain,
And, pleas'd, the vacant toils of mirth suspend.

So when the lute, on *Memmon's*† statue hung,
At day's first rising strains melodious pour'd,
Untouch'd by mortal hands, the gathering throng
In silent wonder listen'd, and ador'd.

But ah! most welcome to soft fancy's ear,
Is the wild cadence of these trembling strings;
At the sweet sound she calls her spirits near,
And waves in silent joy her painted wings.

Sometimes she whispers that the melting strains
Spring from th' angelic choir in bright array,
Bearing on radiant clouds to yon blue plains
A soul just parted from its mould'ring clay!

And oft at eve her bright creative eye
Sees to the wind their silken pinions stream,
While on the quiv'ring trees soft breezes sigh,
And thro' the leaves disclose the moon's pale beam.

Oh breathing instrument! be ever near,
When to the pensive Muse my vows I pay;
Thou inspiration on thy wires canst bear,
And bid each feeling own her potent sway.

Then oft from busy crowds o'erjoy'd I'll steal,
To where my hand has rais'd thy tuneful shrine,
There from thy varying tones I'll learn to feel,
And, sweet inspirer, ask no aid but *thine?*

L—th R—d. T. V—GH—N, Sen.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

AT thy approach, enchanting spring,
The meadows laugh, the valleys sing,
And Nature all looks gay:
The sun shines out with friendly beams,
And dancing in the crystal streams,
Adds beauty to the day.

How sweet with a dear friend to rove,
Where linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or blackbirds sweetly sing;
The mellow bull-finch, and the thrush,
The concert join from every bush,
To welcome in the Spring.

Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
Where falling objects soothe the mind,
Or lull to soft repose;
Our thoughts on rural subjects bent,
Enjoy a calm, a sweet content,
That grandeur seldom knows.

Woods, hills, and plains, own Nature's King,
Who rules the seasons, decks the Spring,
With power and skill divine:
The lowing herds their Maker praise,
And songsters, in harmonious lays,
The grateful tribute join.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

'TIS past!—gay Flora crowns the laughing sphere;
No more the plains in wint'ry sadness mourn;
But when for me shall bloom the youthful year,
Or when the dreams of infant life return?

Full soon, alas! the soft illusion fades,
That oft young fancy's heedless morn beguiles,
When the dear hope of lasting bliss pervades
Her fairy warblings and her syren smiles.

O life! what pangs the feeling soul must bear,
That lone and hopeless treads thy toilsome way;
But virtue's hand dispels each baneful care,
And points, exulting, to the blissful day.
The day that, destin'd to a softer shore,
Shall prove thy sorrows and thy woes no more.

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* Only daughter to the celebrated and beautiful Mrs. Musters, of Grosvenor Place.

† See Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

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TO A LADY,

On hearing her sing, "O had I Jubal's Lyre, &c." and accompany it on the Piano Forte.

JUBAL, the pride of Judah's race,
Inventor of the lyre,
And Miriam's tuneful voice conjoin'd,
Could Israel's sons inspire.

But O! had Jubal heard thy lips
Breathe for that lyre a pray'r,
His saintly finger'd chords would prove
That greater skill was there:

Miriam would own superior strains
Than Israel's daughter sung;
Confess thy sweeter art, and hang
Enraptur'd on thy tongue.

O may those soft melodious pow'rs,
To thee so largely given,
Be tun'd, when here they cease to charm,
To loftier songs in heaven!

F. L. H.

ODE.

OH! far remov'd from my retreat
Be av'rice and ambition's feet!
Give me, unconscious of their pow'r,
To taste the peaceful, social hour!
Give me, beneath the branching vine,
The woodbine sweet, or eglantine,
While ev'ning sheds his balmy dews,
To court the chaste inspiring Muse!
Or, with the partner of my soul,
To mix the heart expanding bowl.
Yes, dear Sabina! when, with thee,
I hail the goddess Liberty;
When joyous through the leafy grove,
Or o'er the flow'ry meads we rove;
While thy tender bosom shares
Thy faithful Delia's joys and cares,
Nor pomp nor wealth my wishes move,
Nor the more soft deceiver, Love.

F. H.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS
FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1806.
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

[*Continued from Page* 55.]

WE are naturally led to speak of the advantages which the cause of general independence at present enjoys. They are not indeed numerous, but some consolation may still be found, notwithstanding the calamitous catastrophe of the war.

Europe was, during the four years that succeeded the peace of Luneville, what she had been during the painful period which prepared and produced that peace: an incoherent mass of scattered and jarring elements, rather than a duly organized body, united and moved by the laws of a common interest. England was completely insulated from the Continent, who seemed as regardless of the war, of the awful war which she waged with France, as of the quarrel she was at the same time engaged in with Scindia and Holkar. Austria, bent beneath the yoke, did not even dare to fix her eyes on the prospect of a mutually protecting alliance, and trembled at the idea of raising any apprehension in the tyrant's mind, that she seriously cherished any hope of arising from her fall.

Russia, carried away by the desire of co-operating in the new arrangements of Germany, still more powerfully carried away by the unremitting anxiety of her sovereign to lay the foundation of a solid and durable peace, and by the illusions with which Bonaparte contrived to beguile his pure and noble soul, seemed to forget for a time, that there can be no peace with the ever renascent necessities of a government, unjust in its nature, and with the phrenzy of a delirious ambition; and thus seconded in some degree the projects of that government, by resisting them only, and at best by her silence.

Prussia in fine, wedded by a long over-weening habit of insulation and political egotism, clinging with a blind pertinacity to old inveterate antipathies, of which the total change the affairs of Europe had undergone, should have extinguished even the recollection; fearing, perhaps, those very powers whose cause had become her own, on the very account of the injury she had done them by her long inactivity, and considering moreover her connection with France as the only or the surest means of acquiring, from time to time, some transient advantages, consolidated and extended those connections, even at the sacrifice of all her dignity, by allowing a French army to sit down at her frontier, and give the law to those to whom Prussia had so repeatedly promised, and held out her powerful protection.

Such was the situation in which we stood, when the unchecked strides of Bonaparte, and his continually increasing insolence, awakened at once

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all the Cabinets, and impressed upon their minds the indispensible necessity of a change of system and of principles. This political revolution took its rise at the close of the year 1804; but its effects became manifest only about the month of August, 1805 The disdainful and offensive manner in which the passports granted to M. Novosiltzoff were returned, and the audaciousness with which they were annulled by the invasion of Genoa, were the signals which announced to Europe that she must soon arouse from her long slumbers.

A new order of things speedily began to unfold itself. England became closely connected with Russia, by a treaty founded much less upon the particular interests of either power, than on the pure principles, the noble project of a general equilibrium, a general conservation and prosperity. Through the medium of this treaty, England also linked herself in a community of interest with Austria, who had acceded to the treaty; and we should have seen her likewise united with Prussia, had not the fatal events of the month of December blasted for the moment our fairest hopes. The Emperor of Russia was long before convinced, that the conduct of the French government, that the monstrous preponderance it had acquired, that the efforts which it was incessantly exerting to increase that preponderance, to the utter extinction of every other power, were the sole cause and source of all the disturbances and of all the sufferings of Europe. He therefore conceived the magnanimous design of first employing his intervention, and next the greater part of his forces, in support of the common interest of the different powers, and of seeking greatness and glory not in unavailing conquests, but in the confirmation of social order, and the gratitude of his cotemporaries.

Austria no longer finding herself alone and deserted on all sides, emerged from her profound lethargy; concerted with Russia, and through Russia with England, the means of producing an essential change in the affairs of Europe, and displayed for some months a resolution vigorously announced and energetically followed up by the most respectable measures. Prussia herself (it is no longer possible to shut our eyes to that fact, in spite of the fatal issue of this grand confederacy), even Prussia had abjured her distressing neutrality, and was most cordially preparing to co-operate with the efforts of the confederate courts. It already bespoke a revolution, but little expected in his political system, to see the King of Prussia induced to offer up the most ardent vows for the success of their arms and their views; but what indisputably proved the secret change which had taken place in his mode of thinking and feeling, and carried him much further, was the extreme facility with which the Emperor of Russia had prevailed upon him to embark in the common enterprize by a most solemn treaty. By a strange concurrence of fatal circumstances, seconded perhaps by the perfidy of the instruments that were employed in the execution of the diplomatic part of the treaty, this engagement proved abortive. It is not to be wondered at, if the public, who are always ill-informed upon such matters, or if some persons who know better, but who listen only to their malice and their resentment, endeavour at present to excite suspicions respecting the reality or the sincerity of that memorable negotiation. It is, however, a thing beyond the reach of all doubt—a fact that can never be rescued from the page of history—that if the confederate armies could but have made head to Bonaparte until the 20th of December, war would have been declared by Prussia against France, and an army of one hundred thousand men would have advanced into Bohemia, while another of equal force would have marched from the Mayn to the Danube. Every thing had, therefore, been absolutely changed around us; and to a state of things in which a complete disunion of the greater powers, in which desertion or apathy on the part of some, false policy and suspicious designs on the part of others, were hurrying us on with giant strides towards the last extreme of servitude and nothingness, we saw succeed an unexpected concert that would have extricated us, for a length of time, from our embarrassments, our tribulations, and our fears, had not some leading defects in its primitive composition, and the overwhelming disasters which marked its outset, struck it with impotence at the very moment we imagined we were about to enjoy the rewards of such glorious achievements.

[*To be continued.*]

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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MARCH.

During the season of Lent, the public amusements have been somewhat dull.

At this period of the year little novelty can be expected at either house; something, however, is in preparation at both, and the public are unusually sanguine with respect to the amusements in store for them.

Dibdin's opera of the *White Plume*, with Reeves's delightful music, will be produced on Easter Monday. It is spoken of as a *chef d'œuvre* of Dibdin's. The *Forty Thieves* are certainly coming forward. Upon this subject we speak decidedly. The dialogue and the songs are said to be written by Colman.

A new comedy has been read at Drury-lane, it is entitled the *Enthusiast*. The author's name is pretty well conjectured; but not known.

Earl Warwick was revived on Saturday the 29th of March, for the sake of giving a declamatory part to the Young Roscius.

We wish now, that the Managers are in the reviving humour, that they would reinstate Shirley's excellent old comedy of the *Gamesters*; a delicate hand might easily cleanse it of its impurities.

A new farce, under the title of *Loquacity*, has been so popular on the French stage, that we are astonished it has not been imported. The humour of this piece is that of man, with an unbounded propensity to talking, stopping every body's mouth, catching up answers in embryo, and anticipating the dialogue of every person with whom he converses. Thus, in fact, notwithstanding the variety of characters with whom he is associated, he has, with little exception, the whole dialogue of the piece to himself. The humour is original and good, and if properly combined with character and situation, would be very effective on the stage.

It has been stated in some of the papers, that Master Betty has entered into an engagement with the Drury-lane Managers for the next season, at a reduced salary of twenty pounds per week.

DRURY LANE.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

THE admirable comedy of *Love for Love* has been revived at this theatre.—It is some credit to the public that in the present degeneracy of the stage such a comedy can find an audience. We cannot agree, perhaps, with Jeremy Collier, "that when Congreve left the stage, comedy left it with him;" but we may venture to say, that until the true sense of what constitutes comedy returns to the public, Congreve can scarcely hope to be popular above a night.

This comedy was extremely well cast—Elliston's *Valentine* had spirit and ease; it wanted, perhaps, that which is now almost obsolete on the stage—the *manner* of the Rake of Congreve's time; that kind of elegant grossness, and gay profligacy, which was the character of men of wit and fashion at that period; every trace of which is now lost, and is certainly not worth redeeming.—The days are long past

"*Since Wits wrote plays, and even Lords had wit.*"

The *Valentines* and *Mirables*, now, can never hope to please, since, in truth, they are not understood; and probably the style of acting these parts is as much lost and forgotten as the sense of relishing them. The creatures of Congreve, unlike those of Shakespeare, are perishable beings; formed upon accidental habits, and adventitious modes, the cement and the sand are continually loosening, whilst those which have nature for their basis, like the elements upon which she rests, have a solidity and permanency which can only be shaken by the stroke which dissolves herself.

Bannister, in the character of *Ben*, was the true sailor of nature, and not that of the stage merely. This character, so finely drawn, was no less admirably performed. Bannister's Sailor has always been the boast of the English stage; and the nearer his prototype resembles life, the better it is. Some actors succeed most in characters eccentric and distorted, but it is the pride of the genuine sons of humour to place their boldest strokes, and imprint their most brilliant and lasting colours, upon the canvass of nature only.

It is unnecessary to speak of the unrivalled excellence of Mrs. Jordan, in *Miss Prue*. Miss Duncan's *Angelica* had those faults which infect her general acting, and of which, with the most zealous regard for her professional character, we shall remind her at another opportunity. Her worst enemy now is a flatterer; the best thing her critics can do is to put her out of conceit with herself: so noble and promising a performer should not be lost for the want of a little wholesome discipline. Dowton's *Sir Sampson* is deserving of the highest credit.

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COVENT-GARDEN.

On Saturday, March 8th, a new comedy, called *A Hint to Husbands*, from the pen of the veteran Cumberland, was performed for the first time at this theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Transit, - - -	*Mr. C. Kemble.*
Sir Charles Le Brun, -	— *H. Johnston.*
Heartright, - - - - -	— *Pope.*
Fairford, - - - - -	— *Fawcett.*
George Trevor, - - -	— *Brunton.*
Pliant, - - - - -	— *Farley.*
Harry Sumner, - - -	— *Field.*
Hardiman, - - - -	— *Jefferies.*
Codicil, - - - - -	— *Emery.*
O'Dogherty, - - -	— *Blanchard.*
Lady Transit, - - -	*Miss Smith.*
Lady Le Brun, - - -	*Mrs. Glover.*
Ruth, - - - - -	— *Emery.*

FABLE.—*Lord Transit*, weary of a retired life and the society of his lady (the daughter of *Mr. Fairford*), whom he had married when a humble girl, without the consent of her father, who was then in Russia, mixes once more in the society of the gay and dissipated, and sends *Lady Transit* home to her father's house. *Fairford*, by the bequest of a friend, is now become exceedingly rich; he forgives his daughter's disobedience, and places a considerable sum of money in her hands to maintain her dignity; and procures a commission for his nephew, *George Trevor*, for the purpose of that gentleman's calling *Lord Transit* to an account for his behaviour. *Trevor* waits upon his Lordship, who having repented of his misconduct, receives him with respect, and being undeceived by the youth, with regard to his suspicions of an intrigue between his lady and Sir *Charles Le Brun*, he wishes for a reconciliation. The parties are brought together at the house of *Lady Le Brun*, and *Fairford*, who had discovered, by some papers, the benevolence of *Lord Transit* to his wife, during his absence abroad, relieves his Lordship from great embarrassments, by relinquishing a considerable claim he held upon his estates, and consents to his daughter's reconcilement with him.

This piece, we have said, is the production of Cumberland, the old champion of that sentimental kind of comedy, which, in his hands, has exalted the character of the English drama, and has no less tarnished and degraded it in the hands of others.

The correctness and gravity which Cumberland first introduced upon the stage has given rise to a spurious offspring, which we have so often seen tricked out with trite pedantic morality, with affected preaching and whining, converting the theatre into a Methodist chapel, where virtue was merely made use of as the stalking horse for applause, and wit and humour banished from their proper seats.

The present comedy is in the true style of the author; but not in that of his happier days. It is harmless and inoffensive in its moral; chaste and regular in its design and execution; pure, and unaffected in its dialogue; but wholly without invention, either in its characters or fable.

It is to be distinguished for a cold, creeping correctness; it sneaked to port under plentiful broadsides of *clap-trap* morality. It kept an even, quiet tenor, in a voyage in which little was ventured, and nothing gained but safety.

The prologue promised *legitimate* comedy. If legitimate comedy consisted in mere purity of dialogue, in a harmless moral strain, we must confess that there was that *bleating* innocence in the piece which recommended it to mercy; but if legitimate comedy requires something of invention and novelty in its fable, and not a story borrowed from a circulating library; if it demands a regular and well sustained interest, which shall entice and fix the curiosity through the progress of the scene, and lead to a natural but unexpected *denouement*; if legitimate comedy requires this, undoubtedly this piece had it not to boast.

In the first act every thing was anticipated. The fable had not the merit of a single embarrassment.—A long horizon of gloom presented itself at the outset; a depth of dullness lay in perspective, and not one flash of merriment burst forth to cheer us on the way.—We confess we never saw a piece so legitimately dull; written with such heavy accuracy, and tiresome precision. There was in every part the same stiff monotony; the characters were all tricked out from the same moral wardrobe, and attired in the same dull drapery of dress.

All the cardinal virtues seem to have clubbed to make this foolish fraternity of characters; the "Whole Duty of Man" yielded up its treasures, and we know not whether a more sacred Manual may not call Mr. Cumberland a plagiarist.

We have assigned a reason for its success.—The performers, particularly Miss Smith, did ample justice to the piece. It has run six nights, and is now laid by.

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London Fashion. Engraved for the present Month.

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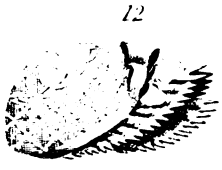

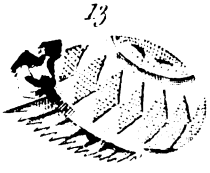

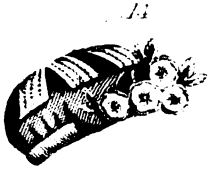

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FASHIONS

For APRIL, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

No. 1.—A Fashionable Walking Dress.

A short round gown of plain India muslin, with a border at the bottom, made high in the neck. A blue velvet spencer; a cap with a lace border; a straw hat, turned up in front, with a small pink rose.

No. 2.—A Fashionable Morning Neglige.

A gown of India striped muslin made with a full collar to button close to the neck, and down the front, with long sleeves. A half mob cap, with a yellow crown. This figure is represented reclining on a fashionable sopha.

No. 3.—An Evening Full Dress.

A Mameluke robe of white crape, trimmed round the bosom and the bottom with slate coloured Delta trimming; worn over a white sarsnet slip; the sleeves short and full; rich clasp; a half handkerchief crossed over the bosom, with a cornelian broach; turban of slate coloured crape, and gold aigrette; white kid gloves and shoes; ridicule of white velvet and gold.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

No. 4.—An elegant Morning Walking Dress.

A straw gypsey hat, tied under the chin with white satin ribband, embellished in the front with wild blue flowers. A muslin gown, ornamented with knotted work, short puffed up sleeves, just covering the shoulders, and a puckered trimming round the breasts, and hanging over the shoulders, with a light-blue kerseymere shawl, edged with a Turkish border, and the shawl tastefully drapered; white gloves, and brown shoes, compose one of the most fashionable walking dresses the Parisian *élégantes* have adopted this spring.

No. 5.—A Half Full Dress.

A bonnet made of pink ribbands, trimmed with a tuft of ribbands in the front, exhibiting only a few curls over the forehead; a plain muslin gown, with sleeves chequered with pink ribbands, and the gown ornamented in the front also with pink ribbands, the breasts trimmed with puckered net lace, and a pink sash, with short ends hanging behind; an Indian shawl, with Turkish embroidery; white satin shoes, and *perkale* gloves: this half dress has been considered equally simple and elegant.

No 6.—A complete Full Dress.

The hair *à l'Egyptiénne*, two rows of beads round the forehead, with a comb, and fancy ornaments gracefully displayed behind the hair, which is plaited in the shape of a cork-screw; a white pearl neck-lace fastened in the front with a large antique stone; an *Austerlitz* robe of nankin-coloured sarsnet, sleeves ornamented with blue sarsnet, and gracefully embroidered in the front with the same, into fanciful knots and plaits; white satin shoes, and Albion net-gloves; an handsome fine shade in the right hand. This fashionable full dress, which has only made its appearance since the return of Napoleon, is esteemed equally elegant in its peculiar fashion and display, and no less complimentary to the Court.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Lent has precluded the display of fashionable novelties; the London *élégantes* have not, however, permitted themselves to remain inactive; many head-dresses, and gowns of elegance, have been invented for the present month, which promise to become prevalent among every rank of fashion. Brown velvet *bandeaux*, ornamented with an antique set in gold, looped on the

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right side with a gold broach, and closed behind with a gold clasp, is an elegant ornament for full dress. The *bandeaux* are made of dark brown scarlet, or slate-coloured velvets. An opera cap, consisting of a laced veil, formed into a kind of turban, with a wreath of half dead laurel leaves, an hyacinth in the middle, edged over the forehead with swansdown, and an handsome comb placed behind the head, is particularly elegant. An half dress cap, made of fine muslin, lined with pink sarsnet, and the muslin ornamented with knotted work, forming a hat on one side, trimmed with sarsnet on the other, and embellished with a rosette in front, has some claims to notice. The *Bronti* hat, made of silver grey embossed velvet, with a small band of the same, and a row of beads of the same colour, is esteemed elegant; a feather to match must be worn with this hat. A full dress gown, made of light blue sarsnet, trimmed round the neck with Vandyke lace; the ends of the sleeves trimmed with the same to correspond, and the waist encircled with the same coloured ribband, and a bow behind, is both novel and fashionable. A light blue bonnet, much turned up in the front, and a plume of white feathers edged with blue, placed tastefully in the front; the rim ornamented with a row of pearl beads, is worn with the above full dress. A pink full dress gown, made of pink Albion net, and in the fashion of the gown described above, but worn with long sleeves made of white lace, is considered elegant; a pink sarsnet bonnet, made also like the former, but with a white plume of feathers only, must be ranked amongst the most modern and tasty fashions. A white figured sarsnet dress, with a long sweeping train; plain square front trimmed round with net-lace, or swansdown, has been much admired.

The *Circassian* straw hat is one of the most elegant hats that has been introduced; it is a Spring hat, and will be universally worn by all distinguished *fashionables*. This elegant hat has some resemblance to a gypsey-hat, but has a fanciful crown, and is ornamented with lilac, *salmon*, and other spring coloured ribbands. An half gypsey straw hat, tied down with yellow or green ribbands, is fashionable. A full dress laced turban, with a rosette of lace, ornamented with gold-spangled net, an *aigrette* in front, with a large row of muslin confining the whole, and a row of gold, intermixed with rosette lace, and spangled net hanging tastefully on one side of the forehead, has a rich effect. A straw hat in the turban style, embellished in front with primroses, or a bunch of mignionette and yellow roses, and a loose bow of white ribbands, is worn in the morning. This hat is worn ornamented in the front with lilies, primroses and violets occasionally. The *Bronti* muff and tippet, made of scarlet feathers, are quite novel, and are worn only by the higher order of fashionables. During the unfavourable weather, white satin tippets, interlined with wadding, and edged all round with white swansdown, have been tolerably general.

The prevailing colours are light blue, pink, green, lilac; indeed all spring colours; but the uncertainty of fashion at present renders it impossible to pronounce the most general colour. Light blue appears to have the preference.

ON THE USE OF ROUGE.

To the EDITOR *of* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

IT has much surprised me of late to find that on the toilet of our ladies, the rouge box is become perhaps the most essential attendant. Formerly the artifice of painting was used only to repair the ravages which the heavy hand of time had made in the features of some antiquated coquet; but now it is resorted to as an ornament, rather than a remedy, by the young, and even unmarried women: warm water is as constantly called for as their night-cap, and their face and their gown are equally to be put off before they lie down in their bed. Feeling then a very lively interest in whatever may advance or lessen the happiness of my fair countrywomen, I cannot refrain from crying out against the progress of so pernicious a custom. I should wish much to remind them what their poet Thomson says of his Lavinia—

" ——— *Loveliness*
" *Need not the foreign aid of ornament,*
" *But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.*"

And indeed, I believe, I may venture to say, that of any ornament, rouge is the least respected among the male sex. Would it be possible to picture the disgust of a new married husband, fancying that he was about to clasp in his arms the very bloom of youth, who found in the first salute of his bride, that that bloom with her was as transient as her breath, and that his lips, instead of feasting on that soft and tender down of youth, were besmeared with an abominable and nauseous red powder? Might he not appropriately address her in some such words as the epigram—

" *I low'd thee beautiful and fair,*
" *And plighted an eternal vow,*
" *So alter'd is thy face and air,*
" *'Twere perjury to love thee now!*"

I believe rouge came, like many of our worse fashions, from France, the gay land of trifles and

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dissipation; but how often and how seriously have we had to lament the absurdity of introducing fashions adapted to a very different climate; a French woman of *haut ton* will clothe herself in little more than her gown, but we do not live under a meridian calculated for such a thin attire. Agues, rheumatisms, and a long train of tropical calamities, have been the sad consequences of our imitation hitherto. A French woman may use her rouge in order to relieve the sallow hue of her sun-burnt face, and to brighten a complexion which has seldom any roses to boast. But surely an English woman, whose beauty is the praise and admiration of the world, and the pride and boast of her countrymen, can little need, in any case, to resort to so wretched an expedient of increasing it. In France too this custom universally obtains, and is universally acknowledged. It would be ridiculous, therefore, for a French woman to abstain from it. Where errors become universal, they become less venial in the individual offender; if indeed they do not seriously militate against the laws of the creation, it is our duty perhaps so far to comply with them, that we disturb not the peace of society by our singular rejection. In England, however, no woman I believe confesses that she uses rouge; it is of course little better than a deceit, and on that account alone should be banished far, very far, from this land of integrity. I would speak both to the fair and to those whom the world calls plain. To the former, indeed, I will not allow any plea, much less the plea of necessity; and the latter, I am sure, would have much better chances of pleasing (the great end for which we all, but women more than all, are formed in society), if they would shew themselves honestly as God's creatures, somewhat worse ordained than their fellows, without endeavouring or attempting fantastically to conceal those defects, which are at last but defects of the imagination, and to a man of sense scarcely defects at all. Such a man, indeed, who has mixed at all with the world, hopes to meet with that

> "*Something than beauty dearer, should he look,*
> "*Or on the mind or mind-illumin'd face.*"

And where can any mind of good principle be shewn so much, as in a plain and well arranged exterior, or so little as in the adoption of unadvised and deceitful ornaments: an elegant neatness of dress is a sort of passport to a man's heart—it carries with it the appearance of innocence, and by some association of ideas recals to our imagination the pure and untainted joys of pastoral life; it serves to attune the mind to that calm and soothing pitch of harmony, when the powers of love have their greatest force. I would conjure, therefore, my pretty country-women, by all their hopes of a husband, not to persist in a practice which cannot fail to be injurious to their prospects in the highest degree—they will, I am sure, agree with me, that no man would wish to marry a painted Jezabel—and they will remember how seldom in the conversation, and indeed opinion, of mankind, these two words are separated when the first can be applied.

It may, perhaps, be said, that those who have now used rouge for some time cannot leave it off, without the fear of exposing themselves—an answer, if it were correct, whence I might alone prove its evil qualities. A very few years have past, since the heads of our young country women were plastered and *pomatumed* and filled with hair powder, even before they left the boarding-school—that ornament is now entirely laid aside, but it has not prevented their hair from flowing in these days, in tresses as luxuriant and as graceful as ever did the locks of their mother Eve—no evil consequence, no injury arose from the adoption or abandonment of that fashion—nor indeed is it the fact, that the features, from a short use of rouge, are materially injured; the eye that has been used to see them under a different shade will fancy a hundred defects on the first day, which will grow less on the second, and on the succeeding days vanish altogether—we feel awkward in new dresses and in new situations, but we soon grow familiar with ourselves. I remember to have been told by a young academic, that when he first walked forth in his cap and gown, he fancied every one in the street to be looking at him, when, perhaps, he would have been a greater object of notice without it—the novelty, however, soon wore off, and in a few days he mixed with unconcern with his fellow collegians:—So would a lady, who ceased to rouge, fancy, on her first entrance into a room, that every one was remarking "Clarissa has forgotten her rouge today," when, indeed, she would be less liable to remark, by being less unlike other women; nine days would terminate the wonder to herself, and every one else, and she would no longer think herself singular, because she had not *La Rouge à la mode de Paris.*

As to the other consequences to result from the abandonment of this fashion, they are in fact none—for what man would not prefer decent ugliness to fantastic beauty? who would not be more pleased, were the object ever so plain, with the ruddy flush of health, than with the hectic hue of an artificial colour, with the frequent suffusions of virtuous modesty, than with the brazen rouge of dissipated fashion?

Youth too has innumerable charms and beau-

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ties peculiar to itself, which cannot fail of being universally allowed, and which only time can destroy; and with him what avail has either natural or artificial beauty!—When the edge of their powers is blunted by repetition or entirely destroyed in the revolution of years, we can only philosophize in some such way as Hamlet over the skull: "Go thou into my lady's dressing room, and tell her, though she paint an inch thick, to this she must come at last."

1806. E. C.

To the EDITOR *of* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

FINDING that your object is not only to be instructive, but also to be the *arbiter elegantiarum* in the ever-fluctuating modes of dress, give me leave to express my wish, that an undertaking so praise-worthy in itself, may be honoured with that success to which your exertions have already intitled it in all the polite circles of fashion.

It is with pleasure I have observed that some ladies have, of late, very judiciously adopted, or introduced, again the fashion of wearing large nosegays, as I am convinced that among the different appendages of female dress, none are perhaps more ornamental and becoming than a large *bouquet* in the bosom of a young lady. Indeed if we consider the natural beauties of flowers, and their exquisite perfume, it is no wonder if they are so much worn on the Continent. The ladies of neighbouring kingdoms indulge their passion for flowers in the extreme, and wear their *bouquets* enormously large. The size of these ornaments certainly depends greatly on fancy, but assuredly the larger and fuller they are, the more attractive and youthful they make the female wearer appear. As to the mode of wearing them, a large nosegay has certainly a more pleasing effect when worn rather high on the left side of the bosom, so as to have the flowers sporting wantonly with the delicate cheeks of the wearer. The beautiful *bouquet* which the Duchess of Bedford wore at the last drawing-room was very much admired.

Your's, &c.

Pall Mall. BELINDA.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton Street, Strand. April* 1, 1806.

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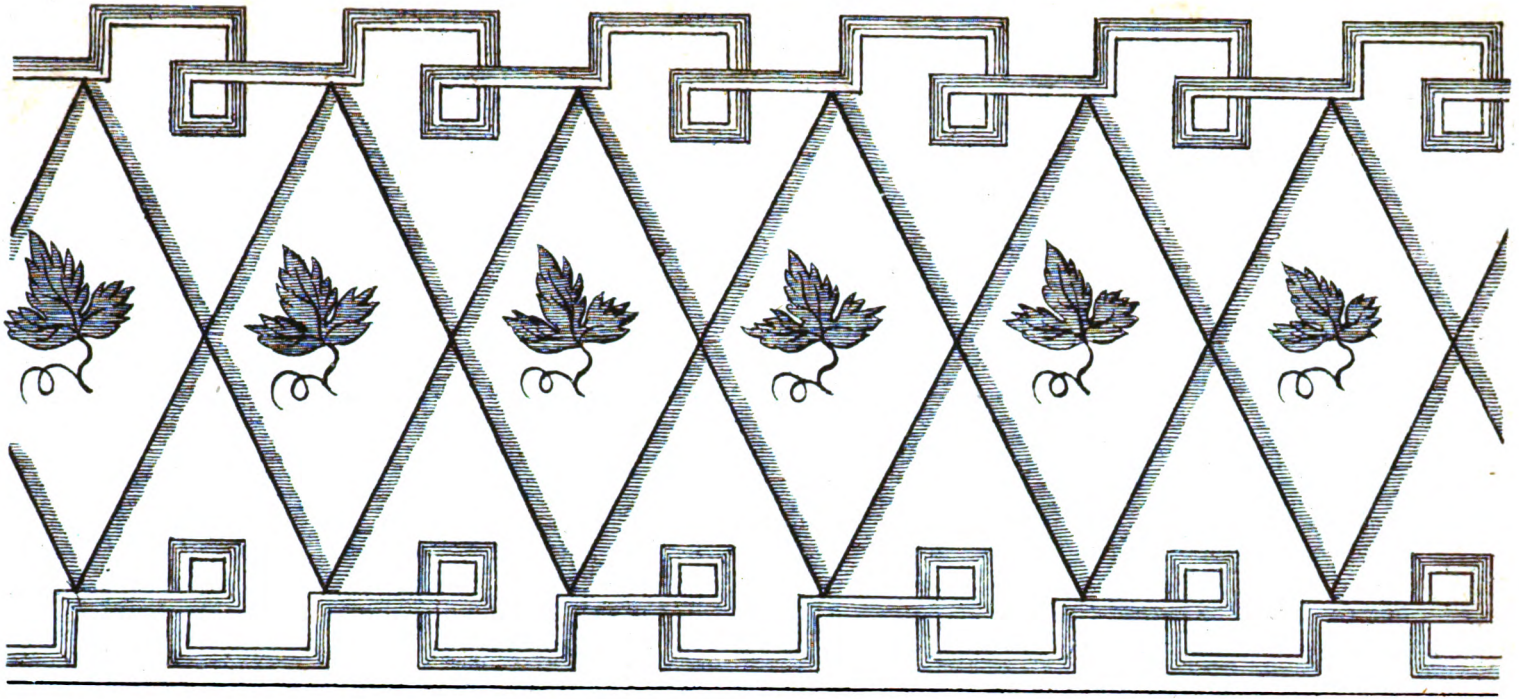

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Composed by M.r Braham, exp
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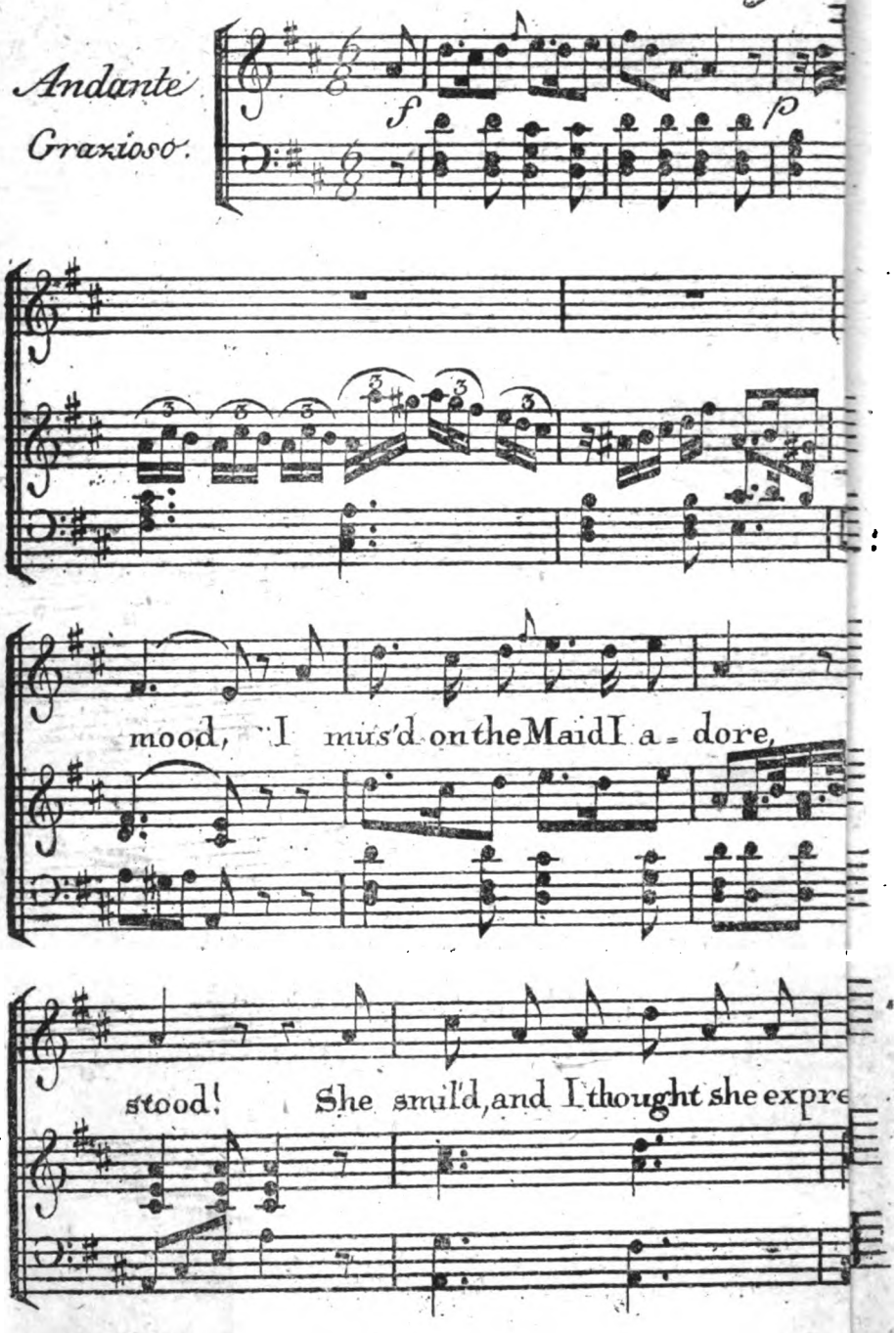

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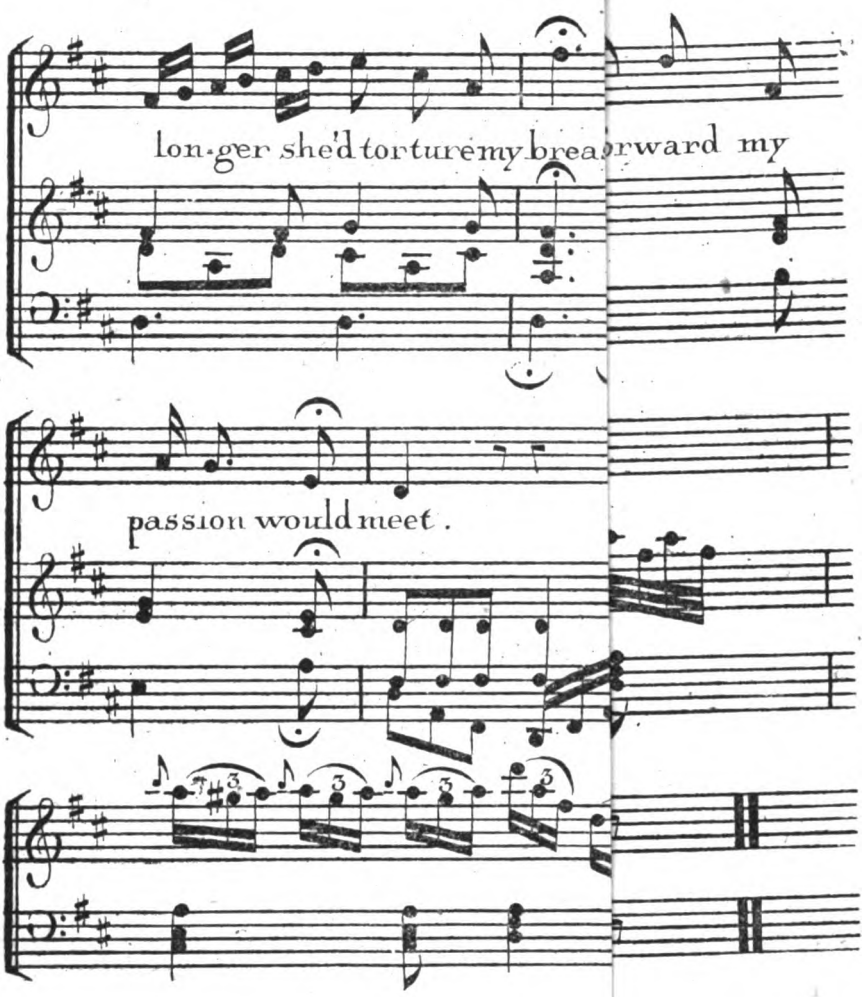

2.

With a heart quite o'er
I in ecstasy sought
But, alas! she was f rose,
And she left not to v d!

London, Publish'd as the Act direct hionable Mag.e

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. A Portrait of Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, engraved by Scriven, by Permission of the Duke of Gloucester, from the Original Picture in possession of his Royal Highness, painted by Sir W. Beechey.
2. Two Plates, containing Seven whole length Figures, representing the London Spring Fashions designed for May 1806, taken from real Dresses invented and made by the Principal Dress makers in London, with appropriate Head Dresses, for the Season.
3. An original Song, set to Music for the Harp, and Piano Forte, by Mr. Hook, expressly for this Work.
4. New Patterns for Needle-Work.

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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton Street, Strand. May* 1, 1806.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to return our thanks to many of the early Friends and Patrons of our Work, some of whose Communications will be found in the present Number. We acknowledge ourselves particularly indebted to the Writer of the admirable Letter upon the Distinction of Principle and Sentiment; *and to the Correspondent who has favoured us with the Essay on* Slander. *We have only to add, that we solicit, and with no common earnestness, the repetition of their favours.*

In our Poetical department we have to return our thanks to our constant friend J. M. *of Kingsland, to* R. C. *of Surrey-Street, to* SABINA *and* PHILEMON. *Lest any of our Correspondents, whose favours do not appear, should think themselves slighted, we beg leave to say, that* LAURA's Ode *is read and not approved; we are sorry that the name of* SAPPHO *did not introduce some better Poetry; the* Acrostic *and* Epigram *from Kensington, are written in such an illegible hand, that we could not submit to the drudgery of deciphering them. We do not like the blank verse of our friend from Liverpool. The Ode upon the* Prospect of Peace *is somewhat premature; and the Riddles and Charades of our Hackney friend appear to contain no mystery whatever. The poems entitled the* Village Maniac, *the* Ode,—Glory, Love, *&c. &c. &c. are infinitely too long and too dull.* Salutary Hints on Juvenile Performers, *is rejected; the* Eastern Essay *is hyperbolical bombast.*

The Indian Tale *shall appear in our next.*

We had not room this month for the admission of the Culinary System explained, *or* Introduction to the study of Heraldry.

The State of Society and Manners at Petersburgh *came, unfortunately, too late for insertion.*

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For APRIL, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Third Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS SOPHIA MATILDA, Princess of Gloucester, is the daughter of the late William Henry Duke of Gloucester: she was born May 29, 1773. The family of his Royal Highness the late Duke was,

1. Sophia Matilda, born as above.

2. Caroline Augusta Maria, born June 24, 1774; died March 14th in the following year.

3. William Frederick, the present Duke, born at Rome, January 15, 1776.

It is the most pleasing part of our labour, in the slight Biographical Sketches in which we are engaged, that when we are summoned to fix attention upon exalted rank, an opportunity is at the same time afforded us of doing justice to the virtue that adorns it, and proposing as examples those who are naturally looked up to as superiors in station, and whose pre-eminence in virtue thus entitles them to a double distinction.

Example, whether of good or bad, originates principally with high rank. The great are the guardians of the morals of the low. The vices of inferior conditions are but too often the reflection of those that infest the highest. But as the great have a double crime to answer for in their vices, so, on the contrary, have their virtues a weight and authority which does not belong to their inferiors. If society feels the shock of their vices, it is equally nourished and ameliorated by their virtues.

It is the just pride of England, and the fairest boast of our national morals, that when we look to the summit of rank and high station, we find it tipt with the brightest radiance of purity and virtue. Where all eyes are attracted by envy and

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curiosity, they are detained by admiration and reverence; and it is assuredly no adulation to say, that the female branch of the present Royal Family exhibits individually, and without one single exception, the brightest patterns of public and private virtue.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester has kept an equal pace with her Royal cousins in the cultivation of every virtue and feminine accomplishment; she is to be distinguished for the same noble modesty of demeanour, the same benevolence and affability, the same preference of retirement and domestic life.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The public, and the world of fashion, have lately had occasion to regret the loss of a lady no less distinguished by her rank than her virtues,—for virtues which, amidst all the seductions of high life and splendid fortune, remained steadfast and unsullied, and which, without being contaminated by pride, or shaken by temptation, accompanied her from her first entrance into life to its final close, and gave that lustre to her rank, and influence to her example, that the world may be truly said to have sustained a loss, almost irreparable, by her decease.

Georgiana Cavendish, the late Duchess of Devonshire, was the eldest daughter of the late John Earl Spencer, and sister to the present Lord. Her mother, the Dowager Countess Spencer, now living, was descended from the ancient family of Poyntz.

Her Grace was born June 7th 1757. She was educated chiefly under the eye of her mother, a lady whom it is unnecessary to commend; her character was truly that of an English matron; a noble chastity of mind, and simplicity of conduct, were united to a sound and well cultivated understanding, and her whole character was refined and exalted by a strong sense and devout practice of religious obligations; she was a lady truly exemplary and estimable. She had lived in high life, and embellished the most splendid circles, and without a fastidious disgust of its pleasures and amusements, which she partook of with a delicate, temperate, and discriminate taste, she had the resolution to withdraw from them in the maturity of youth and beauty, and devote her whole care to the education of her family. A character of this kind, so rare in high life, should not pass without its just praise; and as we have long marked the mild, the unaffected, the resigned, and pious decline of this amiable lady into the vale of years, we have a gratification peculiarly exquisite, in paying this tribute of praise so justly due to her, and holding her out as an example to her sex, of a woman who knows how to grow old with grace, and improve life to the moment of its close.

Under the superintendance of such an instructress, her Grace received a bias of character which she never lost. Early formed to a habit of the virtues of her mother, she reflected her conduct in her own, and never losing the sight or copy of the original, filial reverence and virtuous ardour contributed to make her emulous of an equal excellence. Her sister, Henrietta Frances, the present Countess of Besborough, who was some years younger than her Grace, was no less accomplished in the same school, and with qualities equally shining and promising with those of her sister, she united the same emulation of her mother's example.

Her Grace was scarcely ushered into public life, when the lustre of her beauty, and the fame of her accomplishments, procured her the general notice and admiration of the world. With the merit of personal charms, in which she had few competitors, she united the substance of nobler accomplishments which, in these days of

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frivolity and artifice, are seldom seen but in the exterior. It was no wonder, therefore, that all eyes were fixed upon her, and many splendid alliances offered. The devoirs of the Duke of Devonshire were finally successful, and she was scarcely turned of her seventeenth year, when she bestowed her hand upon his Grace. The marriage was celebrated June 6, 1774. Being thus at once established in the highest rank, and the most splendid opulence, a star, in the language of our great orator, just beaming above the horizon, and decorating and cheering the elevated sphere in which she moved, it was not to be wondered that she was courted with every kind of adulation, and that it became a kind of fashion to panegyrize and extoll her.

The general character of the Duke was estimable and worthy in a high degree; but he had something of the haughtiness of rank, and pride of exterior, which it became the business of the Duchess to soften towards all who approached him. She succeeded in melting this frigidity, and smoothing the way for the reception of those at Devonshire house who, in a less happy hour, might have been repulsed, or treated with indifference.

The Duchess of Devonshire may be said almost to have produced a revolution in fashionable life. The influence derived from her rank and fortune gave a kind of credit to her example; and elegance and refined luxury succeeded to that gross and inelegant dissipation which had been before so prevalent among the higher orders of the nobility. A kind of arbitress of fashion and of taste, she was approached with a sort of devotion by the votaries of the gay and changeable goddess; and as example is powerful equally for good and bad, it was no less the merit than the fortune of her Grace, to be able to give it a direction to the improvement of exterior decency, and the inculcation of pure morals.

The Duchess had no less affability in her manners than grace and dignity in her demeanour; without the least appearance of pride, and indeed with a most benevolent and conciliating softness, she had still the art to inspire a respect and consciousness of her rank; but this prudent care of her dignity was without formality or ostentation. She was condescending without meanness, and maintained her rank without imposing restraint.

We have observed that the Duchess of Devonshire now occupied an eminence which attracted the common gaze of the public; and on this slippery pinnacle her virtue kept her stedfast, and envy had no food for gratification. Though the world conspired in her adulation, and wits became rivals in her praise, she passed through the most dangerous and fiery ordeal, that of an unrivalled, unalloyed, and flattered prosperity, with a most noble and unaffected modesty; to resist the temptation of public panegyric is given but to few, her Grace, however, was of the elect.

To say that she presided in the minor provinces of fashion, that she gave a fashion to a cap, or to a gown, that she regulated the elegance of costume, and bestowed her name upon almost every ornament of female dress, as the means of giving it fashion and currency, would be to award her but a small tribute of the public fame which is due to her; it was in the higher departments of fashion that her Grace presided. It was her just pride to have given a kind of *style* and sentiment to manners; to have mingled that kind of benevolence with politeness, as to make it that virtue in reality of which it is only the semblance.

Naturally inclined to society, and of a disposition full of gaiety and fancy, her Grace threw open the doors of Devonshire-house to people of character, rank, and talents, of every description. At this general *rendezvous*, as might be imagined, politics and party were found, but eminence obtained in the more quiet and humble walks of literary ambition was not excluded. Her Grace was enthusiastically devoted to the fine arts. She handled the pencil with spirit, delicacy, and science, and in her compositions of the pen, her merits were not inferior.

Amongst those who were chiefly attracted to Devonshire-house by the merits of the young Duchess, were Burke, Fox, Barre, Burgoyne, and the parliamentary leaders of the Rockingham, at that time the Opposition, party. With this party the Duke of Devonshire was at that period connected, and the Duchess, who was re-

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garded as the great patroness of the sect, became from that moment a zealous advocate of the Whigs. It is but justice to say, that her consistency in the approbation of these principles, and her friendship for their great champion Mr. Fox, continued rooted in her mind to the very day of her decease; and it will certainly be lamented by the public, as it has been lamented, and with no common sensibility, by him who was the chief object of her political admiration, that she was lost to the cause at the very moment of its triumph; that she lived to see it get into port, but no more.

We have observed, that the amiable quality of benevolence, which was the strongest trait in the character of the Duchess of Devonshire, was exercised in a wide extent of patronage, and with that excess of liberality which, in some manner, embarrassed her private stock of fortune, and led to pecuniary difficulties. Scarcely any adventurer in literature, whose fortune or genius had not placed him above want, but who applied and was relieved. She had a kind of passion for this sort of patronage which exposed her to numerous impositions; but she seemed to have laid it down as an unerring maxim, that literary poverty should never go unrelieved.

To this indiscriminate generosity towards the sons and daughters of genius, we are, nevertheless, indebted for the introduction of some to public notice, who conferred the most distinguished honour upon her patronage and choice.—Among these was the late Mrs. Robinson, the once celebrated Perdita, and Sapho of the present age. In the memoirs of this lady, written by herself, she gives an account so interesting and expressive of character, of her first interview with her patroness, the Duchess of Devonshire, that we shall make no apology to the reader for the extract.

Speaking of her attendance upon Mr. Robinson in confinement, and her preparation of some little poems for publication, she proceeds to say—

"Having much leisure and many melancholy hours, I again turned my thoughts towards the Muses. I chose *Captivity* for the subject of my pen, and soon composed a quarto poem of some length; it was superior to my former productions; but it was full of defects, replete with weak or laboured lines. I never now read my early compositions without a suffusion on my cheek, which marks my humble opinion of them.

"At this period I was informed that the Duchess of Devonshire was the admirer and patroness of literature; with a mixture of timidity and hope I sent her Grace a neatly bound volume of Poems, accompanied by a short letter apologizing for their defects, and pleading my age as the only excuse for their inaccuracy. My brother, who was a charming youth, was the bearer of my first literary offering at the shrine of nobility. The Duchess admitted him; and with the most generous and amiable sensibility inquired some particulars respecting my situation, with a request that on the following day I would make her a visit.

"I knew not what to do. Her liberality claimed my compliance; yet, as I had never, during my husband's long captivity, quitted him for half an hour, I felt a sort of reluctance that pained the romantic firmness of my mind, while I meditated what I considered as a breach of my domestic attachment. However, at the particular and earnest request of Mr. Robinson, I consented; and accordingly accepted the Duchess's invitation.

"During my seclusion from the world I had adapted my dress to my situation. Neatness was at all times my pride; but now plainness was the conformity to necessity: simple habiliments became the abode of adversity; and the plain brown satin gown which I wore on my first visit to the Duchess of Devonshire, appeared to me as strange as a birth-day court-suit to a newly-married citizen's daughter.

"To describe the Duchess's look and manner when she entered the back drawing-room of Devonshire-house, would be impracticable; mildness and sensibility beamed in her eyes, and irradiated her countenance. She expressed her surprise at seeing so young a person, who had experienced such vicissitude of fortune; she lamented that my destiny was so little proportioned to what she was pleased to term my desert, and with a tear of gentle sympathy requested that I would accept a

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proof of her good wishes. I had not words to express my feelings, and was departing, when the Duchess requested me to call on her very often, and to bring my little daughter with me.

" I made frequent visits to the amiable Duchess, and was at all times received with the warmest proofs of friendship. My little girl, to whom I was still a nurse, generally accompanied me, and always experienced the kindest caresses from my admired patroness, my liberal and affectionate friend. Frequently the Duchess inquired most minutely into the story of my sorrows, and as often gave me tears of the most spontaneous sympathy. But, such was my destiny, that while I cultivated the esteem of this best of women, by a conduct which was above the reach of reprobation, my husband, even though I was the partner of his captivity, the devoted slave to his necessities, indulged in the lowest and most degrading intrigues; frequently, during my short absence with the Duchess, for I never quitted the prison but to obey her summons, he was known to admit the most abandoned of their sex; women whose low licentious lives were such as to render them the shame and outcasts of society. These disgraceful meetings were arranged, even while I was in my own apartment, in a next room and by the assistance of an Italian who was also there a captive. I was apprised of the proceeding, and I questioned Mr. Robinson upon the subject. He denied the charge; but I availed myself of an opportunity that offered, and was convinced that my husband's infidelities were both frequent and disgraceful."

The Duchess of Devonshire was not merely celebrated as a patroness of literature; she aspired to court the Muses, and some of her poetical productions may be thought to rank above mediocrity. Her lines upon the bust of Mr. Fox have ever been distinguished for simplicity and accuracy of character; the little sonnet with which she enriched the " Travels of Mungo Park in Africa," has a softness and nature which does honour to her muse; and her address to her children in the " Passage of Mount St. Gothard in Switzerland," exhibits powers of description, fancy, judgement, and selection, which would have conferred honour upon any modern female pen.

With an extract from this poem we shall close our account of her Grace.

We have observed the early partiality of the Duchess of Devonshire for Mr. Fox and the principles of the Whigs. At the dissolution of the coalition parliament, when that distinguished statesman was opposed, in his canvass for Westminster, by the whole influence of the Court, her Grace manifested the strongest interest in his success, and condescended to every exertion of personal solicitation and influence to secure him in his seat. The election satyrists at that time did not spare this personal interference of the Duchess, but whilst her virtue repelled every insinuation, her good humour was fully equal to support every attack.

Amongst those who manifested the most friendly attachment to her Grace, and whose regard commenced with her first dawn in public life, and never diminished till its close, was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; warmly attached to her from the benevolence and noble qualities of her heart, there was yet another cause of attraction in their similarity of external manners and deportment. The same high polish of manners, ease, and affability, distinguished both; a kind of innate grace and courtesy, gave an importance to every trifling act, whether of affection or common ceremony; an ever-active principle of benevolence pervaded their minds; in a word, with the most perfect consciousness of what was due to their rank, they maintained it without any repulsive pride or frigid ceremony; there was nothing of affectation in their condescension; their humility was without meanness or hypocrisy; their dignity had nothing of austerity or hauteur.

Upon her Grace's first appearance as arbitress of fashion and the *Beau monde*, the rage for private theatricals was at its height; the Duchess accordingly presided at the Richmond-House plays. It was here that almost all the wits of the age were congregated, and her Grace took her station, if not amongst the first, yet certainly very far removed from the lowest.

We must not omit to observe, that there was one qualification for which she was

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peculiarly celebrated; we allude to her taste in painting. Her works of the pencil far exceed those of her pen, though her ambition coveted renown more from the latter than the former; like the Roman philosopher, no flattery upon her poetical qualities was ever unpalatable to her; whilst commendation of those arts in which she naturally did excel, neither gained her good will or excited her vanity.

Her Grace, notwithstanding her taste for theatrical amusements, was not gifted with those powers of elocution which approached to excellence; she was an amateur, and nothing more.

The Duchess of Devonshire had been married nearly ten years, when her first child, Lady Georgiana Cavendish, the present Viscountess Morpeth, was born. Contrary to the practice of ladies of rank, her Grace resolved to act both the mother and the nurse towards her daughter. General Burgoyne, in his comedy of the Heiress, pays her a very elegant compliment upon this act of maternal tenderness

Lady Emily, one of the characters in this piece, alludes to her Grace in the following speech to Miss Alscrip, the heroine of the comedy:

"Do you know, madam, there is more than one Duchess who has been seen in the same carriage with her husband, like two doves in a basket in the print of conjugal felicity; and another has been detected—I almost blush to name it.—

Miss Alscrip. "Bless us, where, and how, and how?

Lady Emily. "In nursing her own child."——

Her Grace's next daughter, Lady Henrietta, was born at the interval of four years from her first child; and William George Cavendish, the Marquis of Hartington, was born about five years afterwards.

Shortly after her marriage, the Duchess of Devonshire had visited the Continent; and in the summer 1792, she once more went abroad, being chiefly induced to undertake this journey from the declining health of two near relations, her mother, Lady Spencer, and her sister, Lady Duncannon, the present Countess of Besborough; Lady Elizabeth Foster was of this party. They visited France and Switzerland, and resided some time at *Le Petit Ouchy*, an elegant retreat upon the Lake of *Lausanne*. It was here they became acquainted with the celebrated historian Gibbon, who had taken up his abode in Switzerland for the convenience of his literary studies. Gibbon was at that time putting the finish to his Roman History. The tremendous storm of the French Revolution drove them to Great Britain together, and Gibbon ever after found the most liberal welcome and elegant hospitality at Devonshire house.

The career of fashionable life has not much variety or incident; it will be sufficient, therefore, to say, that the Duchess of Devonshire having so long presided in the circles of fashion, began to cherish, during the two or three last years of her life, an inclination to retirement and seclusion. She was principally excited to this by a relaxed and feeble state of health, which had suffered much from the attack of periodical fevers, and a dangerous complaint in the liver. Her Grace had latterly lost the sight of her left eye, which was occasioned by an imprudent exposure to the air, and standing above an hour before an open window, upon her return from a ball, in which she had fatigued herself by dancing. This defect she was ingenious enough to conceal by a dextrous disposition of her hair, and those who were not acquainted with the failing seldom or ever observed it.

Her Grace was much distinguished amongst polite circles for the liberality, elegance, and magnificence of her entertainments; and though cards and deep play would occasionally usurp the midnight hours, in which it is to be feared that the Duchess was accustomed to join with too much indiscretion, her parties were, nevertheless, the most respectable and splendid in town.

From the Duke she received a most liberal allowance of pin-money, from which she, in part, maintained an establishment exclusively her own, and at once fed her charities and extravagances. So mixed and variable is character, that the winnings of the gaming table were sometimes devoted to alms, and what was destined for alms was not unfrequently absorbed by the gaming table.

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The principle of saving and economy this lady had not. The quarterly or half yearly allowance was always entrenched upon; the mortgage, however, was wholly to benevolence. Scarcely a tale of woe but found its way to her ear, and all that were heard were relieved. No wonder, therefore, that in this thoughtlessness and extravagance of charity, the debts of justice should either be delayed or forgotten. She knew not how to fashion her mouth to a refusal. The tradesman waited, but the petitioner was relieved; like Charles in the play, her complaint might truly be, that the old *beldam justice* could never keep pace with generosity.

We are now trespassing upon our limits; we must pass, therefore, to the circumstance which deprived the world of this excellent woman.

On Sunday, the 9th of March, a grand dinner, to which the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were invited, was given at the Marquis of Stafford's, in honour of the Fox administration. Her Grace had been languid a few days previous to this entertainment, and was advised by her domestic physician not to go to the party. She conceived it, however, a point of honour, and could not be induced to stay away.

About nine o'clock in the evening she was taken ill, and on her return to Devonshire-house she took to her bed, which she scarcely left again.

Her illness was at first conceived to be an inflammation in the bowels, attended by a fever, and no danger was apprehended. Her Grace was in perfect possession of herself, and had no fear whatever of her dissolution. But on Friday, the 29th, her disorder took a very dangerous turn, and several medical men were called in. Her fever continued to increase, but still she apprehended no danger. On awakening from a short dose, she looked round the room, and perceiving several physicians in attendance, she exclaimed, "Why are you all here, gentlemen; surely you do not think me in any danger?" She was now attended by her mother, the Duke, her sister, and her family, and all hope was given over. At twelve o'clock on Saturday night the physicians left her, without expressing the least hope of seeing her again. The Duke took his final farewell. Lady Melbourne, her dear and constant friend, remained with her to the last.

At half past two, on Sunday morning, death appeared, and she became insensible; her mother sat at the bed side, where she remained till half past three o'clock, when her Grace expired in the presence of the majority of her family.

After her decease, her body was opened to ascertain the complaint of which she died; the result, however, was not made known to the public. Her Grace was in the 49th year of her age. She was interred at the seat of the Duke, at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire.

Her character may be collected from what we have already said, to which we shall add a summary drawn by a person well acquainted with her merits.—The following are the words of this writer:

"Her Grace was distinguished in early youth for the extreme beauty of her person, and the fascinating elegance of her manners; the former quality was somewhat diminished by frequent ill health, and an inflammation in her eyes, which at length caused an almost total blindness; the latter accomplishment increased with her years, and followed her, unabated, to the grave.

"Her Grace had early imbibed a strong taste for elegant literature, under the instruction of her excellent and accomplished mother, the present Dowager Countess Spencer. This talent she has frequently exercised. But not only as an amateur of literature was this amiable lady to be distinguished, she was one of the most generous patrons and liberal encouragers of genius, particularly in her own sex.—It was to her that the public were indebted for the introduction of the celebrated English Sappho (the deceased Mrs. Robinson) into notice. Her services were always extended to literary merit; and her prodigality, in this respect, produced much private embarrassment.

"Her name was almost always to be seen in every subscription for the assistance of indigent genius; and such was her passion for benevolence and patronage, that she frequently became a dupe to her own charities, and was unmercifully pillaged by the fraudulent and designing.

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"Such were her public virtues;—her private qualities were shewn in the education of her children, and her domestic economy. The disease which brought her to the grave was a liver complaint, attended by a fever. She died regretted by a numerous circle of relations and friends, and will be long lamented by many who subsisted on the kindness of her charity and patronage."

It now remains for us to transcribe part of the poem alluded to above, and attributed to her Grace, entitled

THE PASSAGE
OF THE
MOUNTAIN OF ST. GOTHARD.
TO MY CHILDREN.

Ye plains, where threefold harvests press the ground,
Ye climes, where genial gales incessant swell,
Where Art and Nature shed profusely round
Their rival wonders—*Italy*, farewell.

Still may the year in fullest splendor shine!
Its icy darts in vain may winter throw!
To thee, a parent, sister, I con-ign,
And wing'd with health, I woo thy gales to blow.

Yet pleas'd Helvetia's rugged brows I see,
And through their rugged steeps delighted roam:
Pleas'd with a people, honest, brave, and free,
Whilst every step conducts me nearer home.

I wander where Tesino madly flows,
From cliff to cliff in foaming eddies tost;
On the rude mountain's barren breast he rose,
In Po's broad wave now hurries to be lost.

His shores neat huts and verdant pastures fill,
And hills, where woods of pine the storm defy;
While scorning vegetation, higher still,
Rise the bare rock, coeval with the sky.

Upon his banks a favour'd spot I found,
Where shade and beauty tempted to repose;
Within a grove, by mountains circled round,
By rocks o'erhung, my rustic seat I chose.

Advancing thence, by gentle pace and slow,
Unconscious of the way my footsteps prest,
Sudden, supported by the hills below,
St. Gothard's summit rose above the rest.

'Midst tow'ring cliffs, and tracts of endless cold,
Th' industrious path pervades the rugged stone,
And seems—*Helvetia!* let thy toils be told—
A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

No haunt of man, the weary trav'ller greets,
No vegetation smiles upon the moor,
Save where the flowret breathes uncultur'd sweets,
Save where the patient monk receives the poor.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly trac'd,
Let not these wilds with listless steps be trod,
Here fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,
Here charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board the holy man prepares,
And simple food and wholesome lore bestows,
Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending snows.

For while bleak winter numbs with chilling hand,
Where frequent crosses mark the trav'ller's fate,
In slow procession moves the merchant band,
And silent treads where tott'ring ruins wait.

Yet 'midst those ridges, 'midst that drifted snow,
Can Nature deign her wonders to display;
Here *Adularia* shines with vivid glow,
And gems of crystal sparkle to the day.

Here, too, the hoary mountain's brow to grace,
Five silver lakes in tranquil state are seen;
While from their waters many a stream we trace,
That 'scap'd from bondage, rolls the rocks between.

Hence flows the *Reuss* to seek her wedded love,
And, with the *Rhine*, Germanic climes explore;
Her streams I mark'd, and saw her wildly move
Down the bleak mountain, thro' the craggy shore.

My weary footsteps hop'd for rest in vain,
For steep on steep in rude confusion rose;
At length I pass'd above a fertile plain
That promis'd shelter, and foretold repose.

Fair runs the streamlet o'er the pasture green,
Its margin gay, with flocks and cattle spread;
Embow'ring trees the peaceful village screen,
And guard from snow each dwelling's jutting shed.

Sweet vale, whose bosom wastes and cliffs surround,
Let me a while thy friendly shelter share!
Emblem of life; where some bright hours are found
Amidst the darkest, dreariest years of care.

Delv'd through the rock, the secret passage bends;
And beauteous horror strikes the dazzled sight;
Beneath the pendent bridge the stream descends
Calm—till it tumbles o'er the frowning height.

We view the fearful pass—we wind along
The path that marks the terrors of our way—
'Midst beetling rocks, and hanging woods among,
The torrent pours, and breathes its glitt'ring spray.

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Weary at length, serener scenes we hail—
More cultur'd groves o'ershade the grassy meads;
The neat, though wooden hamlets, deck the vale,
And Altorf's spires recall heroic deeds.

But though no more amidst those scenes I roam,
My fancy long each image shall retain—
The flock returning to its welcome home—
And the wild carol of the cow-herd's strain.

Lucernia's lake its glassy surface shows,
Whilst Nature's varied beauties deck its side;
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves enclose,
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where *Tell* directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserv'd his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

Across the lake, and deep embow'rd in wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel stand,
Where three Swiss heroes lawless force withstood,
And stamp'd the freedom of their native land.

There liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no slaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,
By social order form'd, by law restrain'd.

We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil,
With Nature's charms combin'd, adorns the way;
And well-earn'd wealth improves the ready soil,
And simple manners still maintain their sway.

Farewell *Helvetia!* from whose lofty breast
Proud *Alps* arise, and copious rivers flow;
Where, source of streams, eternal glaciers rest,
And peaceful Science gilds the plains below.

Often thy rocks the wond'ring eye shall gaze,
Thy vallies oft the raptur'd bosom seek—
There Nature's hand her boldest work displays,
Here, bliss domestic beams on ev'ry cheek.

Hope of my life! dear *Children* of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,
And more—oh transport!—reach its home and you.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

VALERIA; OR THE GHOST ALIVE!

I WAS quartered in a small town of Languedoc, when I received an invitation from a friend to pass the Christmas holidays at an old castle built on the rocks of the Cevennes. Young ladies, officers, and amiable neighbours, composed our cheerful society, and good nature and confidence enlivened our circle. What pleasures we enjoyed! none sought to shine exclusively, and all were satisfied. Various amusements employed the whole of the day; in the evening we gathered around a blazing fire, each related a tale, and as our young ladies were very fond of the marvellous, ghosts and apparitions were the common topics of our conversation. The season, the place, the hour, augmented the terrific effect of those relations; the nights were long and dark; the country buried in snow, and the owls, ancient inhabitants of the crumbling towers, answered each other from the old battlements with loud and monotonous cries. As soon as the stories commenced, the circle became by degrees narrower, the hearers drew close to each other and feigned to laugh, while in truth they trembled with fear: and the speaker often seized with a sudden fit of quaking, remained silent and dared not turn his eyes either towards the end of the spacious saloon where he fancied he heard the clanking of chains, or towards the lofty chimney whence he almost expected the ghost to stalk forth.

One of the most amiable members of our society was a young Italian lady called Valeria, who joined to the brilliancy of wit, a mildness and equanimity of temper which nothing could alter; her large black eyes were languid, and her beauty seemed to derive greater charms from the paleness which continually overspread her cheek and even invaded her lips, and when she spoke, it seemed as though a statue of alabaster was becoming animated.

During our terrific relations Valeria shewed more courage than any of our ladies. She did not seem affected, but listened, smiled, and far from doubting the facts, found them very simple and natural. We were piqued at her indifference, and once intimated our surprise; this was her answer:

"I do not wonder, my friends, that such common stories should astonish you, as none of you, perhaps, have ever seen a ghost."

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"You have then seen one?" exclaimed I, hastily. "I have done better," answered she, laughing; "I have been *one* myself, I am still *one*, and it is a ghost that now addresses you."

At these words we all involuntarily shrunk back, but Valeria, with her soft and irresistible voice, recalled us, bade us resume our seats, and whilst holding each other by the hand we beheld her with terror, and fancied at every moment we discovered some signs of the other world in her face, she quietly continued her discourse.

It is no fault of mine, my friends, to have died ten years ago; it is a misfortune to which we are all equally exposed: but what is more extraordinary, I have since that period found myself infinitely more happy. It is true that the troubles I experienced during my life, have repaid fully for the happiness I enjoy since my death. It is proper I should relate to you what happened to me until that fortunate instant, and you will then perceive that death alone could ensure me tranquillity in the world.

I was born at Florence, of rich and noble parents, whose only child I was. Proud of his birth, my father lamented every day that he had no son to support his name, and soured by what he thought a disappointment, he thought himself without children because he had no son.

Our palace was contiguous to the house of an old nobleman of small fortune, but much beloved and respected, the Marchese Orsini. He was a widower, and devoted his life to the education of his only son, Octavian. This young man was about my age, and as my father and the old Orsini had served in the same army, they visited each other very frequently, and Octavian was accustomed from his infancy to come familiarly to our house, where my mother loaded him with kindness.

I had not attained the age of fourteen, and Octavian was the chosen friend of my heart; he was so mild, so handsome, and so amiable that I loved him more ardently than a sister loved her brother. To him I confided my pleasures and my pains, and in return was trusted with all his secrets. Before my father and mother we feigned indifference, seemed entirely occupied with play, and even sometimes quarrelled; but as soon as we entered the garden, or the small wood at its extremity, we ceased to quarrel and to play. Octavian spoke only of his love, pressed my hands, and often ventured to kiss my lips, swearing he never would have any other wife than Valeria. I made similar promises, and received without blushing his innocent caresses.

One evening my father found us in a dark retired bower; Octavian was at my feet, holding my hands, and as the fear of being overheard made him speak in whispers, our faces almost touched each other. My father's anger equalled our terror, he commanded me in a terrible voice to return to my mother; I obeyed trembling; and from a distance I heard him reproach Octavian, and forbid him to enter his house again, and I saw the beloved youth leave our palace in tears.

The next day, as my mother sought to appease my father's anger, the old Marchese Orsini was announced. His noble and serious air, his silver locks and august features, inspired me with veneration; I was sent away, and all that came to my knowledge was, that after a long and violent conversation they parted in a passion, and hatred succeeded thirty years of friendship.

My father surrounded me with spies to watch my conduct, and I was not even allowed to go to church. My health was soon impaired, and I should have yielded to the stings of affliction, had not my mother shewn me the most tender attentions and soothing pity.

Time glided away without softening my sufferings, when one evening after supper I took advantage of the absence of my father, to go and pour forth my griefs in the little bower where all my misfortunes commenced. I placed myself on the same turf where I had been seated near Octavian, and bedewed it with my tears. His ardent protestations of love seemed to sound anew in my enchanted ears; I repeated all my former vows; when, on a sudden, a man rushed into the bower and threw himself at my feet. Terrified, I was attempting to fly, but the voice of Octavian made me return.

"Listen to me," said he, "I have but an instant, and it is the last. This night I leave Florence; my father has obtained a company of horse for me in the Imperial army. War with Prussia has begun; I am going to die or deserve your hand. I will signalize myself in the first campaign; the Emperor will desire to see me; I will throw myself at his feet, and declare our love to him. Joseph is young, he surely has a feeling heart, he will speak in my favour to his brother, the Grand Duke; your father will not dare to disobey, and you will be the reward of valour and constancy: I ask no more than a year, Valeria; promise, swear that during that time you will resist the importunities of your father, and at the end of that period I shall be dead, or worthy to become your husband.'

I listened, breathless and palpitating with love, hope, and fear. I swore eternal fidelity. We agreed to correspond through the means of a servant gained over by Octavian, the same who had given him access to our garden: a rustling noise among the bushes obliged us to separate. I tore myself from Octavian's arms, and returned to my chamber, where I spent the night in tears.

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During the first ten months which followed the departure of my Octavian, I remained in the same situation. My father treated me with the same severity, and my mother with her accustomed tenderness. The servant gave me punctually the letters he received, and each announced new successes. General Laudhon shewed great friendship for Octavian; he made him his aid-de-camp, and promised to raise him to the first rank.

At the end of ten months I ceased all at once to receive news from Octavian; trembling for his life, but secure as to his constancy, I wrote letter upon letter without any answer. I sent the servant to Marchese Orsini's house, to try adroitly to discover whether any news from him had been received by his father. The answer appeased my fears without lessening my grief. Octavian had written the day before that he enjoyed good health, had been promoted to the rank of colonel, and intended to spend the winter at Vienna with General Laudhon.

At the same period, a cousin of my father's arrived from Germany, and settled himself in our house. He was tall and lean, about the age of forty-five or fifty; his complexion was dark, and his features expressed craft and malignity; his disposition was cold and gloomy; he spoke but of his nobility; he had spent his life, and the little good sense he had received from nature, in reading, studying, and learning by heart all the genealogies of Europe.

This cousin, who was the Count Heraldi, on the first evening after his arrival, asked my father in a tone of indifference, whether he knew where Marchese Orsini lived at Florence. My father frowned, and answered, that he knew nothing of him. "Three weeks ago," rejoined Heraldi, "as I passed through Vienna I dined at the house of General Laudhon, on the day of his daughter's marriage with the son of that Marchese. The young man whom I found very amiable, understanding that I was going to Florence, gave me a letter for his father, and made me promise to describe to his family the pleasures of the marriage feast, and the bliss he enjoys with his bride.

My father frowned again, without answering, and the cruel Heraldi continued to relate how the young lady had fallen in love with Octavian, that the Emperor had deigned to favour the union, and that a regiment had been the dowry of the bride. Notwithstanding my efforts to conceal my emotions, my strength forsook me, and I fell senseless into my mother's arms. A violent fever was the consequence of this unexpected blow. It was long, tedious, and painful, and endangered my life. My mother did not leave me an instant; my father shewed me the most tender attentions, he passed the night by my side, called me his dearest child, and seemed to have restored his heart to me. This change in his conduct affected me so much, that in a moment of filial tenderness, when he asked me with tears in his eyes, "how his Valeria felt?" I encircled his neck with my arms, and exclaimed, "yes, I am your Valeria; I am your docile child; and the only wish of my heart will always be to fulfil your desires."

These words decided my fate. I had perceived for some time that my father intended to unite me with Heraldi, and he now declared his intention, without enforcing but imploring my obedience. Octavian was married and faithless, I was indignant against him; I wished to avenge myself by loving another, I consented, and gave my word.

The preparations for my marriage were made with a dreadful celerity. My father redoubled his caresses, Heraldi loaded me with presents. —The deed was signed, and I was led to the altar.

With forced indifference I pronounced the painful vow, and after the service left the choir, followed by my family. Heraldi, who could not contain his joy, held my hand, and we slowly marched towards the church door, when, as I advanced to take holy water, I raised my eyes, and beheld a youth, pale and disordered, leaning against a pillar. His eyes were wildly fixed upon me, he approached, and cried, in a faultering voice, "I desired to see you accomplish your horrid crime, Valeria; I have seen it, and am resolved to die!"

He said, and disappeared. I had fainted, I was unconscious of what became of me. Scarcely recovered from a long illness, I relapsed into the most dangerous state. I was continually delirious; the disease rapidly encreased, and after a paroxysm of sixty hours, I experienced a sudden weakness, and expired in my mother's arms. That affectionate parent nearly followed me into the grave; my father was in despair; Heraldi lamented the loss of my fortune, but all in vain. I was folded in a shroud, and carried with great pomp to the family vault in the aisle of the cathedral; my coffin was placed on long iron bars, the stone of the vault was replaced, and I remained in the abode of death.

Wild with despair, and thinking himself my murderer, Octavian formed the project of descending into the vault and terminating his existence on my tomb. The evening of my burial he prevailed, through the power of money, over the sexton of the cathedral to accompany him to the church. Furnished with a dark lanthorn, they raised the stone and descended the steps. As soon as Octavian perceived my

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bier, he rushed towards it, burst it open, and tearing the veil that covered me, kissed my faded lips.

O! miracle of love! Octavian's soul recalled mine; my mouth, tenderly pressed by his, breathed a sigh; he felt it, clasped me in his arms, tore me from the coffin, pressed and warmed me on his panting heart; mine awoke to life a second time; I made a slight motion; enraptured with joy, Octavian ascended the steps with his burthen, gained the church door, which the sexton opened, and flew to the house of his father, where I was put to bed, and received every possible assistance.

When I opened my eyes, they met Octavian's fixed with anxious joy upon me; his father was at his side, accompanied by a physician, who answered for my life. I cannot describe what my sensations were: I seemed to awake from a long dream; I was not conscious of my existence, but I knew Octavian; I could not speak to him, but I found pleasure in beholding his features. Three days and three nights scarcely restored me to the use of my faculties; when at last the rest I tasted, and the food I took, made me slowly recover my senses. My recollection returned, I remembered my mother, my marriage, the place where I had seen my lover. I was soon able to listen to Octavian, and to hear from his mouth what had happened to me. The idea of his inconstancy and marriage rushed upon my weakened imagination, and I mentioned his nuptials with the daughter of Gen. Laudhon. Octavian thought I was delirious; the General had no daughter; Octavian had arrived from the army, he was not a Colonel, nor had he passed through Vienna: but having with difficulty obtained leave of absence, uneasy at receiving no letters from me, he had hastened to Florence, bearing a letter from his General which recommended him to the notice of the Grand Duke. He was alighting when he saw me going to church; he had followed me to the altar, and in his grief had resolved to reproach me with my perjury.

I now understood that Heraldi, in concert with my father, had invented that horrid tale, and intercepted my lover's letters. No crime in my eyes equalled the shameful means which Heraldi had too successfully employed: and I was the wife of that monster? to him I was condemned to consecrate my days! That idea plunged me into despair, I regretted my tomb, and wished myself once more in its peaceful bosom.

"Do not fear, my dear child," said the old Orsini; "I come from the Grand Duke; I gave him myself the letter of our brave Laudhon, and related your history. That generous Prince takes you under his protection: he has written to the Holy Father to have your marriage broken, and I have no doubt but it will be annulled. You are dead to Heraldi, you live for Octavian, and religion and justice will know how to defend you against your tyrants. I have one favour to ask of you, which is, that no one may see you, or know our secret, before the courier's return from Rome; your peace, your happiness depend on this precaution."

Hope returned with these words; I promised what was required of me, and swore I would follow his advice. Octavian was with me. He spoke of his love, of our marriage, and future happiness. My health was fast recovering, and in a few days all that remained of my past sufferings was a paleness which you now perceive—dreadful remains of the tomb, which nothing has been able to alter.

At last the time drew near, and the courier was expected to return from Rome, when an extraordinary event nearly overthrew all our designs.

We were in the holy week, and I grieved in secret, not to be able to go to church in those sacred days, when penitence appeases the wrath of a forgiving God. I dared not mention to Octavian the desire of my heart, but I resolved, notwithstanding the dangers that threatened me, to fulfil so sacred a duty. I took advantage of an instant when I had been left alone, wrapped myself in a large black cloak which concealed my face, and on the Holy Thursday stole out at nine o'clock in the evening. I bent my steps towards the Cathedral, which I found crowded with people; who in profound silence, their eyes bent to the ground, prayed before the altar where the consecrated wafer was deposited. The altar was lighted with a prodigious number of wax candles, while the rest of the edifice was involved in darkness. Concealed behind a pillar I addressed my prayers to the Saviour of the world, and entreated him to watch over her whose only hope was placed in his power and mercy.

Before I left the church, I felt a great desire of visiting the place where I had been buried; but what spectacle struck my sight! I perceived my father and my mother kneeling on my tomb; Heraldi in deep mourning stood by my father, who seemed wrapped up in meditation. My mother prayed and shed abundance of tears; I gazed on her for some time, when on a sudden I saw her lean towards me, lay her hand on the ground, and kiss the cold marble of my sepulchre at the same time she pronounced my name. I could no more restrain my emotions; I fixed my lips on her hand, and sobbed aloud.

The veil that concealed my face was drawn aside by the motion, my mother raised her eyes and recognized her daughter; she uttered a loud scream, called upon me, and extended her arms.

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My father and Heraldi knew me also; the last advanced towards me, and was going to lay his hand upon me; I was lost when love inspired me. "Stop," cried I, with a voice which I endeavoured to render terrible, "respect after her death the woman you deceived during her life. You alone were the cause of my death: fear the just anger of heaven, and repent!"

I said; and while Heraldi, frozen with terror, listened without daring to move, I covered my head with my veil and walked slowly towards the church door. The crowd gave way before me, and I gained Orsini's house without having been discovered.

The next day it was publicly reported at Florence, that my ghost had appeared in the Cathedral, and had been seen by a thousand witnesses who knew me. It was added, that having pushed my husband with my hand, my fingers had left five fiery marks on his shoulder. Others declared, that I came to demand justice and accuse Heraldi of murder. The people murmured against him; he was followed and insulted, stones were thrown at him, and his life was in danger.

The courier returned at last, and brought the brief from the Pope which annulled my marriage, as contracted by fraud. The Duke sent for the old Orsini, and agreed with him upon the measures to be adopted; and the next morning I went to the palace, accompanied by Octavian and his father. The Prince received us with great affability; and when it was announced that, according to his orders, my mother, father, and Heraldi were arrived, he concealed us in a closet, whence I heard him address my father in these words:

"Strange means, Sir, have been used to marry your daughter to a man she could not love. Your repentance has avenged her wrongs, and the tears I perceive in your eyes satisfy me I have no need of reproaching you with your cruel behaviour towards her. Death has broken those fatal ties; and if by a miracle, which the people believe, your daughter enjoyed again the light of day, her marriage would be void. Here is the brief of his Holiness, which declares it so; chuse, then, Count Heraldi, either to begin a law-suit against me, or to sign a renunciation of your fraudulent rights, and depart immediately for Vienna: my protection will follow you there; and you will restore tranquillity to my capital, where your presence excites disturbance."

Heraldi made his renunciation in the terms dictated by the Grand Duke. Then taking leave of his Imperial Highness left Florence immediately.

"This is not all," said the Grand Duke to my father, "your daughter lives;" a scream from my mother interrupted him, "you will see her again," continued he, "but your daughter cannot live happy unless she becomes the wife of the young Orsini. It is he who tore her from the grave; it is in his house that she is: gratitude, paternal love, Valeria's fame, compels you to consent to that marriage. If my prayer adds weight to those powerful considerations, I ask Valeria for Octavian; he deserves her; he has obtained the esteem and friendship of General Laudhon. Consent to this happy union, and I promise a regiment to your son-in-law, and will obtain for you the order of Maria Theresa."

My father did not hesitate an instant; and my mother, bathed in tears, asked to see her darling child. I could not wait any longer, but opened the door and rushed into my mother's arms.—The joy of my parents was as violent as their sorrow had been; they pressed me to their hearts, and loaded with caresses Octavian and his father.

We all threw ourselves at the feet of the Grand Duke, and were at a loss for words to express our gratitude. My nuptials were celebrated in his palace; and since that moment I have endeavoured to please my husband, and the venerable Orsini, who loves me as his own daughter. My father restored me to his love, and my days have glided away embellished by friendship, love, and gratitude; and I give thanks to Heaven for having withdrawn me for a short while from the world, that I might enjoy uninterrupted happiness.

ON THE MEANS OF PROCURING PLEASING DREAMS.

If the developement of the means of obtaining during sleep some of the pleasing enjoyments of day, were a subject incapable of engaging the attention of the favourites of fortune, I would turn to the more numerous class of mankind, and would address myself to the unfortunate, convinced that in a circumstance so interesting to them, the organs of their senses would be, if I may use the expression, all ear. Every one knows that a great portion of life is occupied by sleep, but every one cannot inform us how we may procure sensations not merely pleasing, but so delicious that they frequently surpass those of our waking moments.

In the outset of a subject which cannot fail to excite curiosity, I shall assert that exercise, tem-

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perance, and cheerfulness are the three points on which we ought more particularly to insist as they are the regulators of health the most proper for that kind of sleep which is attended with the best dreams. A repast at all copious ought always to be preceded and followed by exercise; the stomach receives from it increased energy, which renders its actions on alimentary substances more efficacious. These, taken in moderate quantity are more easily digested; the body is the lighter, the mind more cheerful, and all the functions are performed in a more agreeable manner. Sleep, in this case is natural, seldom disturbed; and the strength is recruited in much less time. It is very different when the state of indolence produced by excessive wealth is accompanied with the inconveniences arising from luxury in food; 'Tis then that the nightmare suddenly oppresses the grand springs of vital operations; a scene of horror is displayed to the soul; the sleeper tumbles from precipice to precipice; he is attacked in the midst of a thick forest by ferocious beasts, or bands of assassins; the infernal spirits appear in every variety of form, and threaten him with their utmost fury.

It has been observed that since we have begun to dine at the hour when our grandfathers supped, and go to bed at the time when the mechanic is rising to his daily labour, apoplexies and other lethargic affections are less frequent, from this simple reason, that we give the stomach the necessary time and means to get rid of the weight with which it was overcharged. The pleasures of society keeping people awake after their repast till the approach of day, they are not without their utility, inasmuch as they facilitate the digestion of alimentary substances which they may have taken in too great quantity. Thus the habit of taking no supper has cut the root of many maladies which had been introduced among the great during the last century, by the perfidious art of their cooks.

After temperance and exercise comes cheerfulness, which we consider as the third condition necessary for the end to which I propose to lead such as are desirous of making the most of that nullity into which man is plunged by sleep. Cheerfulness proceeds from that happy mixture in which the elements of life are combined, in the manner best calculated for forming a series of regular actions, necessary for the proper conversion of the chyle into blood. It animates persons of sanguine constitutions, who have dreams of long continuance, accompanied with a variety of pleasing circumstances, which this happy combination alone can produce. It directs the imagination towards agreeable objects; expanding all the branches of sentiment, it affords access to those which, having delighted them during the day, still have sufficient force to reproduce themselves at night under the various forms with which illusion is capable of clothing them.

Having satisfied the three points above mentioned for obtaining sound sleep, it is necessary, in the next place, to turn our attention towards the atmosphere of the place in which we sleep. The aliment of day is composed of substances, on which the stomach and the intestines operate at certain periods, for the purpose of extracting juices that may repair the loss of those consumed in the operations of life; but that of every hour, of every minute, is the air, which being received into the lungs is there digested as food is in the stomach, and being reduced to the minutest particles filtres through the pores to the blood, which it proceeds to vivify. We are extremely scrupulous in the choice of the food that covers our tables, on account of the diversity of sensations which it produces on the organ of taste, before it reaches the place where it is to be digested; and we manifest the utmost indifference with regard to the other which has no taste.

I would therefore call the attention to this subject, and would advise the reader never to sleep in a confined place, incapable of admitting a current of air, and still less in beds which luxury adorns with costly draperies, calculated rather to gratify the eyes of those who are out of them, than for the health of the persons to whom they are intended to afford a medium of repose. Natural philosophers have remarked that boiling water cannot acquire a greater degree of heat by an ebullition raised to its *maximum*, as long as the particles in contact with the air find means to escape. The same observation may be made with regard to the putrefaction of living bodies, into which it finds a difficulty to insinuate itself as long as the putrescent particles can be expelled from the domain of life. Nature has provided means of refining, by placing on the surface of the body, and particularly in the lungs, a sieve, the vast extent of which exceeds belief. But if man counteracts his providence, by remaining too long in a close place, the particles of a bad kind which are re-absorbed, vitiate the humours in circulation, and may thus occasion unquiet slumbers, and even pave the way to diseases, the consequences of which may be the most dangerous.

It has been calculated that each person requires four quarts of air in a minute; hence it is obvious what time would be required to render deletrious the air of a close room, of a given size, like the Black Hole at Calcutta, where so many individuals perished in the most excruciating torment. It is related in a bible, but not the Septuagint, that Methusalem was accustomed to

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sleep under the canopy of the heavens, having no other roof to shelter him from the inclemency of the seasons. This choice of a patriarch who lived nearly ten centuries, composed of years each containing 365 days and six hours, so we are told by Saci, shews how attentive he was to employ the means proper for prolonging their course. He was nearly five hundred years old when an angel descended from heaven to give him instructions how to lengthen his life, and cried:

"Arise, Methusalem, arise! build thyself a house, for thou hast only five hundred years to live" But Methusalem, weary of being numbered among the living, replied to the messenger from above—"If I have only five hundred years to live, I have no occasion to build a house; I shall sleep just as well in the open air, as I have hitherto been accustomed to do."

As stagnated air, saturated with the principles of perspirable matter, is no longer proper for new absorptions, it follows that this matter, with all its deleterious properties, settles upon the skin, and produces in delicate persons an intolerable itching, which wakens them in the midst of the soundest sleep, the sweets of which they again court in vain; they turn on this side and on that, in an atmosphere which cannot fail to be pernicious. In this case the inconvenience is speedily removed, by throwing aside the bed clothes, to give free access to the air, which then attracts the perspirable matter from the skin, which is surcharged with it.

As it is impossible to be too precise in the advice relative to the sleep most proper for procuring agreeable dreams, I shall give the following directions, the efficacy of which, in such cases, has been demonstrated by experience.

1. To take but a light supper, that the actions of life which take place towards the stomach during digestion may be as favourable as possible to those which are passing in the brain at the time of the formation of dreams.

2. To sleep with a light covering, in a spacious place, and on a bed that is rather hard; the observation of this precept is attended with two advantages; on the one hand, there will be collected on the skin a less quantity of the excrementitious fluid which is then diffused through the atmosphere; and on the other, the coolness of the air occasions a derivation towards the head, which is the seat of the activity necessary for the production of dreams.

The third rule relates to the position of the head, which should be placed on a bolster that is rather hard, preferably to a soft pillow, which might make it too hot, and it ought to be covered only with a thin night-cap. As we ought to endeavour to render the circulation as easy as possible within the head, it ought to be kept at a moderate height; and it is better to sleep on the right side than on the left, for reasons which anatomists alone are capable of understanding.

I have now arrived at the most difficult point of this difficult subject, when quitting sleep I must speak of dreams in such a manner as to perform my task as well as possible.—A dream is a tacit reminiscence of the circumstances that have engaged our attention during the evening, the elements of which scattered in the still unknown regions of the brain, are collected under that form with which the mind pleases to clothe them during sleep. It is an active chain, the links of which, dispersed here and there, want only a power to bring them together, and to unite them in order to produce a continuity of actions. That this business may be performed in a proper manner, the power which collects them should not be disturbed in its operations, and the links to be collected should not meet with any obstacle in their movements; and to this object tend the preliminary precepts which have been already given. But as the action is wholly internal, and the will contributes nothing towards it, we ought to direct our attention towards the place where it operates, for the purpose of enlivening or checking it, as circumstances may require.

There are persons who seldom dream; without first endeavouring to ascertain whether they are capable of thinking, I will assert that, by studying various constitutions, we soon discover that the phlegmatic and inert texture of their brain is the cause of it. The charms of the evening's conversation with friends in good spirits, especially when accompanied with bumpers of the warm and aromatic liquor, the use of which has been diffused from the shores of the Thames over the rest of Europe, cannot but be very favourable, inasmuch as it produces gentle oscillations in those regions where the operations necessary for the production of dreams take place.

There are others in whom the rarity of dreams proceeds from a contrary defect; the sensitive organ in them is too dry, and ill adapted to the soft undulations of memory, a failing which is remedied by various medical applications which increase the radical humidity.

The middle state, in which the fibres possess all the energy necessary for life, is therefore that which ought to be procured by those who wish to have pleasant dreams. Every thing being favourable on the part of the mind as well as the body, if the gentle murmur of a brook, the soft

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sound of a flute, the sweet modulations of a female voice, the chirping of birds, separately shake the medullary texture, the first link of a sensation of the same kind that receives activity from it, will communicate it to the succeeding, and these in their turn will produce a consonance of action in the next, where different sensations have been passing. From the result of all these secondary sensations, kept within the bounds of a just regularity, will arise those agreeable scenes which constitute the dreams which every one would be desirous of prolonging. If the movements pass on in a rapid manner, and by fits and starts, their result will be perceptions, so much the more disagreeable in proportion as they are discordant. Every dream is therefore a secondary perception, proceeding from the emotion of a region of the brain on which a sensation has previously operated. From this assertion it follows, that to be a great dreamer a person must first have the store-house of the memory well furnished, and long fix his attention on an object capable of powerfully engaging the mind. I appeal to those who, like myself, having frequently shifted their habitations, have not always lain upon a bed of down, but who, free from care, have been able to recollect a dream which made a deep impression upon them; they will acknowledge that the origin of this dream was very often a lively sensation.

Being convinced of this truth by experience, I would advise all those who wish to have pleasing dreams, to impress their minds on retiring to rest with some gay and agreeable idea, and to dwell upon it till they fall asleep. If they observe the precautions we have given relative to the position of the body, it is scarcely possible but that the first emotion which generates a dream will relate to that idea or one of its accessories.

As gold increases the number of the means possessed by the rich, I would advise them not to retire to rest without the soft vibrations of wind-instruments. The history of the happy man of this class will long record that of the Sybarite Beaujeon, who caused himself to be rocked in a hammock by two handsome women, in the midst of an atmosphere proper for regaling his smell, and thus procured nocturnal enjoyments incapable of compensating the loss of those which were denied him by day. But that the last ideas impressed on the sensorium come uppermost in dreams, is what the old women in the country are themselves ready to bear witness; they know that at night when their children have been listening to tales of murder, or the feats of some robber, it seldom happens but that some one of them has a tragical dream. Thus the last sensation, which may be considered as the parent of the dream, frequently determines its kind, and is sufficient to move by degrees the whole chain, the continual shaking of which furnishes the illusions of the night.

Those who dream often, know that there is not always a well-marked continuity in the series of ideas which arise; that gusts of perceptions are succeeded by eclipses which are themselves soon followed by emotions more peaceful and more connected. It is those dreams that are the most difficult to be recollected; because several links of the chain being broken, the chasms cannot be filled up by the action of the memory. Dreams once begun continue till the moment when the operation from which they originate has ceased, or when the extent of the space to be traversed stops the communication of the emotions. The sleep then continues as it began, without perception, till a new action takes place and a new dream begins. A spontaneous change in the position of the head, which occasions another in the circulation of the blood towards the interior, is sufficient to produce this effect.

A dream likewise ceases upon awaking when the soul is powerfully affected, as in cases when you dream that you are on the brink of a precipice, or imagine yourself in the arms of some dearly beloved object; the shock which is then communicated to the most excitable senses, recalls man to himself, to the sensation of joy or grief, according as he has been agreeably or disagreeably affected. The act of awaking dispels dreams, and brings back the diurnal sensations which occupy more advantageously the laboratory where the elements of thought are fashioned during the day.

Accordingly, with persons of an ardent imagination life is composed of two periods, one of which is occupied by truth, and the other by illusion. Supposing, as M. Formey, a French writer, observes on this subject, that the duration of dreams is equal to that of the night, and that the chain met with no interruption, it might be doubted whether the reality or the illusion were most capable of contributing to our felicity, and we might be led to ask which is the most happy, the Sultan, immersed all day in the delights of his seraglio, and tormented by frightful scenes at night, or the most wretched of his slaves overwhelmed with labour and with blows during the day, but who passes nights of rapture in the company of the Houries?

The above details relative to sleep, the most proper for the formation of dreams, to the origin and the development of the last, and to the manner of rendering them as pleasant as possible, present a doctrine as probable as the obscurity of

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the subject admits of; but supposing we have reached the sanctuary in which the greatest mysteries are performed, in vain we shall have disclosed that, which in every age has merited the attention of the greatest philosophers, in vain those whom interest guides would seek to derive advantage from these precepts, if they have not in the first place procured that state in which they may be most successfully applied, I mean the state that results from a conscience void of all reproach.

X.

ALZADIN:

OR,

THE MAZE OF LIFE EXPLORED.

[*Continued from Page* 76.]

At that instant the lofty doors were slowly unfolded, and the sublime Commander of the Faithful, the powerful Sultan of the East, stood on the marble threshold. This was the chamber of his rest when, refreshed by the perfumed waters of the bath, he came to seek retirement and peace. There he listened often to the solemn breathing of meditation, and swelled the note of prayer: and oft cool slumbers stole upon his senses, while dreams of delight, lingering amid the bowers of the past, shed from their waving wings the dews of memory upon his brightening soul. But his hour of peace had fled, like the light summer breeze that sighs before the storm; care rufled his features, and darkened the lustre of his countenance; he cast a pensive look upon Alael, and no ray of surprise beamed in his eye. "Omar," exclaimed he, addressing the unrevealed angel, "have the dictates of my will been heard with obedient ears? have the children of the faithful grasped the scymetar of death, and spread the fame and glory of our holy Prophet among the blind tribes of error and ignorance?"

"Son of the powerful," answered Alael, prostrating himself on the marble pavement at his feet, "whose smile sheds life and bliss on true believers, whose anger shakes the thrones of heathen rebellious nations; joyful sounded the voice of thy command in the ears of thy people: they rushed to arms, and the earth shuddered at the threatening thunder of their battles. But wherefore do clouds of care roll over thy darkened brow? the arm of the Prophet has crushed the enemies of his holy law, and yet sighs are frequent in thy breast, and the light of gladness has forsaken thine eyes?"

"Mesrour," replied the Sultaun, "sunbeams oft gild the cloud in whose dark bosom swells the storm! the shouts of triumph are pleasant, but the cheering voice of happiness is sweeter still to my soul. Alas! it sounds no more to gladden my heart; the garden of human felicity unfold no fresh blossom of pleasure; and the brightest flowers my hand delighted to cull have all withered away; they shone awhile, and faded like the stars of night when the wing of darkness shrouds the brightest of their brows, and the gloom of destruction surrounds the bewildered wanderer. The bloody smiles of conquest, the rays of glory that blaze afar over the field of death, cannot awe into silence the voice of boundless desire that calls for new bowers of bliss, and fresh-flowing streams of delight. I grasp the sword of power, the robes of grandeur infold my limbs, and nations bow obedient before me; but Friendship bends her lonely footsteps towards the cottage of the poor, and denies me her cheering smiles; Love mocks the ruler of empires, and flies on the swift pinions of hope to lands of liberty and promised enjoyments!"

"Let not the flower of eastern wisdom," answered Alael, "yield to the baneful blast of disgust, and droop withering on the soil of discontent. Has Hope lost her thousand hues and soothing notes? behold, she points to a path untrodden before, and little known by the children of men. Follow me, Commander of the Faithful, I will unlock the gates of true happiness, and the pure joys of virtue will flow refreshing to thy soul. But grant, O son of the Prophet! the request of thy slave; let the youthful companion of his toils, descend into the gardens of thy pleasures, it is there the voice of the Prophet has declared the veil of blindness should be torn from thine eyes, and the burning thirst of thine heart allayed. O Son of the Prophet, grant the request of thy slave!"

He said; and like the morn peeping from her cloud of mist, his brightening eye flashed forth celestial glory. As the bending bough that sighs to the rushing blast, the lofty soul of the monarch yielded to the resistless impulse of heaven, he nodded assent, and descended the marble steps that led to the orange walks and myrtle bowers of the blooming Eden of the Se-

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raglio. Alael and Alzadin followed the path of his footsteps: silence hovered around them, and the pale beams of meditation softened the sparkling lustre of their eyes.

The blushing flowers of spring shook their youthful heads in the breeze of morn, and spread their wild luxuriance of beauty over the thickening verdure that clothed the lawns, while their dewy breath perfumed the gale, and ravished the senses of man. The eyes of majesty alone wandered unmoved amid the living treasures of nature. In vain the rose, the love of the bard of the night, whose charms inspired the nightingale's melting lays, unfolded her virgin bosom, her timid blush awoke no glance of admiration in the monarch's eye. But thou, Alzadin! thy heart kindled with delight, and in the timid blushing flower that concealed her brow amidst the thorn, thy ardent imagination beheld the youthful virgin of thy love, the fairest of Georgian maids, the blooming Zalmaida, clinging to her mother's breast, and hiding in her clasping arms the lively glow that betrayed the emotions of her soul, when thy lips pronounced the oath of eternal love! and where, Alzadin, does the maid pour the dew of grief, and mourn for thy absence? What vale resounds with thy name beloved? What hill lifts her above the clouds of heaven to watch thy returning footsteps?

But hark! is it the voice of the genius of the grove that moans at the dark gathering of a storm? plaintive flows the murmuring sound; it is like the melancholy strains that saddened the radiant seraphim of heaven, when the angel of power drunk with the wine of pride and disobedience, rebellious Eblis, fell precipitate from the throne of the only one, for ever banished from the blissful plains of paradise, and bent under the weight of Almighty wrath.

The mournful sound arose from the shady bosom of a bower that crowned the swelling brow of a neighbouring hill. Alzadin heard it as the voice of times that are past, when it sighs on the soul of the lonely son of prayer, and awakes the slumbering eyes of memory. Wild were the emotions of his heart, the light of expectation flashed from every glance, when he rushed towards the bower of complaint; but the commanding voice of the Sultaun repressed the rapidity of his steps, and obedience checked the burning ardour of the youth.

"Nations acknowledged my sway," exclaimed the bursting grief of the monarch, "and the whispers of my will were heard with obsequious reverence, as the thunder of heaven when its awful voice proclaims the wrath of God. No lip uttered the words of censure; and the bright stream of praise rolled its tributary waters around the tree of my pride. But now the lord of nations is insulted by the rebellious clamours of ingratitude and treacherous friendship. The worm, raised by my protecting hand from the dust of humility, warmed with the beams of wealth, and fed with the luxuriant foliage of pleasure, now refuses to spin the silken cord of happiness for his imploring monarch. As the bird of spring, whose strains of harmony hail the first sunbeams of a cloudless sky, but trembling expire on the swelling blasts of an approaching torm, the deceitful seducer of my bosom poured the song of gladness, while the star of happiness looked down upon me from her celestial path; but when the lightening of desire flashed across my soul, and the gloom of disappointment lowered upon my eyelids, he shrunk back with silent terror, and denied the boon of felicity which his hand could bestow, or the arm of my power tear from his rebellious grasp."

"I hear the groaning voice of complaint," exclaimed Alael, "it floats on the sighing gale that waves the yielding boughs of the bower of the hill. Thy heart, O Sultaun! is not the only dwelling of woe; the bosom of man is always open to the unwelcome guest; but virtue can turn the frowns of his rigid brow into the peaceful smiles of patience and resignation. Listen to the melancholy sound of thy brother's grief, it will soothe thy pangs, and breathe tranquillity into thy troubled soul. It will be soft and pleasant as the voice of man to the wanderer of the seas, when his ship has sunk beneath the storm of night, and buffeting the roaring anger of the waves, he feels the rising shores of lands unknown, hears the well known call of his friend, sole companion of his unexpected escape, and learns that Heaven has not left him solitary on the rocks of darkness, fear, and desolation.

[*To be continued.*]

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THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN PRINCIPLE AND SENTIMENT CONSIDERED.

PRINCIPLE is the foundation of virtue as well as the ground-work of knowledge; it must, consequently, have truth for its basis; for where truth is not to be found, it will be in vain to search for principle. Every action that is truly meritorious is the effect of a disposition governed by a principle that is intrinsically good, and may with ease be traced to the root from whence it sprung; but many actions have the appearance, and wear the form and character of real goodness, which cannot be traced to any virtuous origin. Actions of this description are only nominally, but not radically good. Of this kind are many of those actions, and much of that conduct which proceed from sentiment; for sentiment appears to have nothing in its nature of a permanent and consistent texture. Unlike principle, which remains ever the same, sentiment is subject to a variety of changes as difficult, in many respects, accurately to describe as correctly to account for. Oftentimes sentiment is the offspring of the imagination, the child of whim, the slave of passion, or the mere plaything of opinion. It commands sorrow from circumstances of a suppositious nature; it excites joy from contemplations of the most visionary kind. Simpathy, compassion, and judgment are on many occasions subservient to the dominion of sentiment. The man of sentiment is as feelingly affected by a pathetic relation of an imaginary calamity, which never happened, as by a description of a real one, similar in all the circumstances of narration. Destitute of principle, if furnished with sentiment, he can weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice; he can become all things to all men, as far as externals can be recognized. The feelings of the moment, warmed by passion or irritated by prejudice, are the feelings of the man of sentiment; in his estimation, characters, actions, and conduct, are decidedly good or bad at first view, by an instantaneous conception of his own, independent of any reference to principle, of any assistance from reason, of any advantage from knowledge, or any correction from judgment. He hears, he sees, he feels and decides for himself and the world; and has more of contempt than respect for those whose opinions being different from his own, are the result of much experience, of deep research, and profound observation.

Novelty has charms; but the charms of sentimental novelty are of a description extremely dangerous. They warm, they interest the passions, but they chill those active powers and energies of the mind with which we are endowed, for the purpose of just discrimination and accurate decision. In narrations, although unfounded in truth, the man of sentiment can cause the breast to swell with sorrow, or the eye to sparkle with joy. He can congratulate and console with equal ability and address; with equal ease he can excite pity or disgust, and produce admiration or terror! For the unfortunate he can crave the good offices of others without stretching forth an assisting hand himself; his goodness is destitute of solidity; it is a chimera playing on the surface of the brain without descending to the region of the heart; it is a goodness purely sentimental; it is produced without labour, and exercised without discretion; the beneficence of others affords him a smile wherewith to adorn his brow; and sentiment procures him merit in the estimation of others that his own heart cannot recognize, nor his conscience claim. Like the fig-tree, observed by the most penetrating of beings, the appearance may indeed be promising when viewed at a distance, although on a nearer inspection no fruit can be found.

As rational beings, no conduct can constitute a good action either in our own estimation, or in the estimation of the Supreme Being, whatever it may do in the estimation of others, that does not proceed from a good principle, which is at all times the only certain criterion by which we can possibly judge of the very small degree of merit that it is permitted us at any time to lay claim to.

A gift for a charitable purpose, of as large a sum as can be named, is not an act of charity, if it does not proceed from a genuine principle of generosity, benevolence, and love, every way consistent with the precepts of justice, frugality, and discretion. All ostentation, injustice, and extravagance proceed from a depravity of sentiment, which virtuous and sound principles are calculated to correct and eradicate. Actions that are performed for the purpose of being seen, admired or applauded, or because such actions are become fashionable, or because the example has been set by others, can have no rightful claim to a particle of intrinsic merit. Motives like these disqualify the mind for the enjoyment of real goodness, which more particularly delights to exercise its amiable qualities in the circles of private, retired, and domestic life;

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where its salutary effects are much more beneficially felt than generally known.

A sound judgment can be influenced by solidity of principle alone; but the superficiality of sentiment is influenced by custom, by fancy, and by fashion, as the tendency of a particular passion may at the moment happen to prevail. The world is frequently and grossly deceived by sentiment. In every age sentiment has very generally been mistaken and adopted for principle. On many occasions it acquires an ascendency over principle that very materially and very extensively injures the truest interests of religion, morality, and social harmony. It gives to cunning the appearance of honesty; and to self-interest the fascinating outline of generosity. To the efforts of childhood, singularly conspicuous rather than extraordinarily virtuous, it distributes unbounded applause and incalculable rewards; while to the persevering and indefatigable efforts of manhood, to a life of studious application, and to years of merited exertion, it is apparently unwilling to call forth a smile of approbation. Great is the number of those who, having unsuccessfully merited reward, wait for death to close the eye of disappointed hope, and heal the wound which the ingratitude of sentiment had inflicted in the heart.

The present is the age of sentiment; it abounds, it predominates; it rages with unprecedented fury; it exalts to heaven by its praise, or it consigns to ruin by its censures, its prejudices, and its prepossessions; it delights in extremes; it is every thing by turns, but nothing with consistency of conduct or permanency of character. Opinions singularly bold and daring are the adopted favourites of Sentiment. Justice is excluded from its councils, and truth from its enquiries. There is a fashion in sentiment which is as changeable as the humours and the dispositions of mankind can render it; a fashion that occasionally triumphs over little minds and weak capacities, and entices them from the paths of discretion and judgment into the labyrinths of fancy and opinion, from which nothing but sober reflection, determined fortitude, and unceasing and impartial investigation, can rescue them.

Principle without sentiment will eventually produce much real good, but sentiment without principle, like promises without performances, or like faith without works, is of little value. It may, indeed, afford some small temporary amusement, but it cannot insure permanent satisfaction. The influence of sentiment to feeble and inconsiderate minds is truly a fascinating influence. It is at once pleasing and agreeable; it carries us imperceptibly beyond the confines of prudence into the regions of visionary excellence and opinionative perfection; or it drives us with merciless impetuosity from the path of reason into the abyss of despair.

Under the influence of sentiment we are always much above or much below what we ought to be. We are generous without justice, or just without generosity; pleased with what he is, the man of sentiment never stops to enquire what he is not. For virtue and happiness mankind was never indebted to sentiment; qualities and acquisitions truly valuable, and essentially serviceable, emanate from principle alone, which is the only soil that can give birth to them. In sentiment there are many gradations of refinement; in principle there are none. Every thing that admits of refinement is subject to injury. Principle rises superior to the influence of the passions or the tide of opinion. Sentiment slavishly submits to the former, bows assent to the latter, and becomes the servile tool of capricious humour rather than an instrument of general utility. The one is the source of all social benefits, and valuable enjoyments; the other is the origin of all chimerical and fantastical pursuits. Sentiment is oftentimes the cloak of hypocrisy; principle never. Sentiment adopts forms of various descriptions; and in every form it assumes every character that the whim, the caprice, the inclination, or the passion of the moment may be disposed to exhibit; it sickens with flattery, or disgusts with censure; it gives to fortune or to accident the rewards of merit, and from the failure of a conduct the most laudable, it not unfrequently withholds even the credit of good intentions. In its decisions it is too hasty to be correct, and too warm to be candid. Ever jealous of its influence, and tenacious of its authority, it spurns at advice, and contemns contradiction. It sees not its weaknesses, it discovers not its errors; its defects are concealed by the darkness of ignorance, or the inactivity of indolence; unconscious of its imperfections it feels not the necessity of removing them; unaccustomed to make the necessay enquiries concerning the first principles of rational conduct, the man of sentiment is right or wrong by chance only, and not by the effect of knowledge or judgment. No part of his conduct can consequently be entitled either to thanks, to praise, or reward; the self-sufficiency of ignorance is of all others the least likely to be conquered; and as the man of sentiment is positive and headstrong in proportion as he is uninformed, it is scarcely to be expected that he will seriously attend to, or suffer himself to be informed or corrected by one whose doctrines and opinions are in direct opposition to his own. Far otherwise is the conduct of the man of principle; having thoroughly examined the ground he stands on, and finding it

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altogether tenable, he never quits it in pursuit of novelties; every subsequent step bespeaks a mind determined not to be taken by surprize, imposed on by appearances or declamation, nor deluded by artful misrepresentations, and incorrect inferences. Whatever there is of dignity in man must derive its consequence from his adherence to principle; when he departs from this point there is no other to which he can repair that will insure him equal respect attention, and advantages; the favoured admirer, the faithful husband, the affectionate wife, the dutiful child, the confidential friend, the conscientious patron, tradesman, neighbour, and servant, are all, if under the influence of sound principle, characters of inestimable value; by such characters the world is enriched beyond all calculation. Here neither rank nor elevation, neither honour nor power, neither wealth nor interest, neither the brilliancy of court, nor the dazzling splendour of a throne, can add to the dignity of characters sincerely and truly attached to, and governed by the powerful interest and operation of religious and virtuous principle. To be good and to do good is the glory of man; and those who arrive at the highest pitch of excellence in these particulars, will and must arrive at the highest possible point of intellectual happiness, even in this life, that their nature is capable of enjoying. Even love, the most amiable, the most interesting, and the most powerful of the affections of the mind, unless it be subject to the control and the influence of principle, degenerates into a passion of the most dishonourable species, and counteracts the promotion and destroys the enjoyments of that happiness which it otherwise was so peculiarly calculated to heighten, to prolong, and insure. In truth, every kind of attachment that goes under the denomination of love, and is unfounded in principle, is nothing more than a self-created chimera of a sentimental kind, aided by a warm imagination, the common offspring of a depraved appetite, or the base production of a selfish consideration; the spirit of such a passion will soon evaporate, and be succeeded by the most mortifying indifference. In the evening we retire with the beloved Rachel, but in the morning behold it is Leah.

L—C—.

April 16, 1806.

MISCELLANIES.

SENECA says, that at his time the women wore no less than three pearls in each ear, of such extraordinary value, that the smallest was worth an ample patrimony. Their vanity in this particular was carried to such a pitch that their very shoes were bordered with them. Pearls were always considered by the antients as one of the most valuable productions of nature. They not only formed part of the dress of the rich, but, from a refinement in luxury, truly ridiculous, they were served at entertainments as an uncommon delicacy. Every one is acquainted with the extravagance of Cleopatra, that crowned courtezan, who laid a wager with Anthony that she would consume alone, at a single supper, ten millions of sesterces, about eighty thousand pounds sterling. She actually began with swallowing a pearl worth half that sum, which she had dissolved in vinegar. She was going to do the same with a second, when Plancur, the umpire, seized the pearl, and declared that Anthony had lost. After this too celebrated princess had fallen into the hands of the conqueror, this second pearl was cut and made into two ear-pendants for the Venus of the Pantheon. Thus the half of a supper for this courtezan served to decorate a goddess.—Cleopatra and her lover did not, however, bear away the palm in this kind of insensate luxury. The son of the tragedian, Esopus Claudius, whose father had left him immense wealth, furnished an example of this scandalous magnificence; and the action of the player was greater, if that epithet may be applied to such actions, since it was not provoked by a wager. Cladius wished to have the glory of being the first that tried the taste of pearls; he thought it wonderfully fine, and that he might not enjoy the pleasure alone, he caused one to be served to each of the guests who were at his table.

During the reign of Louis XIV. Colbert perceiving that considerable sums of money were sent out of the kingdom to purchase hair of foreigners, proposed the abolition of wigs and the introduction of the use of caps. Several models were tried before the King; but the company of peruke-makers, alarmed at the utter destruction with which they were threatened, presented to the council a memorial, accompanied with circumstantial details, which demonstrated, that, being the first who practised that new art, which had not yet reached the neighbouring

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countries, the value of the wigs they exported far surpassed the money expended abroad, and brought into the kingdom much larger sums than were remitted from it for the purchase of hair. In consequence of this, the project of wearing caps was relinquished.

Frederick I. of Prussia, standing one day at a window in his palace, perceived that one of his pages took a pinch of snuff from his box which lay on the table. He did not interrupt him, but turning round immediately afterwards, he asked, "Do you like that snuff-box?" The page was confounded, and made no reply. The King repeated his question, and the page said, trembling, that he thought it very beautiful. "In that case," rejoined Frederick, "take it, for it is too small for us both."

Moliere said, contempt is a pill which may be swallowed, but which it is impossible to chew without making wry faces.

The Farmer-General, Bouret, possessed the secret of being continually embarrassed, notwithstanding his immense riches. At his death he was but a step from actual indigence. He left debts to the amount of five millions of livres, and died almost insolvent. A splendor and luxury of which it is impossible to form any conception, had reduced him to this condition. He carried this extravagance to such a pitch as to have feed a cow with young pease at 150 livres (7*l.* sterling), a quart, to furnish a regale for a woman who lived on nothing but milk.

Louis XV. at the age of sixteen, was as deficient in gallantry as he was ridiculous for too much of it at fifty. He wept when in informed of his intended marriage with the young and handsome Infanta of Spain; and nothing was capable of comforting him till he was assured that he was not to live with her for a long time to come. On her arrival in France, the King went as far as Bourg la Reine to meet her. He embraced her without saying a word, and returned to Paris to receive her at the Louvre. There he still maintained profound silence, which caused the young Princess to say, that the King was handsome, but he had nothing more to say than her doll.

When the Ambassadors of John V. Duke of Braganza, returned from Scotland, whither they had been sent to negociate a match between his son Francis and Isabel, he made inquiry concerning the person of the Princess, and they replied: She has beauty sufficient, and is likely enough to bear children; but her language is neither elevated nor refined. That is just what I want replied John; and I think that woman learned enough, who knows the difference between her husband's waistcoat and his doublet.

In 1773, an Englishman, struck with the beauty, the accomplishments, and the discretion of a French actress, sent her the following letter: "Mademoiselle, I am told that you are discreet, and that you have taken the resolution always to remain so; I exhort you to keep it. The contract I have sent, secures to you fifty guineas a month, as long as this fancy lasts. Should you happen to change your mind, I will give you one hundred, and request the preference."

A French officer having killed another in a duel, was obliged to quit the service and his country. He retired to Berlin, where the French minister recommended him to the favour of the great Frederick. The officer was presented to him. The King enquired his reason for leaving the service of France. "Sire," replied the officer, "I was one day in a coffee-house at Metz, with several officers of the garrison; I had a dispute with one of my comrades, and said to him, in the warmth of altercation, that he would not hearken to reason any more than a Swiss. A Swiss officer who happened to be present took affront at the expression; he picked a German quarrel with me; we met, and I killed him." "It appears to me," said Frederick, "that you are not happy in proverbs." The King however soon gave him a commission.

Moliere lodged at the house of a physician, whose wife was avaricious. She wanted to raise the rent of his apartments, which obliged him to seek other lodgings. Vexed at this circumstance, Moliere let slip no opportunity of turning the profession into ridicule. Into his piece, entitled *L'Amour Medecin*, he introduced the first physicians of the court with masks which perfectly resembled the persons he had in view. These were, Messrs. de Fougerais, Esprit, Guenaut, and Daquin. As Moliere wished to disguise their names, he applied to his friend Boileau for suitable appellations. These Boileau borrowed from Greek terms descriptive of the characters of those gentlemen. To M. de Fougerais he gave the name of *Desfonandres*, which signifies killer of men; to M. Esprit, who stammered, that of *Bchis*, yelper or barker; to M. Guenaut, who spoke very deliberately, that of *Macroton*; and to M. Daquin, who generally prescribed bleeding, that of *Tomes*, the bleeder.

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A lady of much good sense was told that her husband paid court to several handsome women, I don't care, replied she, if my husband sends his heart abroad all day, provided he brings it back to me at night.

Under the kings of the first dynasty the women shaved in France. On the wedding-day the wife was obliged to shave her husband, which was always stipulated in the marriage contract.

A singular contrast, says a French writer, between the manners of our neighbours and ourselves is, that the English esteem modesty in women more highly after marriage, while the French set a greater value upon it before. It seems as if we were more tenacious of innocence and they of virtue. They allow their young females a kind of liberty which is not permitted among us; they think it very natural that young ladies should look out for husbands; whereas we should think it just as strange if they were not to await the choice of their parents, as the English would think it odd for a woman to be unfaithful to a husband who lies down drunk by her side every night. Hold up your head, keep your eyes on the ground, and hold your tongue, were for a long time almost the only instructions given in France by a mother to her daughter, on taking her from the convent to introduce her into the world. In London, on the contrary, a young lady has parties, rides out on horseback with gentlemen, and indulges in coquetry till the moment when marriage transports her to a beautiful country seat to attend to her children, and to read novels of twelve volumes. In France marriage produces an opposite metamorphosis; the timid virgin who durst neither move her tongue, nor raise her eyes, soon learns to make use of both, and soon finds some one to speak to.

A *bon mot* is often productive of fatal consequences. Theocritus had highly offended king Antigonus, who had but one eye; that prince promised to pardon the culprit if he would appear before him. With this condition he refused to comply; but his friends drew him along almost by force, continually repeating, that his life would be safe as soon as he should appear before the eyes of the king. The unfortunate wit, recollecting that the king had but one eye, could not refrain from a *bon mot*, notwithstanding the critical circumstances in which he was placed. "Ah!" said he, "if the safety of my life depends on my appearing before the eyes of the king, I am undone." This raillery was the cause of his death.

The illustrious M. de Malsherbes, in the interval between his two administrations, travelled for the purpose of adding to his knowledge. On one of these occasions, he found at an inn two young officers who were proceeding to the camp which was at that time near Brest. They were conversing on natural history, and M. de Malsherbes, who had bestowed considerable attention to the subject, gave his opinion and the reasons for it, on the question proposed. The officers appeared surprized, that this fat man whose appearance had nothing striking, should thus mingle in their conversation; but they knew enough to be sensible that he was better acquainted with the subject than they, and that he had given them some new information; they invited him to dine with them. The conversation fell upon M. de Malsherbes, and his retirement from the administration. The two officers extolled him as the best minister, and the most to be regretted that France had ever had. Their praises placed M. de Malsherbes in the same situation as Henry IV. with the miller, when the modest coldness with which he spoke of that good king excited a suspicion that he was one of the Leaguers. "Gentlemen," said he, "nobody is better acquainted with M. de Malsherbes than myself; he is a very honest man, with intentions the most upright, but he is not fit for a prime minister." At these words the fat man lost three-fourths of the consideration which his companions entertained for him. Without any regard for his decision, they redoubled their praises of M. de Malsherbes, and his panegyrists declared, that they extremely regretted never having seen or known him. "Gentlemen, he is not perhaps so far from this place as you may think, for I know he is on his way to see his son-in-law, M. de Montboissier, at the camp before Brest." They now listened with some interest to the fat man, who had spoken so ill, but who was so well acquainted with M. de Malsherbes, and even inspired them with the hope of seeing him. "Ah!" if you could but meet with him and introduce us to him!" "Your curiosity, gentlemen, would flatter him much, and surprise him still more." "There is nothing we would not do to gratify it." "You shall not go far for that purpose—Receive his thanks for your obliging illusion with respect to him; it is he himself who has the honour to be speaking to you." "Ah! we might have guessed so; none but he could have spoken of himself with such unjust and excessive modesty." The new friends made an appointment to meet again, first at the camp, and afterwards at Paris, where a friendship begun under such happy auspices was carefully cultivated on both sides.

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ANECDOTE OF D'ALEMBERT.

D'ALEMBERT was the son of a celebrated lady of high rank, who, to conceal her indiscretion, caused him to be exposed on the steps of the church of St. Roch. Here he was found by a poor woman, who earned a livelihood by her needle; she adopted him, maintained him by the produce of her labour, and placed him in the college of Montaigu. The young man profited by the instruction he received, so that, like Pascal, he made new discoveries in geometry in his fifteenth year. His name soon became known over all Europe, and the learned courted the society of the young student of Montaigu. Such was the fame he acquired by his early talents, that the lady at last began to be proud of having given birth to such a son. His foster-mother had been watched, and consequently the real mother had obtained information concerning the fate of the child, but without contributing towards his subsistence. Vanity brought about what the voice of nature was incapable of effecting. She one day repaired to the college, and requested to see the youth. He came. She began a long harangue on the tyranny of prejudice, on the pain she felt at being obliged to forsake him, and so forth. "I am your mother," said she. "You my mother, madam? You are mistaken, I have no mother but her who took care of me in my infancy." He turned his back on her, and never saw her more, but continued the affectionate and dutiful son of the sempstress, and repaid her with interest in her old age, the cares she had bestowed on his childhood.

ON WALKING.

Exercise is necessary, but the constitution of women is adapted only to moderate exercise; their feeble arms cannot perform work too laborious and too long continued, and the graces cannot be reconciled with fatigue and sun-burning. Excessive labour reduces and deforms the organs, destroying by repeated compressions that cellular substance which contributes to the beauty of their contours and their colours. The exercise which women of a middling condition find in useful and indispensable occupations is the most wholesome, because it joins to the natural effects of labour, the inward satisfaction afforded by the accomplishment of a duty: for this reason it is the most proper for filling the soul and for preventing it from weighing too heavily upon itself as it does in those who are ruled by indolence.

Walking, by which indolent people imagine they comply with the general law which dooms us to occupation and action, is not labour, but a recreation from labour: it is productive of none of the effects of the other, as it fulfils none of the conditions of it. This kind of exercise, instead of communicating an equal motion to the whole body, or at least an alternate movement to the different muscles, sets in motion only the lower parts of the body; all the upper remain motionless. The humours to which the former have given a strong impulsion, must experience from the others a powerful resistance, which renders their course irregular and their distribution unequal. There is this farther disadvantage in walking, especially in the solitary walks of persons of infirm health, or of a melancholy disposition, that they afford these persons an opportunity of indulging in extravagant ideas which charm them while they fatigue the faculties of the mind, and in extatic visions in which they delight: so that all the benefit they obtain from this kind of exercise is to return with mind and limbs wearied out, and to fall into a state of inertness more than that which by walking they intended to guard against. If we walk merely by way of regimen, the walk not interesting us sufficiently to raise us above ourselves, permits us to think too much on the motive which led us abroad, and which consequently becomes a subject of contention in the mind, capable of counteracting the effect of such a remedy. Baglivi said, that by thinking too much about digestion, it is impossible to digest all. The same observation may be applied to the other vital or animal functions; we disturb them by thinking incessantly of them. Man requires actual labour, and the most proper would be that which should exercise alike the body and the mind, and maintain a just equilibrium between the mental and physical powers. After such labour a walk would be a recreation equally salutary and agreeable, because, instead of carrying abroad the melancholy and gloomy ideas of indolent beings, we should take with us organs which the impression of labor has rendered more eager after new sensations: it is then that a pure air, a cool shade, and the delicious perfume of the flowers would produce oblivion of past occupations, and transfuse into the soul the strength necessary for suporting new ones.

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ON SLANDER.

THE homage due to truth has been insisted upon in prose and verse, by ancients and moderns from Seneca to Boileau. All have agreed in thinking Truth extremely beautiful when perfectly naked; but is it possible to veil or to confine her? "Truth" says Cicero, "sometimes escapes from children and from fools in sleep; it is obtained by accident or extorted by violence."

Thre is a class of men, who from time immemorial, tell the truth without being asked; from what injustice is it that the world feels not the smallest obligation to them? Almost all moralists have expressed their indignation against the retailers of slander; but I am almost sure it was because they were not thoroughly acquainted with them. I hope to banish from honest minds the prejudices that have been instilled into them against those who indulge in slander; the good should not conceive an aversion for any individual on the bare word of another.

In the first place, then, as the public good should be considered before private advantage, it is incontestable that the welfare of states depends on slander, and that every wise government keeps slanderers in its pay. In the commerce with the world, it is easy to prove that slander is to calumny, what in the time of our good ancestors, tournaments were to battles. It is a sport equally innocent, born with society, to which it gives motion and life. Slander is arrayed in every colour except that of falsehood; it has its barriers, and the world is its lists. The error of those surly moralists who would absolutely proscribe it, proceeds from their confounding it with calumny. I detest the calumniator, but I claim some indulgence for the slanderer, or at least the liberty to state his rights. God forbid that I should ever take the one for the other; that would be as if you imagined you were caressing a pretty collared snake, which is the friend of man, and were to find under your hand a viper.

I have spoken of the right of the slanderer to indulgence, there are few claims which it is so easy to support. Imagine for a moment that you are on the top of a steeple at London, at Paris, at Vienna, or at Madrid, and that the Devil on two Sticks grants you the same favour as he did to his friend Don Cleophas Leandro Perez Zambullo, and shews you some houses in one or the other of those great capitals, for the spirit of society is nearly the same every where. Observe that little circle composed of men of wit and amiable women; all of them seem to listen with great attention to a man who is speaking, with his back towards the fire-place, and the two skirts of his coat turned up over his hips, as is the universal custom in good company. I have no occasion to tell you that this man is retailing scandal; you would guess as much from his tranquil figure; from his cheeks which would swell were we not forbidden to join in the laugh at what we say ourselves; he has all the signs which, according to the elements of physiology, manifest inward satisfaction Now is it possible that this sweet satisfaction can evince any other than an innocent intention? No; human nature is not so perverse; I appeal for the truth of this to the doctrine of Dr. Gall. Were it otherwise, the features of this moveable mirror called the face, would not accommodate themselves to such deep hypocrisy; an involuntary, visible, tedious contraction would betray in the slanderer the internal conflict of conscience. I read in his tranquil physiognomy, that he has nothing to reproach himself with, nay, he is even satisfied with himself, for he gives delight, and it is not in this age alone that the slanderer, independent of his own approbation, has enjoyed that of others.

I am aware that you will produce the name of John Clopinel, whom the maids of honour of a great queen pursued, rod in hand, for having slandered them; but you must not forget Brantome, who was the first propagator of Scandal of his time. Though he said all he knew of his neighbour, he never owed any person a grudge, nor did any person ever owe him one.

In attacking slander and avenging its supposed victims, moralists have set up for the redressers of wrongs of which these last never thought of complaining. Can it be reproached for the strokes it inflicts, if those whom it attacks forgive them? But what can be said if they congratulated themselves on this score? It is well known that many people like to make themselves the subject of conversation; but to effect this in a certain manner, it is necessary to have talents or good luck, and those who have neither are not less solicitous to rescue themselves from oblivion. Now, every person is not able to cope with the Syracusians, or to strike terror into the satraps of the great king. Many people think you resemble Alcibiades if you cut off their dog's tail. Boileau slandered the cook, Mignot; but Mignot was not displeased with the poet; he gave his address to those who were unacquained with it. Many an author and actor owe their celebrity to some distinguished critic, and are angry with him only out of form. Should

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they seriously complain, they who are the spoiled children of slander?

We see then, on the one hand, the severe moralists, the profound investigators of the vices of human nature, fulminating against slanderers; and on the other hand those whom they set up as the plaintiffs not only absolving the defendants, but even confessing their obligations to them. I endeavoured to account for this contradiction, and I think I have accomplished this in a satisfactory manner.

It is possible that slander was formerly a pest equally formidable and fatal; but if we observe its benignity at the present day, we shall be ready to believe, that the same change has taken place with slander, as with various diseases which, as the world grows older, lose their virulence and dwindle into necessary evils. It is now-a-days nothing more than a manner more or less skilful, more or less direct of putting a person forward. Are you desirous of bringing into notice a person in whose welfare you are interested; begin by gaining attention, and this you will easily effect with the aid of a seasoning of slander. The interest is concealed beneath this officious veil; you must take care to let the friend whom you wish to serve, play not the most silly part but the most gay. Slander disposes the mind to curiosity, and curiosity leads to good will, especially among the fair sex; were it not for that interesting part of society slander would be propagated only on great occasions. I am convinced it is from motives so pure, and a profound knowledge of the world, that numbers of people take delight in slandering their best friends.

A ludicrous adventure caused Louis XV. to recollect some time afterwards the name of a man whom a slanderer had not ventured to serve directly. A government became vacant; the King saw upon the list the name which had excited his risibility. "I know him," said he, and the man's fortune was made. Undoubtedly he had as much merit as good luck; but it is sufficient for me to have proved that friendship has not a stronger support than slander.

In this same circle, where it has obtained so much approbation, begin on the contrary to say ingenuously all the good you can think of any person, and you will find that universal silence instantly takes place. It is not the silence of interest; beware of harbouring such an erroneous idea. By observing this silence, which has, however, the same character, the same mute language, I have been led to a reflection really new, and I may say consolatory; for if the part of a sensible observer has its bitters, it has likewise its sweets.

If it be true that at the present day people listen with pain, that their attention is easily diverted, and their eyes roll widely around whenever an indiscreet tongue proclaims merit or virtue; whereas, on the contrary, the philosophers of former ages, Cicero, Seneca, Horace, Quintilian, and many more, not only paid homage to those qualities of the heart, but were desirous that they should obtain universal praise; would not this difference between them and us prove our superiority, and that the human heart, as well as the understanding, is continually proceeding towards perfection.

I am convinced that this disapproving silence proceeds from individual modesty. We can bear to hear ourselves praised in another; or rather that generous confidence which causes us to love our neighbour as ourselves, excites an aversion for praises which would seem to prove the rarity of our understanding merit and virtue. I am aware that I am here strewing the seeds of a new theory, and therefore I affirm nothing positively. I leave metaphysicians to pursue this idea, if they please, and shall return to my subject.

What gifts of heaven have an origin more pure than slander? The daughter of Truth, she tells what she knows; she shews what she has seen; she never tears the veil, but only lifts it up, that the eye may have a passing glance. The principles of slander are so well known, that there exists, as it were, a pragmatic sanction between her and society. Of this Cardinal de Richelieu once reminded his niece very seasonably. She complained to him of a report which had been propagated that she had had two children by a gallant. "My dear niece," replied that great minister, by way of consoling her, "you must know that people ought never to believe more than *half* of what they hear"

It is evident then, that slander is in society what specifics are in medicine. I have proved that she is the auxiliary of friendship, the daughter of truth, the support of empires, the friend of all the world. If gaiety, activity, curiosity, the softer passions are sources of life for the social body, it cannot be doubted that slander, which nourishes them, is of itself an excellent thing. This is an acknowledged truth; but the use of it ought to be modified with a certain degree of circumspection. Too many, I am obliged to admit, indulge in slander. There are some who go to work so awkwardly that no one will listen to them even when they are uttering slander; this proves that it is equally useful and allowable to speak ill of others, but that a degree of skill is required to ensure success.

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LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY,

INTRODUCTORY TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

[*Continued from Page* 83.]

LETTER II.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,

I continue my volume, for a volume of no small size will my letters compose, before the happy moment arrives when the communications of our hearts will be renewed in all the delightful expression of personal intercourse.—This great town is all before me, where to chuse, not my place of rest, for rest there is none, but my subjects of amusement, for your recreation and instruction as well as my own. If there had been time for any acknowledgment of my last letter, I well know that I should have had a paper bimfull of curiosity, with all its interrogatories, concerning Lady Mary ——. This eager epistle is, I doubt not, on its wing to me; and, to say the truth, it does not delight me a little to anticipate its contents. 'Tis a pleasing,—but why should I not elevate my expressions?—it is a noble sensation, which proceeds from the generous conferring of kindness, favours I should rather say, without any application for them. The discerning mind, which knows the precise extent of its power, and can discover, as it were, with a glance, to what point it can be exercised with the most satisfaction, to the blended feelings of our pride and our humanity, has no ordinary pleasure in its grasp. I will not boast very much on the occasion, but I certainly experience sensible gratification to my *affections*, (the maternal watch-word of my heart) in the idea, that, I do not say all your questions, but a principal part of them will be answered at a moment when the dear, dear interrogatress, does not suspect that they are received. This is not taking time, but *affection* by the fore-lock. If I repeat this endearing term again and again, do not imagine, I beseech you, that it is for your sake, but for my own. You are daily, nay every hour of the day, making your offerings at the shrine of it; while I am surrounded with its most powerful enemies. Your Caroline is subject to the open attack, and the secret mine; the pestilence that destroys by day, and the arrow that flies by night. It is true, that I feel myself strong in my defensive powers, and that the citadel which contains them is impregnable; yet I hear of such transformations in the conduct and principles of those who were educated with as much care, and certainly possess as much understanding as myself, that there are moments when I almost tremble at my own dangers, mistrust my boasted resolution, and feel the rising doubts of my own security.

It has been said, by an authority which cannot be disputed, that the heart is deceitful above all things; and what peculiar privilege can I suppose myself to possess, that this potent deceiver should fail in its attempts upon me, when so many appear to be enthralled by it? Is my guardian angel cloathed with superior power? or has it received the charge of a more unremitting vigilance? Alas! mine is the common allotment; but improved, enlarged, informed, and fortified by *affection*; and it is that word alone, with its concomitant feelings, which can save me, or any young woman in my situation and circumstances, from some degree of change in her character, and, I fear, for the worse. I might certainly address myself to higher sanctions; but, without entering farther upon the subject, may I not say that *affection* is among the brightest emanations of them. I have, however, been led away, though the egarement is pleasant enough, by the real talisman, from announcing my proposed symbol of it. I have ordered a seal with no other engraving but the word *affection*, and without any decorative allusion: my next letter to you will be sealed with it. The wax shall bear the title of its contents. But as virtue, or excellence, or decorum, may be rendered more endearing by a display of the opposite qualities, and as our most eminent moralists and divines adopt sometimes the contrasting mode to enforce their opinions on the improvement of the mind, I shall proceed to tell you that I have received a visit from Lady Mary ——, she called it, indeed, a morning lounge, though it was near four in the afternoon; and, considered as a mere matter of curiosity, as a new exhibition of the human character, which it was to me, it was not altogether unamusing. On the stage, as a dramatic representation, it would have been very pleasant; but, as a friend, or even as an acquaintance, to which that superior name is sometimes applied, it was not calculated to exhilarate reflection; and had I been left to myself on her departure, I might have wept over her fashion and her follies:—but the tone of the afternoon was in her favour, and there was so much good humour and languid pleasantry in all she said and did, that I found myself rather disposed to laugh. I think, at this moment, that I hear you exclain, my dear, dear Caroline, where is your talisman? and I answer fearless, that I am writing to you, and under the best operations of it.—But to the subject:

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Our gay friend found me alone, and having asked me which was the most comfortable sofa in the room, she laid herself down, with a graceful air, on that which I recommended, and begin describing herself *as a perfect fright*; and when I proposed to bring a glass to prove the contrary, she screamed out as if I were going to do her a mischief. She had not only the features, but the most descriptive language of horror at the idea of looking in a glass till she had dressed for the evening, *as she felt herself to be a fright:* nor would hear my consolatory assurances in favour of her good looks. No, no, no! she exclaimed, *I feel myself to be a fright!*—Gracious Heavens! this feeling oneself to be a fright, must be a terrible thing!—Of all the nervous sensations produced by a life of dissipation, this surely must be the worst. At present they are no more than the despairing moments of a *coquette*;—but, what must be her condition, when these moments are become hours, and the hours advance into days, till, at length, time tinges the whole of her life with this melancholy hue.

She now proceeded to give me a history of the last fortnight of her life, if such a hurrying, varying, dissipating, enervating, and fantastic existence, as she described, can deserve that name. It alternately made me giddy, and sick, and sorry; but, believe me, I experienced no contagion; for, through the whole of it, not a word, an expression, a tone, or a look, denoted the least symptom of *affection*. She did not appear to remember her child; she seemed to have altogether forgotten her husband, while she either ridiculed or abused all her friends, with the exception of yourself, and she pitied you. Into what class your Caroline is admitted, no hint, as you may suppose, was given: but my fate, probably, is not yet determined. It is not for me to suppose that I am as yet a decided object either of her pity or her ridicule. It is not improbable but that, at present, I may be favoured with a small portion of both. Her opinions are all of them in extremes: her mind resembles a chess-board; all are black or white; there are no middle tints in her pictures, I assure you. Men, women, or thing, sare either angelic, or charming, or delightful;—or they are frightful, or odious, or detestable: and all these violent expressions were delivered in such a languid tone, that a stranger who might, perchance, see her in these gentle demeanors, or, as she calls them, her morning moods, would naturally suppose that she was repeating the opinions and the words of some other person. She denominates this state of mind a repose, to recover herself from the toil of her last conquests, and to strengthen her for new victories. The preceeding night saw a legion of admirers in her chains; and the evening that was approaching was to encrease the number of her slaves. The intervening hours formed an interval of renovating reflection on the charming past and the delightful future.

Such was the stile of her conversation: but this was not all, she had taken a fancy to me:—there was something about me, she said, that was full of attraction; and as a proof of her sincerity, she would willingly become my preceptress, and direct my course. That was indeed the object of her visit; and to commence her character, she came to invite me to go with her that very evening to the most charming and delightful party in the world. When, however, I replied, that it was a condition my father had imposed on me, and to which, of course, I most cordially assented, never to go to any party, public or private, but in the company of the lady whose guest I was, she opened her fine eyes upon me, and after vociferating in three different tones *O, la belle Philosophe!* she ridiculed what is called the *Sylvan System*, in a quiet, but at the same time, in such a pointed strain of irony, as actually to disarm my mind of its serious reflections; and to convince me of the real danger of associating with those, who have the art to dress up folly, not to say vice, in these pleasing allurements, and to throw such a veil of ridicule over virtue itself, as to deceive the well-ordered mind, though but for a few minutes, to partake of the mirth produced by such a profane misapplication of wit and fancy. She would not, however, quit the house till we promised to partake of a little family dinner with her the next day; when she took her leave to array herself for the conquests of the evening.

She seems to have been studying French romances, the worst species of study in the world, I believe, for any woman, but particularly for those who are wives and mothers, and to have formed her mind and conduct upon them.—Nevertheless, there is something in her air, manners, and chit-chat, that is very amusing, though there is so much about her that it is impossible not to lament;—ought I not, my dear Eliza, to use a harsher term? You will again exclaim, where is the talisman? That, be assured, will never fail to possess and guard my heart, when I think of my dear home, and the still dearer objects which it contains, when I tell them of my heartfelt duty and affection.

I dispatched my last packet to my dearest Eliza on Wednesday, and on Friday I am again at my writing table, to renew my epistolary conversation with her; and though I can do nothing in which you have any concern without those feelings of affection which harmonize our na-

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tures, and blend them together. Yet I must acknowledge that this letter is written rather from the surface, than the interior of the heart, from the playfulness of the mind, rather than the influence of the understanding.

But to keep you no longer in suspense, we dined yesterday with Lady Mary ——, according to the invitation I mentioned to you on Wednesday. The party, which was but small, proved very agreeable, perhaps for that very reason We were the first arrivals, and I insisted upon seeing the child. After some hesitation, and a few very careless observations, a perfect cherub was produced. For my part, I was enchanted with it, took it in my arms, and continued to play with it till some others of the expected company arrived, when this strange mother indulged herself in the solitary remark, that I should have made an excellent nurse for the Foundling Hospital. I could not help laughing at the unexpected ridiculousness of the remark, while the very moment after I could have wept with all my heart at the reflection, that the lovely infant would probably have found more maternal affection among the strangers who govern that asylum for deserted children, than beneath its maternal roof.

Mr. M—— is still in the country, and she treated his absence with the same kind of levity as she had done her child, and which, whatever after-reflections it may create, contributes, some how or other, to the mirth of the moment. In the first place, she was so glad he did not return according to promise, because she was sure that something very pleasant had detained him; and she was so delighted when he was happy. That as for any disagreeable accident having happened to him, she entertained no alarm of that kind. Bad news always travels so fast that she should have heard if any disaster had befallen him long ago. Besides, she added, whenever he is vexed, or ill, or he has met any thing unpleasant in his way, he always comes home directly, which he considered as the greatest compliment he could pay to her. He might find pleasure or amusement any where, and he was in the right to go wherever he could be pleased or amused;—she herself did the same; but he could only find comfort at home; and whenever he really wanted it, home he came, and she always gave it him. If he were prescribed physic, he would take the bitter draught from no hand but her's. Heaven protect the man; it will be well for him if the bitter draughts from the apothecary's shop are the only ones which he is destined to receive for her.

It is very well known, she continued, that when he broke one or two of his ribs, I have forgotten which, by a fall from his horse in Rotten-row, that I stayed at home with him for a couple of weeks, in the prime of the winter, and played, and sung, and read half the novels in Hookham's library to him; in short, I made the time pass so pleasant, that the good humoured creature declared he would, with all his heart, break another rib to pass such another fortnight; that he desired no other society than mine, and that if I would stay at home and amuse him, as I had done, he would not go out again for three months; but there were three words to that bargain. I had for some time wanted a dashing landaulet, and the first day he was permitted to go out we went together to the coach-maker's and ordered it. Nor need I say to any body who knows any thing of the matter, that it is one of the handsomest vehicles of the kind about town; and, to crown the whole, my opposite neighbour, Lady D——, has been literally dying with envy ever since it came out.

In this way does she let loose her lively, and, after all, not unpleasant nonsense, for never did I see society more enlivened than by her vivacity. This I am compelled to acknowledge, though, I trust, it will never prove otherwise to me than a negative example. Indeed I am not altogether disinterested in giving you this sketch of your friend; I wish very much to know, not your opinion, for of that there can be no doubt, but the first feeling of your mind on reading it. For as to myself, you must be sensible, that I am, in my present situation, so prepared for these, and similar exhibitions, by living, as it were, in their very atmosphere, that I cannot quicken myself into serenity in judging of them. It must be from my dearest Eliza, whose thoughts float in the pure region of retirement, and are neither thwarted, shackled, or coloured by the sovereignty of fashion, or the caprices of high life, that I must receive the calm, unbiassed opinion of an unsophisticated mind. At the same time you well know that my heart, with all its fashionable flutters, participates in all your duties; and the venerable being knows it also who is the object of them. All my letters to you must be written with *affection*; but you must perceive that the talisman has been prepared, and that this letter is sealed with it.

H— J—.

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THE BEAU MONDE;
OR,
A HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

[*Continued from Page* 87.]

LETTER SIXTH.

LADY L— IN CONTINUATION.

CONFESS, my dear—don't I tire you to death with my scrawl. I will continue it, however, at the hazard of giving you a fit of the spleen. The visit to our country Rector is paid, and is well worth description. Have you any taste for simplicity and nature? There was a time, my dear Frail, when we both had a portion, the least spice of which in our present condition would be esteemed folly and romance. Now then for a rural scene, ancient simplicity, and a village dinner.

About three o'clock Sir Harry and myself in a sociable drove for the Parsonage, and the distance being but three miles, we soon reached it. The honest Rector came out to hand me from the vehicle, and I rejected Sir Harry's assistance for that of his honest rival. He conducted us immediately into the house, though Sir Harry delayed a few minutes at the gate, and expressed his admiration at the neat elegance of the parsonage; it was really of a most striking simplicity. Conceive one of those cottages you have often seen in a fancy landscape, seated on the brow of a small hill, and this hill green as an emerald; conceive its walls clothed with grape-vines, and its windows scarcely visible through the embosoming foliage; in short, conceive swallows' nests, a thatched roof, and the lawn in which it stands enclosed into a kind of snugness by the surrounding shrubbery, and you will have some image of this elegant Parsonage. He conducted us into a parlour at the back of his house. "I dine," said he, "when alone, at two o'clock; but as you are people of fashion, I shall shew my breeding by keeping you waiting till four. We have half an hour yet:—will your Ladyship walk in my garden?"

We readily accepted his invitation, and followed him through a glass door into the lawn. The garden was as striking as the house; it was very long—two high walls on the east and west, his house on the north, and a stream of water on the south end, contained it. The walls, however, were entirely concealed by trees, shrubs, or vines. By these boundaries it was enclosed from the country without; and being narrow enough to give the idea of snugness, without being so much so as to have an air of huddle or confinement, it presented the most perfect image of retirement and village security.

By how strange and inexplicable a chain are our thoughts linked together, and with how gentle a touch do the chords of the heart vibrate! The tranquil beauty, the calm security, the air of peace and innocence in this village retirement, recalled to my mind the memory of distant days, when I would take in my hand one of my favourite romances, and throwing myself under some overshadowing tree, would fall into an insensible sleep; and following my fancy in its fairy rovings, dream of love and rapture in a scene like this. Oh Frail! I once had feeling! Dear girlish days, why are you so soon fled? Days of innocence and nights of rest, are you indeed fled for ever!—and for what have I exchanged you?

Dear Frail, excuse my nonsense;—what a strange heart have I! I wrote the preceding passage, would you believe it, in tears! some levity has since succeeded, and I am now laughing at my weakness. How stupid is that rule of pedantry which affixes what it calls a distinguishing trait to every character, and decides against all variation from it as unnatural contradiction! It is remarked that historians never err more than in giving a character; they make no allowance for humour and caprice, but impute the most trifling actions to deep and secret causes. If a king is out of humour, he has discovered a plot, though he is all the time, perhaps, fretting at his cook or his mistress; in short, they would fix a man to the straight path, and condemn those deviations which are more natural than a perpetual consistency, as frivolous and absurd.—But where am I running? I hate argument. Let any one take the sentiment, and make the most of it. How I have wandered! I intended to describe a visit, and have run into a stupid episode of fairies and oak-trees, love and days of peace. But to recover my subject.

After our honest host had shewn us his flowers, his choice of pinks and tulips, his bed of violets, moss-roses, &c. &c. a humour that is one of his foibles, he asked Sir Harry if he were not sensible of the pleasures of a flower garden.—"And your Ladyship," said he, "is not so refined, I hope, as to stop your nose at a violet, or catch a head-ache from gazing at a rose?"

I replied, that it was rather a complaint against

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wealth and grandeur, that it could not multiply the senses; not that it deprived us of the use of those we already had —" Well then," he added, " those that enjoy them in full perfection, must delight in a garden. Your Ladyship will forgive my using the name of a philosopher; but Aristotle observes, that the poet is most pleased with his works because he calls, as it were, *new creatures* into being. To plant and raise flowers is, by the same logic, to make a *new creation*. Now, the highest compliment we can pay to your sex, is to dress you finely; we should bestow, therefore, one of the same kind on the mother earth, and shew our gladness for the fertility she gives us, by planting nosegays in her bosom."

We were now summoned to dinner, and sat down to a table as hospitable as neat. I do not know whether it was owing to its novelty, but I relished the simple boiled mutton, the turnips as white as the table-cloth, and the homely apple-pudding, more than I ever did the most fashionable dinner. He made us no apology for the plainness of our entertainment, but turned it into a compliment in a manner of some elegance.—" I have not given you a fashionable dinner," said he, " because I could then have only given you what you could better have at home, nor could I have furnished a dish which you have not tasted before; but in a country dinner you will at least find one dish to your taste—that of novelty; and I am happy to see that you, Sir Harry, do it so much honour."

He had reason in what he said, for Sir Harry really astonished me, so heartily did he relish his dinner. He had the appetite of a schoolboy in the holidays; and the old housekeeper chuckled to see so fine a man eat so much of her apple-pudding.

The dinner over, our host, having first said grace, rose from table, and desired us to follow him into the garden. We obeyed, and he led the way to the middle of it, where was a raised mound, covered with green turf, and on it a kind of arbour around a low oak tree, which arose from its middle. Here a dessert of filberts, apples, pears, and other fruit was prepared for us, and set out with a neat taste on a table covered with a green cloth. From the arbour we could command the whole of the garden, from the house at the top, to the stream at the bottom; and as the afternoon was very fine, you can imagine nothing more pleasant. An odd comparison came into my head. The simple and respectable figure of our host eating dried fruits under an overhanging oak, made me for a moment draw a resemblance between him and one of the ancient patriarchs; and I could think of nothing but Abraham under the palm-tree. The sight of the water still improved the thought, and I was expecting to see a Sarah come up from it with a pail. There is certainly, my dear, something delightful in simplicity; the thought took up my whole mind, and I almost sighed that these were not patriarchal days. Could you have thought that I had a heart capable of such variety of feeling? Yet once I had indeed sensibility, and how was it misused! You shall know some time or another, Frail.

We returned to the house to our tea, and almost immediately afterwards drove home.

Yours, &c. L—.

[*To be continued.*]

COLONEL HOWARD TO CAPTAIN SEDLEY.

AGREEABLE to the promise I gave my good Sedley at parting, I hasten to forward him by the first packet, some account of my proceedings since my arrival in my native country. After an absence of nine years, you will readily suppose I found our customs and manners had somewhat changed. But as you are anxious for a minute detail of domestic occurrences, rather than the history of our politics or customs, and tell me that the most trifling circumstance relative to that country, near and dear to your heart, will be interesting to you; I shall endeavour to fulfil the preliminaries settled with you at parting, by employing my leisure in collecting, and recollecting, observing and combining, for the amusement of my exiled friend; and while I endeavour to soften the pangs of disappointment, and of " hope long deferred," my utmost interest shall be exerted to procure your speedy return to England and to happiness. Cheer yourself, therefore, dear Sedley! you have encountered and conquered the rigours of a destructive climate; suffer not yourself to be subdued by a more insidious foe! unrestrained sensibility will inevitably sap the foundation of that patience and fortitude, which might otherwise lead to glory and honour. The best affections of the heart, my friend, must be subject to the discipline of the head; or that noble intrepidity of soul by which are accomplished those magnanimous actions, which asto-

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nish and delight the world, will be lost in enervating and insignificant pursuits, and glory will supinely repose on the lap of pleasure. But I know you will say that this is the general preaching of those whose hearts are at ease. Not so, my friend; my batteries have been attacked, but I defended bravely, and drove the enemy from the field, with only a trifling injury sustained by my outworks. You are a British sailor, and should therefore be invulnerable. Tell me no more, "that except in one instance you are so;" remember it is the aim of a judicious foe to discover and take advantage of the assailable part. Achilles, you know, was destroyed by an arrow in his heel!—But to quit a subject which has so often formed a part of our personal conversation, I will hasten to tell you, that after a tedious passage of more than two months, I arrived safe in this splendid metropolis, which notwithstanding the burden of heavy taxes, and the scourge of a fourteen years war, seems to rise superior amidst the wreck of nations, and to have maintained its privileges, its opulence, and independence.—Having reposed myself for a day or two in snug security within the walls of St. James's Hotel, I sent for my old tradespeople, in order to modernize my external; and with my slouched hat, high cravat, Brutus crop, padded coat, and rucked boots, I soon exhibited a metamorphosis which would not have disgraced an Ovid.

Having thus acquired the exterior of a man of fashion (that necessary passport to rank, dissipation, and folly), I sallied forth to the habitation of my old friend Sir A. D. in Portman-square I found him surrounded with titled guests, and ministers of the new administration, to which he professes himself a faithful ally. Two years since he is said greatly to have impaired his paternal inheritance, by putting up for the Borough of K———, and after a warm contest he was elected by a majority of votes, which his liberality had procured, and the following session took his seat in parliament. The natural self-importance of his character is not (you will imagine) diminished by this his advancement to the board of honour. He addresses you with a commanding air, and converses in a true senatorial accent, but his eloquence has never yet extended beyond the walls of his own mansion. They tell you a laughable anecdote of him, which was doubtless the offspring of ridicule, and the fabrication of his opponents. On his first taking his seat in the house, he is said to have formed a *maiden speech*, in the delivery of which he expected to rival Demostenes; but it so happened (from what cause is not absolutely declared), that though the speech was transferred from his *head* to the lining in his *hat*, yet the perspicuity of utterance was fled. He rose—essayed to speak—but in vain, and he re-seated himself in silent dismay, without articulating a word.—Some wags, taking advantage of this his unfortunate failure, instantly caused papers to be printed and circulated through the streets of London and Westminster, on the top of which appeared, *the maiden speech of Sir A. D as delivered this morning in the House of Commons*; the rest of the paper was *blank*; and scarcely had the members been returned to their respective homes before these squibs were cried in all the principal streets of Westminster. The lady of Sir A. D. hearing the outcry, and exulting in the consequence and popularity of her husband, instantly rung for her footman, and desired he would purchase some of the papers of the poor man in the street; he having obeyed her command, immediately presented them to his lady, who, on viewing the *blank paper*, exclaimed with violence—"Why, fellow, you are a fool—you have brought *nothing!*" "No, my lady," drily replied the servant, "it is my master, for he said *nothing*." I give little credit myself to this ridiculous tale, but was told it as an absolute fact. From the library of Sir A. D. I was conducted with much ostentation to the drawing-room of his lady. She received me with an air of assumed affability, and affected that ease and freedom of manners which she had doubtless observed to distinguish persons of high breeding, and which, originating in vanity, is properly denominated proud condescension. She congratulated me on my return to my native country, spoke of my good looks, declared the West Indies had improved me, and that I was considerably more *embonpoint* than she expected to have found me. I bowed low, partly to hide the blushing recollection of my padded coat, which at that time associated itself with the word *embonpoint*. She introduced me to her daughter, who I remember to have left a child when I quitted England, but who was now transformed into a very beautiful and accomplished young woman, evidently educated in all those fashionable accomplishments of the day, but which I fear are too often cultivated at the expence of the head and the heart. I had not an opportunity of discovering how far this opinion was exemplified in the fair Theodora. Her mother seemed anxious only to display her accomplishments, and by the desire of the former she gave several beautiful airs on the harp, which she touched with all the grace of scientific execution. Her voice, with which it was accompanied, was natural sweetness, improved by taste, and cultivated by genius. Her foot, which rested on the pedal, was symmetry itself; her finely turned arm was a model for the sculptor; and her pliant fingers swept across the strings with the swift confidence

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of Trepsicore; her attire was of the Grecian order, a style of dress now generally adopted by the fashionable fair of this country, and though the round chubby features, and robust form, to which it is sometimes attached, exhibits rather a grotesque assemblage, yet no attire could better correspond with Theodora's style of features, or the graceful dignity of her figure. She looked a second Cleopatra. Smile not, my friend, at this lengthened description of the attractive Theodora, nor think me taken captive by her charms. I admire a beautiful woman, it is true, with somewhat more warmth than I would a beautiful picture; but it must be united to more solid endowments before it can touch my heart, and personal grace is now so common in this splendid city, that the pure love of novelty alone would lead one to search for the graces of the mind and the virtues of the heart. Having prolonged my visit to this fashionable family beyond the limits which etiquette prescribes to a morning call, I took my leave, and directed my steps to the more humble abode of your Maria. She was seated at her writing table when my name was announced, and her mother (still very handsome) was industriously repairing the ravages which time or accident had made in some part of her daughter's wardrobe. She received me with that unaffected cordiality which is the welcome of the heart. Maria rose with agitation—alternately the rose and lily triumphed in her cheek.

I hastened to relieve her embarrassment, by presenting your letter. She took it in silence; the tear of sensibility, hitherto restrained by decorum, instantly rushed to her eyes, and she hastily quitted the room. Left alone with Mrs. Darnly, our conversation naturally turned to you. She expressed her high sense of your worth; spoke of your having smoothed the pillow of her dying husband; called you the disinterested protector of herself and child; lamented your protracted detention in a country so unhealthy as the West Indies; and added, that she knew not how her daughter would sustain this new demolition of her hopes. At this moment Maria entered; and though she had carefully wiped away the traces of sorrow, yet to me they were discernible in the lucid lustre of her eye, and the glazed glow on her cheek, which was polished with the purity of nature's tear. She rallied her spirits, and attempted to join in conversation; but I saw the effort was painful, and having informed her when the next packet would sail, I quitted this amiable family and repaired to my hotel. I have since passed an evening with them, the only rational one since my arrival in this gay city. I will give you some account of our public amusements hereafter. I shall conclude this epistle with a subject more congenial to your feelings, and honestly tell you, that if Maria Darnly were not *your Maria*, if she possessed a tolerable fortune, with one or two other *ifs* essential to my rational ideas of matrimonial felicity, I really believe I could love her well enough to make her my wife. She is much improved in her person since you left England; to those who admire a striking figure she might be considered as too small; but to me who am fond of every thing feminine in woman but strength of mind, she appears the perfection of symmetry and beauty. In her manners is displayed that correct medium between inordinate vivacity and the cold fastidiousnsss of prudish reserve. In her affections she is all heart, and self is banished at the call of sympathy and benevolence. Her attire is at all times consistent with her general character; it is neat, plain, simple, elegant, and sufficiently in fashion as not to appear particular. Her person is never so exposed as to offend the chaste eye of delicacy, nor so concealed as to appear affected, or ostentatiously singular. The candour of a pure heart, and the charity of a benevolent soul, shine in her general conversation; she would vindicate an aspersed friend against an host of false accusers; she arrests the sly shaft of innuendo by the frankness of her retorts; and towards a fallen sister the censure of silence is accompanied with the sigh of commiseration and pity. Such a creature is your Maria. Cheer you, therefore, dear Sedley, for her heart is all your own! I see it in every action, in her whole deportment. You are, I must confess, worthy of each other; and you may depend, more than ever, on my friendship, to accelerate your promotion, your return to England, and your union with this worthily beloved, and interesting woman.

A card of invitation has this moment arrived from Sir A. D.—a dinner party this day fortnight. I expect an ostentatious display of all that pomp and splendour can collect. I shall go—but were it practicable, would rather take a sober bottle with my friend. I may possibly give you some account of this visit in my next, if in want of a better subject—for the present, good night.

C— M—.

London.

[*To be continued.*]

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BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

ACCIDENTAL CIRCUMSTANCES IN LIFE, NOT DEPENDING ON OURSELVES.

From a Work entitled "Thoughts on Affectation."

BEAUTY.

AFFECTATION of Beauty so regularly excites the most unbounded ridicule, that it is truly astonishing to see how continually it is practised by the old, the ugly, and even by the most deformed people of both sexes; whose glasses, those never-neglected monitors! so honestly reflect what none but the self-beholder views with eyes of admiration. But honest as the poor looking-glass may be, it seems as if by some enchantment an extraordinary deception takes place, which converts frowns into smiles, death-like paleness into a blooming complexion, and awkwardness into grace. This is assuredly one of the wonders of nature, which never yet has been thoroughly explained or understood, although the fact be sufficiently known, and that it hourly takes place; so that I know not whether we are not bound more to extend our pity than our blame, or our derision, to those victims of an incomprehensible delusion; who, really fancy themselves lovely, only adorn with care charms which elegant attire will in their opinions render still more attractive.

The extreme attention paid to dress and to fashion by the very ugliest of people, nearly justifies the supposition, that they are actually deceived as to their appearance; since otherwise one should imagine no person who was evidently crooked, could like to talk of their form, or choose to wear a dress particularly adapted to the display of a fine figure: yet it has often been remarked that most people with that defect are uncommonly partial to dress and shew, and that a consequential manner in their walk, with a certain pertness in their tone of voice, seems peculiarly affected by them, as if to assume a dignity which nature has positively denied. It sounds almost incredible to say, that an old woman with fiery red hair, addressed a young one, whose beautiful light ringlets curled over a fair complexion, in the following words: "you and I, who have auburn hair." Yet this did happen; and similar instances occur every day, whilst the old and the ugly unmercifully multiply their loads of finery with the most pitiable folly. Nor are the unfortunate objects, as one could wish were the case, so really self-conceited as always to believe themselves handsome, though they vainly imagine that ornament and affectation conceal defects, and that talking of unpossessed beauties deceives those who must be blind indeed, could they not perceive the striking difference between loveliness and deformity, which no additions whatever can make less disagreeable; whilst the splendid dress may, on the contrary, attract a degree of notice to the wearer's ugliness, which would have been overlooked had more simplicity been attended to, with less affectation of that which must be natural before it can be pleasing.

No one ought, it is true, to be proud of beauty; yet it assuredly bespeaks the approbation of strangers, and is so agreeable a letter of recommendation, that I should certainly tax that person with affectation, who, being handsome, should either pretend ignorance of the circumstance, or indifference about what is wished for or aimed at by most people.

Beauty is universally allowed to be a dangerous trial; yet nevertheless those who are modestly conscious of it, may surely with the greatest safety indulge the satisfaction of confessing to themselves their natural advantage, without suffering that satisfaction to run into vanity, or to sink into the affected ignorance of what they know to be fact. But to be so ashamed of ugliness, which being no fault, is no disgrace, as to endeavour to veil it under the mincing airs of youth and beauty, and by adventitious ornaments to gain some admiration for a form destitute of natural elegance, is a folly approaching to criminality, and certainly leading to dangers of which the imitator of loveliness has at first little idea: for how much comfort, and how much health, have ultimately been sacrificed in the affectation, which, after all, no art can obtain. So much does fashion govern all things, that even beauty itself, which naturally appears to be a positive, a self-evident circumstance; to consist in the regular formation of well-turned limbs, and in symmetry of features; yet submits its pretensions to the arbitrary taste of the times. That which was considered as handsome one year, is not thought so another; and in compliance with the general opinion, people try to appear fat or lean, tall or short, according to the dictates of the ever-varying fancy of the hour! As I well re-

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member young women's drinking vinegar, and half starving themselves, in order to obtain the slender waist which was then in vogue; so have I known the subsequent reign of padding and stuffing, with a view to imitate the plumpness which nature had denied: yet neither could the fat lady conceal her size, nor the thin one succeed in persuading us that she was not a skeleton. High heels, when dignity was as much affected as smartness is at present, only produced a tottering gait, without adding much to the wearer's real stature—that once-envied height! which a graceful stoop in the shoulders has lately as assiduously endeavoured to lose; since tall women have not pretended to vie in elegance with the little lively beauties of modern taste.

How many a form, in the attainment of a fine shape, has been tortured in bands of steel, and streightened in what may almost be termed coats of mail! and how many a constitution has sunk under the unavailing effort to convert a brown complexion to a snowy whiteness by the dangerous application of paints and washes; which, fine as their names may be in the advertisements recommending their virtues, are invariably composed of the most pernicious materials; the use of which, when unhappily it is once begun, is always persevered in at the hazard of life, rather than be reduced to the mortifying exhibition of a tarnished skin, become by the long practice of art actually disgusting, and to the consequent acknowledgment of the falsehood which was previously attempted.

Can a few frivolous compliments lavished on mere appearance, or does the short lived triumph of perhaps a few years, compensate for the loss of limbs; or afford consolation for the misfortune of premature old age? Indeed it seems as if the conscious made-up beauty could enjoy but little pleasure, though she should receive all the adulation she courts, embittered as it must be with continual terror of some unlucky accident, which may discover her shape to be owing to the skill of a stay-maker, her teeth to that of a dentist, her hair to be only a fashionable wig, and her complexion bought at a perfumer's! Let us rather be satisfied with the appearance it has pleased God to give us. We may injure, but shall not mend his works! If we are ugly, let us no otherwise a tempt to adorn that ugliness, than by an endeavour at a constant exercise of good-nature and benevolence, which infuses a pleasing cheerfulness into the least agreeable set of features, and lights up even an ugly countenance with more attraction than can be purchased in all the shops of the metropolis!

Should we, after all our attempts to improve our looks by the serenity of temper arising from a cultivation of the most estimable virtues, should we still be so unfortunate as to possess a gloomy and forbidding appearance; let us not even then be mortified or ashamed, but remember that there is One, to whom our inward thoughts are known; who regards not the outward man, but who loves, and will reward, the beauty of the *soul*—*that* which it is in our power (with assistance which, when applied for, will not be withheld) to improve during every hour of our existence; to render, under every increased trial or difficulty, less and less unworthy of Almighty mercy: and which (without fearing the imputation of affectedly following that fleeting and most commonly unattainable circumstance, personal attractions) we may strive, and strain every effort, continually to beautify with the beauty of holiness, for which we are commanded unremittingly to labour.

UGLINESS.

Being desired and admired by no one, Ugliness is indeed so seldom an object of affectation, that I should scarcely have ventured to mention it in that light, were it not that in spite of the insults to which it is not unfrequently exposed, the abhorrence it inspires, and the offence it gives to all people to hear it imputed to them; yet I am bound to confess that there have been instances, where ugliness, or rather deformity, has been the occasion of a sort of pride to ugly persons, who, conscious of a disagreeable appearance, which nothing could conceal, have stretched the laudable determination to be content with their fate; till meaning to be praised for a meritorious humility, their calling for notice of defects has grown into a troublesome obtrusion of their misfortunes, and has sunk what otherwise would have been pity into downright disgust.

This odd, and in its origin well-meant affectation, belonging to ugly people, (for it is not affectation of ugliness itself) by degrees is sometimes converted into absolute pride in those singularities, which are exclusively their own.—What else could make an unfortunate dwarf proud of his littleness? and talk with a sort of satisfaction of being still shorter than another, who was mentioned as famous for the same defect? Another instance of actual pride in deformity has likewise been related to me—of a black man, a trumpeter to a regiment, who was seriously hurt on being told of another regiment, in which there was another trumpeter, still more frightful than himself!

This species of pride is however very rare, and it must be acknowledged that a taste for ugliness is not sufficiently prevalent to be productive of *much* affectation.

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ON FRIENDSHIP.

From a Work entitled "Letters, from a Mother to her Daughter, on Religious and Moral Subjects. By M. S."

I BEHELD the sight of your hand-writing, my beloved Louisa, with as great emotions of transport, as the benighted traveller would feel on discerning the rising moon, or with sensations no less animating than those which would fill the breast of a mariner who beheld the beams of the sun dispersing the terrors of a storm! But in truth, you are the sun, which seems to illuminate my earthly prospects, a kind of vivifying luminary which animates my life, and so much does my happiness seem to depend upon your felicity, that though our persons are divided, I think our souls must be entwined.

The filial apprehensions so affectingly expressed in your letters, least the climate should ultimately prove prejudicial to my health, I trust I shall remove, by a positive assurance, that I never enjoyed this blessing in a more perfect degree. I am rejoiced at hearing that the pang of separation no longer prevents you, my dear Louisa, from feeling satisfaction in the different enjoyments of life; and the account you give me of the gratification the society of Miss Danvers affords you, imparts almost an equal degree of pleasure to my mind. From your description of this young lady, I am led to imagine, that she possesses all those amiable qualities which you so warmly paint; yet as my feelings with regard to friendship are different to those of the generality of parents, I shall expatiate with some prolixity upon the interesting theme.

The precautions of a mother are generally directed against the insinuating snares which the other sex may lay; but I would guard my Louisa from those which are still more dangerous, and tell her that the arts of females are no less apt to betray! Yet do not suppose I would wish to blast the bud of friendship, or throw a shade upon the fairest flower that ever yet bloomed; I only wish you to select a soil where the plant may become vigorous, instead of one that will corrode or destroy its tender root.

Necessity has been termed the mother of invention, and it is by experience alone that we can expect to become wise; but I shall never think that mine has been too dearly purchased, if my beloved Louisa profits by my advice. In the present age, the sacred name of friend is so prostituted, that it is difficult to define the modern meaning of the word; for I grieve to say, that in general it does not imply a being who warmly enters into your interest, and to promote it is ready to sacrifice the dearest wishes of her heart; but it means a person who contributes to, or promotes those pleasurable amusements, which gives a zest to fashionable life. This, my Louisa, alas! is the too prevalent idea of friendship, and the basis upon which that convenient intercourse is formed; for neither the head or the heart are now consulted in a connection, which has naturally the power of assuaging the severest calamities of life!

This censure upon one of the noblest passions that can dignify our nature, may appear to you, my dear girl, both illiberal and severe; but I do not mean generally to condemn all modern friendships, but only those which come under the denomination of the fashionable kind. In the choice of a friend much care is necessary, and much precaution ought to be observed; a weak mind is incapable of attachment, and a bad temper imperceptibly destroys the firmest regard; yet shining qualities are not so likely to insure a permanency of friendship, as a sensibility of disposition, united to a real goodness of heart. The natural turn of your mind is so ingenuous and unsuspicious, that you will never suspect a character until you have been deceived; and I consider it almost an act of cruelty in me to inform you, that the specious garb of virtue is often assumed by the designing, merely for the purpose of concealing vice.—Not, my beloved girl, that I would wish to steel your heart against those attachments, which, if founded upon a proper basis, will enhance the joys of life, but I only wish you never to enter into the sacred engagement of friendship, without being convinced that the object of your affection has a susceptible heart, and a highly principled mind. A fascinating manner, elegance of deportment, and a minute attention to those little civilities which are so much calculated to please have often been mistaken by those, towards whom they were directed, for the most indisputable proofs of friendship and regard. In forming your opinion of a character, never be guided by these appearances, for manners become habitual, and softness is frequently assumed; but rather let your judgment be formed upon little trifling circumstances, when the person whose disposition you are anxious to discover, conceives they are not observed. But if you ever perceive in the manners of your acquaintance an inattention to those duties which religion and virtue require, if you ever hear them venture to treat with

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levity subjects which ought to be held sacred, or see them deficient in filial or sisterly regard, never suffer yourself to be deceived by a plausibility of manner, for it is assumed for the purpose of concealing a depravity of heart.

On this subject, my dear girl, I am completely able to advise, for by the semblance of amiable qualities, I have too often been deceived; but I hope that the experience which was so dearly purchased, will prevent you from falling into the same snare. Yet do not suppose that I wish to fill your breast with cold suspicion, or lock up the ingenuous emotions of your heart, I am only anxious to caution you against entering into the bonds of friendship, until you are convinced that the being you are attached to, is worthy of regard.

Friendships which are contracted in the early part of life, are generally more permanent than those which are formed at a later date; for there are so many pleasurable emotions united with the connection, that at once strengthen the links of the interesting chain. Yet at whatever period we have the power of entering into the sacred union, it is an intercourse capable of affording the most exquisite delight, it soothes our sorrow, augments our enjoyments, and is justly described as the balm of life. The Grecian philosophers, incapable of feeling the bliss it afforded, asserted, that "friendship was an affair of self-interest, which was entered into for the sake of receiving a convenient return," and advised their disciples always to contrive to keep the bonds in that loose kind of direction, that they might strengthen or relax them, as necessity required. "Excellent and obliging sages," says Melmoth, in his translation of Cicero's Lœlius, "to strike out the friendly affections from the moral world, would be like extinguishing the sun from the natural one, each of them being the source of the best and most grateful satisfactions, that heaven has conferred upon the sons of men."

If sensibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wisdom (and it surely is not, unless we suppose that philosophy deadens every finer feeling of the heart) what reason can be assigned for these philosophers wishing to degrade friendship, by bestowing upon that delightful passion a self-interested name?—"Ye Gods!" continues the eloquent Cicero, "is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world can bestow, if offered to him upon the severe terms of his being unconnected with a single mortal whom he could love, or by whom he should be beloved? This would be to lead the life of a detested tyrant, who amidst perpetual suspicions and alarms passed his miserable days, a stranger to every tender sentiment, and utterly precluded from the heartfelt joys of friendship."

The sentiments of this elegant writer, my beloved Louisa, are so perfectly correspondent with my own, that I could not resist the inclination I felt to transcribe them for you, to prove that I do not mean to caution you against entering into the tender league of friendship, but merely to convince you that you ought to study the disposition of the person, towards whom you are inclined to feel sentiments of regard.

The being who would attempt to extinguish these sympathetic emotions, which naturally excite affection for the human race, I should consider as more obnoxious to society than the man who forcibly deprived me of my purse. In cherishing the impulse of general philanthropy, our hearts are imperceptibly prepared to receive impressions of a more delicate kind; and we anxiously look round to find some kindred spirit who is formed to share both our pleasures and our griefs.

I have cautioned you, my beloved girl, against forming a close intimacy with any being who appeared deficient in religious duties, or in filial regard; I must now endeavour to prevent you from expecting to find perfection in creatures to whom frailty appears to belong. Young people are apt to form romantic ideas upon this subject, and to invest those they are attached to with virtues which in fact do not exist; and the consequence of this is, that time discovers to them they have been partial to a chimera, that existed but in their brain. Through the partial veil which parental fondness throws over my Louisa's imperfections, still many little failings are to be observed, and to those who do not behold her with the eye of affection, a still greater number may possibly be discerned. Never, therefore, expect to find a friend devoid of imperfection, or suppose that perfect goodness exists in the human heart; but when you discover a mote in the eye of a brother, remember the beam that is in your own.

Seneca observes, "that it requires time to deliberate upon friendship; but the resolution once taken, my friend is entitled to the secrets of my heart, and I look upon my thoughts to be as safe in his breast as my own." The sentiments of this wise and celebrated philosopher differ widely from those which some more modern theorists have taught, who advise that we should treat our friends with that prudent precaution, as if we expected they would one day become our foes. Far be it from me, my beloved Louisa, ever to advise you to treat your friends with coldness or reserve, yet I would caution you against disclosing all your secrets, until

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you have received some decided proofs of the rectitude of their hearts. Candour and sincerity compose an essential part of friendship, but recollect that the secrets of another ought carefully to be concealed; and though you may wish your friend to share the inmost thoughts of your own bosom, you must never disclose any circumstance that has been entrusted to yourself.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

PUBLIC RECREATIONS OF PARIS.

[*Continued from Page* 102.]

L'Opera Buffa,

Or Italian Comic Opera, after all, is the only true school for vocal music in Paris; I presume to say *true*, because the management of the voice, the beauty of air, and the art of accompaniment, are the peculiar attributes of the Italian school.

There are at present no very capital singers at this theatre. If, however, the vocal performers here are not great, they are at least good; if there are, to use an expression, no meteors, there are many fixed stars.

Paesiello is at this time at Paris, and has produced several new operas at this theatre. He is also a frequent auditor of his own beautiful productions.

The orchestra here is more sparingly charged with loud instruments of effect, than at the French serious opera. It being the principle of the Italian school to accompany, and not to overpower the voice.

The hall of this theatre is spacious, and simply elegant! and being the only Italian theatre in Paris, it is always sure to be filled by the most fashionable classes of society.

The curtain of this theatre represents a rural temple, decorated with flowers. In three seperate compartments are pourtrayed the musical representatives of the Italian school; and on the base of the pedestals are the following inscriptions:—Venezia, Napoli, Roma.

To the above review of the principal theatres, expressly dedicated to music, little remains to be added further than a general conclusion.

It will be seen that the French have judiciously detached the various branches of the musical drama, by a total separation of the serious opera, comic opera, and Italian opera.

This is certainly highly politic, as it gives each species of music the greater opportunity of arriving to perfection. But in doing this they have let national vanity get the better of reason: for they have totally excluded the Italian serious opera, in order to give the serious opera in their own unmusical language.

Thus they have wholly shut up the grand school for the more sublime Italian music; and have thereby prevented many of the finest Italian operas from being heard.

In all other respects the French theatres have well defined the several branches of the musical drama; which, on the whole, they have, much to their honour, brought to considerable perfection.

Theatre Francais,

Or the Theatre of the National Drama. In order justly to weigh the merits of this theatre, it is previously necessary to possess a clear knowledge of the language, style of the authors, merits of the performers, and taste of the audience; but as these qualifications do not attach themselves in the present instance, I can only presume to speak generally.

Acting here is apparently a profound science; the most studious attention is paid to look, action, attitude, dress, decoration, and every finesse of the scene.

Talma is the hero of this theatre, and the idol of the Parisians. He is, without doubt, a great actor. Indeed every performer on this stage possesses superior merit; certainly a necessary qualification here, since the avowed object of this theatre is the perfection of the national drama.

The Parisians appear to be very partial to this theatre. Indeed the acting must be very superior, where a people so devoted to music and dancing, will forego both opera and ballet, to witness, with enthusiasm, the representation of a tragedy or comedy, although it should be in verse.

The hall of this theatre is large and noble. Here is also a good orchestra, but its chief business is to play characteristic music between the acts.

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THEATRE LOUVOIS,

Stands decidedly at the head of the second class of theatres. Here comedies and farces are well performed. This house apparently aims at competition with the *Theatre Française*. It is no probable, however, that it will succeed in this point; but it is certainly entitled to more of the public protection than it appears to enjoy at present.

The hall of this respectable theatre is handsome, and of an agreeable size; the orchestra also is sufficiently good for its purpose.

THEATRES IN GENERAL.

The principal theatres of inferior rank are nearly on a level with our *Circus*, *Amphitheatre*, or *Sadler's Wells*. As for all the rest they are decidedly adapted to the taste of the million.

LIST OF ALL THE THEATRES IN PARIS.

1. Theatre des Arts (l'Opera)
2. L'Opera Comique (Nationale)
3. L'Opera Buffa (Italienne)
4. Theatre Francaise (National)
5. Theatre Louvois (Comedie)
6. Des Varietes
7. Du Vaudville
8. L'Ambigue comique
9. De la Cite
10. De la Gaiete
11. Sans Pretension
12. Des Jeunes Artistes
13. Lyri Comique
14. Societe Olimpique
15. Des Victoires
16. Des Jeunes Eleves
17. Du Marais
18. De Mareux
19. D'Equitation
20. De Fantasmagorie.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[*Continued from Page* 104.]

LETTER III.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

THE definitions I gave you in my last, must have taught you the general divisions of the Linnean System, it is necessary now to examine the different individuals which you will meet in your walks. Names are learned by rote and remembered by use and habit, but the observation of the plants is still more interesting than the study of their appellations.

Gather a flower, a field-poppy, for instance, observe the beauty of its colours, the fragility of its rich texture; and think of the slumbering power that lies concealed in its bosom. Are your thoughts of a gloomy hue, it will seem the deadly poison employed by hatred, revenge, and rebellion. Is your mind calm and serene, you will consider it as the soothing comfort of sickness, that drowns in peaceful slumbers the remembrance of pain. In the first case, the luckless field-poppy will be plucked without mercy. In the second, when you enjoy the sweets of domestic happiness in the middle of a blooming family, you will behold it as the harmless ornament, prepared by the hand of Nature, to embellish the simple maidens of the country. Attracted by the brightness of their colours, your child will perhaps adorn her hat with their blossoms, you will chuse one of them, and to try your knowledge will number its stamina.

Upwards of twenty filaments, black and crisped, will show you it belongs to the polyandria. A single pistil, very apparent, will place it in the monogynia order; and if you are desirous of knowing its name, you will easily find your plant among a few descriptions.

That kind of study is pleasant and easy, and if you sometimes deceive yourself, it is without danger and without remorse.

Let us now examine the corn flower, centaurea cyanus. You see it is radiate, and perceive the florets which compose the disk and the rays. Scrutinize first the rays: they contain neither stamina nor pistils. Take a glass, and observe attentively the smaller ones of the disk, you will discover that the stamina form in every one of them a short cylindrical body, with their lengthened anthers. The flower therefore belongs to the syngenesia, and the neutral florets of the rays give you the order of the polygamia frustranea.

The scabiosa might deceive you; it is composed of florets; but the anthers of the stamina are so distinctly divided, that you have only to reckon their number, which consists of four in

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every floret. The scabiosa then belongs to the tetandria. A single pistil is found in every floret, which assigns to the plant the order of monogynia.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I return from the garden, where I enjoyed the cooling breezes of a peaceful morning. During my walk, I gathered a small flower to send you its description, and hasten to begin the lesson before its leaves fade away.

This small plant is the herb Robert, or Geranium Robertianum. When I take hold of it, I notice a strong and unpleasant smell, which is found in every kind of geranium but the geranium-rosa. I open with a pen the hairy calyx of the flower; I pluck off with merciless, but careful hand, the blushing petals, and perceive the stamina collected into a small bundle, and crowned with red anthers. That characteristic places my plant among the monadelphia; and when I have numbered the stamina, and found them ten, I discover that it is contained in the decandria order.

While it ripens, the coral dries up and disappears, as well as the stamina. Swelled by the seed it incloses, the pistil fills up the whole of the calyx, and terminates in a long point tinged with red.

It would be impossible to describe this beautiful little plant, without admiring its elegance and grace, the regularity of its shape, the white lines which adorn its petals, and the salutary down which defends it against the slow attacks of humidity, though it humbly clothes the ground, and often spreads its green foliage on the margin of a rill.

I should almost be tempted to believe that this geranium were the chef-d'œuvre of the Creator, and the darling object of his care, did not the same perfection appear in all his works. Let us learn by his example not to neglect the less important of our duties, and to do a good action in secret, with as much attention as the most public deed.

LETTER V.

Yesterday, my dear Eugenia, I walked out but for a moment: you were present to my mind, and I gathered for you the flowers which grew at the side of a wall. Let us now begin to study them; I learn myself by teaching you, and that encreases my satisfaction. Think of me every time one of your flowers meet your eyes; I strew them at your feet as pleasing remembrancers of the past. When you go to the country you must put my lessons into practice, and verify the truth of my instructions.

Nature has in the distribution of her boundless garden, appointed an end to the courses of her children. Cherries have rewarded the exploits of Mithridates. The peach-tree comes from Persia, and the horse-chesnut from India; the tulip tree of America flourishes in France, and here the palm-tree crowns his head but with barren leaves, and ceases to be fruitful; too distant from his native sky, it is at the temple of the Sun that he lights the torch of Hymen, and sends, on the pinions of the winds, through the wilds of Africa his fertilizing love to the virgin palms of the desert.

But let us return to our humbler plants. Here is a Roquet; this yellow flower which according to my taste sends forth a pleasant smell, inhabits commonly the sides of a public road, and is called in Latin *sysimbrium-tenuifolium*. Its four petals, which are very distinct from each other, make me think that it must belong to the tetradynamia, or the class which contains almost all the cruciform. Four long stamina arise in the middle of the flower around the pistil, without holding together by their anthers; a little lower I perceive two smaller stamina of the same height as the coral, and by their number and their shape I am enabled to place the flower in the fifteenth class, or tetradynamia.

The fruit of that plant is a silique, in which the seed is contained and ripened. The silique swells, and when the seed has attained a proper degree of maturity, it bursts its prison and falls upon the ground where it takes root and produces similar plants.

All the flowers are disposed in corymb. There is this difference between a corymb and an umbel, in the first, the peduncles are placed above each other, and grow longer as they are farther from the top, while in the second, which offers the same aggregation of flowers supported by peduncles, are ranged on the stem in a circle.

Observe that the central flowers of the aggregation are less advanced than the others; they are generally only buds, and, if I may say so, concealed under the sheltering petals of their neighbours; the flowers of the ray are those which fade away first.

Observe also the delicate structure of the four divisions of the calyx, which covers and protects the whole of the bud; when the coral begins to unfold, the calyx seems to descend, dries up, and forsakes the coral, while its four divisions turned down, add to the beauty and the security of the flower.

The stem of that plant is smooth, or deprived of all kind of hair or down.

Let us examine another individual of the same class, but of the order silicalosa, and let us take the bursa pastoris, or shepherd's pouch. The

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flower is almost imperceptible, and it is difficult to observe its different parts distinctly.

Begin by raising with a small pin the four divisions of the calyx, pluck off then the four white petals, and between them you will see six stamina in the unequal but regular proportion of two short and four long ones; they are crowned with yellow anthers, and in the middle you will soon perceive the pistil which begins to swell, and threatens to divide its fostering cradles, the coral and calyx, and the small stamina which have fertilized its bosom.

The silicles becomes much larger than the size of the plant seemed to promise. It is flat, in the shape of a heart, with a small line in the middle; it is the mark of the filament which divides it into two parts, which contain each two rows of seeds: when ripe they fall naturally to the ground, and give birth to other individuals.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY,

UPON THE SUBJECT OF PERSPECTIVE;

Elucidating the practice of taking Views, and of designing Landscapes.

[*Continued from Page* 107.]

LETTER SECOND.

You delight me, my dear Matilda, by the tender expression with which you approve the subject I have selected for our correspondence. The pleasure derivable from it, is not indeed to be obtained without some degree of attention, but, if I can soften that seeming ruggidness, which its technical terms and the abstract references of its general principles have given it, and at the same time keep your mind alive to the beauty of those simple truths on which it is founded, I may indeed promise you the liveliest gratification in the pursuit. It is pride, my dear niece, that makes us, in general, reject the plain elementary truths of nature, as if they were beneath the dignity of our mental powers; forgeting that in the combinations of those, every thing that is truly sublime and beautiful necessarily consists. Men wonder and perplex themselves daily in the explanation of what they consider supernatural occurrences; but to become truly acquainted with simple effects, is the only way to obtain a chain of reasoning which may lead the mind upwards from effects to causes, until we reach the most astonishing deductions upon uncontrovertible evidence. So much have I said in reply to your suggestion, that the beginning of Simson's Euclid, into which some time since, you casually turned, appeared to be learned trifling, and that perhaps you had been early prejudiced against a species of learning which you are convinced must be highly interesting, by having somewhere picked up the saying of an ancient philosopher, who declared that "the books of Euclid were not meant for men, but to make asses men." If by men, my dear Matilda, are meant beings endowed with the powers of just reasoning, I believe the other denomination more truly belongs to many who make free with the human form; and if you will take the remark of the Epicurean sage, with that interpretation, I shall most heartily coincide with your opinion.

But to proceed with our proposed study:—In this letter you have to expect more of the theory, from what I forewarned you in my last; and you must sustain what you may consider burthensome, with the hopes of that more pleasing practical part which I have promised in my third epistle.

In this I shall have occasion to speak of parallel, inclining, perpendicular, and proportional straight lines, which may be thus defined:—

1st. Two straight lines, which are every where equally distant from each other are said to be *parallel.*

2d. If one is not every where equally distant from the other, it is said *to incline*, or more commonly *to be at angles with it*; the inclination being called *an angle.* You will easily comprehend that angles are greater or less according as they are more open or more closed.

3d. The *angular point* is that in which two inclining staight lines intersect each other.

4th. Angles are *measured* by circles, the centers of which are the angular points: every circle is divided into 360 parts, called degrees; and these again into 60 minutes.

5th. When a straight line inclines equally on

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each side to another straight line, that is, makes two equal angles with it, it is said to be *perpendicular* to it, or the two straight lines are said to be at *right angles* with each other.

6th. An angle *greater* than a right angle is called *obtuse*, and an angle *less* than a right angle is called *acute*.

7th. *Proportional lines* are such as have some given relation or *ratio* to each other; thus, as a line of two feet long is to another of five feet, so is a line of four feet long to another of ten.

As I believe that in the study of perspective it will always be more advantageous to elucidate the subject, even in geometrical definitions, by sensible objects rather than by the usual literal references; let me suppose a square box before you, the surface of its sides, as well as of its bottom and lid, will be *parallel planes*; their boundary lines will be *parallel lines*: but, when you begin to raise the lid, the planes of the top and bottom *incline*, and lines drawn on both are *at angles* with each other. The surfaces of the sides and bottom are *perpendicular planes*, and their boundary lines are at *right angles*; also by opening or closing the lid, you increase or diminish the angles which it makes either with the bottom or upper ridges of the sides.

Having thus, my dear Matilda, defined some geometrical expressions, which I must necessarily use in our disquisitions, I would proceed to shew you how to perform a few geometrical problems, but as you will find this done in the elementary books of almost every mathematical science, I shall content myself with sending you a drawing board, with a square and parallel ruler, by which most problems may be more speedily performed than by common operations.

In my former letter I explained that boundary of our sight called the *visual horizon*, and in what manner any line or plane extended thereto is said to *vanish*. You will perceive, therefore, that all parallel planes, being supposed every way of indefinite magnitude, and extending to the visual horizon, would there appear to *intersect* each other or *vanish* in one indefinite straight line. Also if one of these indefinite planes pass through the eye of the delineator, it must cut the plane of the picture in a straight line, which will be the representation of the line of common intersection of the parallel planes at the visual horizon, and is called *the vanishing line of those parallel planes*.

In the same manner, indefinite straight lines parallel to each other would appear to intersect or vanish in the visual horizon, and if any such indefinite parallel line pass through the eye of the delineator, it must transpierce the plane of the picture, in a point which is denominated the *vanishing point of such parallel lines*, and is the representation of the point of common intersection of those parallel lines in the visual horizon.

Of the nature of vanishing lines and points, and of the vanishing planes which belong to them, you must, my dear niece, form as clear an idea as you are able, before you proceed further. The whole of perspective depends upon a just comprehension of them, and I would advise you to read over the two foregoing definitions attentively more than once.

The distance of a vanishing line is the length of a straight line, drawn from the eye of the delineator perpendicular to that vanishing line; and the *centre of a vanishing line* is that point on which the perpendicular falls.

The plane of the horizon is an indefinite plane, supposed to pass through the visual horizon, and the eye of the delineator, at right angles, to a plummet line let fall from the eye of the delineator. Its intersection with the plane of the picture is called the horizontal line. It is manifest that the *perspective centre* described in my first letter must fall on the horizontal line.

The base plane is an indefinite plane, which is supposed to pass through any point in a plummet let fall from the eye of the delineator, and at right angles to that plummet line. Its intersection with the plane of the picture is called the *base line* and sometimes the *ground line*.

The vertical plane is an indefinite plane perpendicular to the horizontal plane, and passing through the eye of the delineator. Its intersection with the plane of the picture is called the *vertical line*.

The *height of the eye* is the length of the plummet line let fall from the eye of the delineator, between the eye and the point in which the *base plane* passes.

The *station point* is the point in the plummet line through which the base plane passes.

From these definitions the principle of the vanishing line and its centre being clearly comprehended, we may easily deduce the following observations, which, among geometricians, would be termed corollaries:—

1st. That if any planes be parallel to the *base plane*, that is, if they are *level planes*, their vanishing line will be the *horizontal line*, whose *centre* will be the *perspective centre* of the picture.

2dly. If any parallel planes be perpendicular to the *base plane* and the *plane of the picture*, that is, if they are *direct*, *upright*, or *vertical planes*, their vanishing line will be the *vertical line*, whose *centre* will also be the *perspective centre*.

3dly. It is manifest that planes which are not only parallel to each other, but to the plane of

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the picture, will have *no vanishing line* or *centre*, since they can never intersect the plane of the picture, nor approach the visual horizon.

4thly. If the parallel planes are *inclined* to the *plane of the picture*, and to the *base plane*, but *perpendicular* to the *vertical plane*; that is, if they are *direct*, *elevated*, or *depressed planes*, their vanishing line will be *parallel* to the *horizontal line*, and its centre will be its intersection with the *vertical line*.

5thly. If the parallel planes be *perpendicular* to the *base plane*, but *inclined* to the *plane of the picture*, and to the *vertical plane*; that is, if they are *oblique upright planes*, their vanishing line will be *parallel* to the *vertical line*, and its centre will be its *intersection* with the *horizontal line*.

6thly. If the parallel planes be *perpendicular* to the *plane of the picture*, but *inclined* to the *base plan* and to the *vertical plane*; that is, if they are *lateral sloping planes*, their vanishing line will pass through the *perspective centre*, which will also be the *centre of such vanishing line*.

7thly. If the parallel planes be *wholly oblique* to *all* the *three principal planes*, their vanishing line will pass through the vanishing point of level lines, drawn upon them, and through the vanishing point of parallel lines drawn upon the same planes at right angles to those level lines.

In these seven corollaries you have a full view of the whole theory of perspective; they will dilate themselves, and become sufficiently perspicuous in the rules for practice which are to be founded upon them, and you will be convinced of the advantage of this general survey of the whole subject at once. Whatever may be our study, we should endeavour to see the extent of it at one glance; we should then consider how it divides itself into various parts, and under what heads we may class each distinct section of it. Every minute article then becomes apparent, and its relation to the whole is correctly defined; the confusion of the first general prospect gradually clears away, and we can contemplate every object with pleasure. Such, my dear Matilda, is my purpose in thus classing the whole of our subject.

Believe me, my dear niece,

Your affectionate uncle,

MATHOS LE BON.

FINE ARTS.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT SOMMERSET-HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

THE annual Exhibitions at Somerset-House, as well as others in different parts of the town, at this period, claim the attention of the public; and while others are employed in describing, with critical observations, the performances of the different artists, I shall beg leave, through the medium of your miscellany, to offer some general remarks on the nature and use of Exhibitions, as influencing the public taste, and interesting the artist.

It is so customary to abuse, and still to visit, this place of annual amusement, that it will shew some confidence to suppose any thing worthy of public attention can find a place on those walls. But as the English scholar has found an able champion in the author of "Rhymes on Art," and a British Gallery is established by gentlemen of the highest respectability in the annals of taste, we may hope, by the exertions of modern artists, to do away that prejudice which has concurred with other circumstances to depress the exertions of the living, by an overweening fondness for the works of the departed.

Of the British Gallery it may be said, as of other places intended for the reception of the most perfect,

"Where is that place, however pure,
"But into which foul things will sometimes enter."

With a very moderate proportion of this, it must be allowed there is a very fair display of sterling merit; sufficient, with proper encouragement, to rescue the sinking art of Design from that oblivion into which it was feared it fould fall.

The arts themselves can little influence the public taste, unless seconded by a discriminating attention from those to whom they have been accustomed to look up to, as the patrons and arbitrator of what was considered most excellent in the fine arts.

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To this country a considerable influx of wealth has been derived by the preference given by foreigners to our engravings, but which has been lost by the avarice and folly of those who exported them; trash of every kind was substituted for works of real merit; and purchasers no longer felt an interest, when none could arise, from the usual excellence of the commodity. How far these advantages may be retrieved, the times will hardly permit a chance of calculating.

In the mean time our Exhibitions may be considered as a cheap gratification to the public, who can at a small expence enjoy the pleasure of seeing the various ways by which different men pursue the same object; and if they are inquisitively or philosophically inclined, may go far in their enquiries for the reason of their different stiles; and why the imagination of some can only dress nature in a sombre hue, while others pour all the brilliant assemblage of colours upon the mode of execution, where it will be observed, that a single stroke of the pencil, in some, effects what, by many and repeated touches, is brought out by others.

But it is obvious that to this variety of style and manner, the pleasure we take in looking at pictures is chiefly owing, few indeed possessing a versatility of pencil sufficient to interest beyond their own painting rooms. The collection of Angelica Kauffman, pictures by Mr. Bowles near Wanstead, fail to have the proper effect, notwithstanding her pictures mixed with others are highly gratifying. Fuseli, in his Miltonic Gallery, displayed some of his finest energies, which were lost, from the repetition of style, in a number of paintings.

The public taste towards painting, in general, may be increased (or at least kept alive) by means of Exhibitions, and the encouragement of the arts at home may be derived from this growing inclination, so as to be less under the dominion of fashion; for when a well grounded love for the arts prevails, there will be little fear that the works even of modern artists (to say nothing of the ancient masters) shall be obliged to give place to the finical decorations of the paper-stainers.

By means of Exhibitions, the actions of great and worthy men, patriots, heroes, statesmen, the eminent among the literati, and the sciences, are brought to public view, and will be remembered for themselves and for their virtues: and if it only animates a single being to become conspicuous for something good besides his own portrait, it will have answered a desireable purpose.

It may be objected that our annual Exhibitions hold out false colours, and that many have entered the lists to combat for fame and fortune, by the encouragement given to a few; and that an increase of professors has been more than equal to their possible support. It were indeed to be wished that many had examined the ground, or their own powers to cultivate so stubborn a soil.

But to leave these speculations and come to the advantages that may be derived to the artist from the spirit of competition and comparison.

Over the works of the old masters time has thrown a sacred veil, which gives an appearance of majesty, and aided by imagination, flings us at a distance from their excellence, and sometimes damps our ardour and endeavours in the hopes to imitate them.

But with the works of our own day, and those with whom we are acquainted, who can only use the means at hand, as well as ourselves, the spirit of emulation may be attended with considerable advantage, for if an artist be fortunate enough to have escaped the excess of manner, he may select from many a portion of what is really good, and apply it accordingly. Yours, &c.

SCRUTATOR.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EDRIC AND BERTHA.

YOUNG Edric liv'd in days of old;
To war the gallant youth was bred;
None in the fight were found more bold,
None milder when the foe had fled.

Love, too, within his breast found place,
Fair Bertha own'd a mutual flame;
War call'd him from her fond embrace,
To search for death, or glorious fame.

A distant country Edric sought;
Bertha remained, a prey to woe;
Bravely the youthful warrior fought,
And dealt destruction on the foe.

But Fate decreed! and Edric fell!
His nation's glory, and its pride!
When Bertha heard—sad tale to tell,
She nam'd her Edric, drooped! and died!

J. M. L.

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A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreaths the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms;
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultur'd round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed:
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page:—In every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies.

CUPID AWAKENED.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH OF LA MOTTE.

As through a cool sequest'red wild,
The other day I careless stray'd,
I saw, by chance, a blooming child,
Asleep beneath a woodbine shade.

'Twas Cupid's self—for soon I knew,
The urchin, by his pleasing air,
His vermeil lips, and rosy hue,
And golden ringlets of his hair.

With cautious steps approaching near,
I well observed his lovely charms;
Examin'd too, without a fear,
His unstrung bow, and barbed arms.

"Ah me!" I to myself then cry'd,
"Can grace like this such care create?
"Is this the boy I have defy'd,
"Who sways with unrelenting hate?

"Sure under these soft dimpled smiles
"Deception foul can never dwell?
"Nor can this face with artful wiles,
"The bosom's throbbing pulses swell?"

Thus musing in deep eager thought,
A sigh escap'd my anxious breast,
The god awoke—I pardon sought,
But stern revenge his soul possess'd.

Forth then his odour'd wings he spread,
And from his quiver took a dart;
Twang went the bow—the weapon fled,
All forceful through my trembling heart.

"Go now," he cried, "to Rosa go,
"And pity at her feet implore;
"There sigh thy smart and secret woe,
"And all thy troubles number o'er.

"For captive thou to her shalt be,
"Bound fast by this bandeau of mine,
"And since thou'st dar'd to waken me,
"Keen love shall sway that breast of thine."

Liverpool, April 6. J. BOWDON.

ADDRESS TO A ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MONS. BERNARD.

SWEET Rose! thou empress of gay Flora's bow'r,
Sprung from the tears by fair Aurora shed;
Haste! and expand thy dewy dripping flow'r,
As near the zephyrs their soft pinions spread.

Yet stay! for I, unthoughtful, bade thee bloom,
To greet the prying of the curious eye;
For ah, lov'd flow'r! too hapless is thy doom,
Since one short hour must see thee fade and die.

Of this, Themira should the emblem see,
And thence be taught to scan thy early date;
Since all her charms must fade alike to thee,
Like thee submit to death's relentful hate.

Come, then! descend from off thy parent stem,
And to the maid add each enchanting grace;
As in the parterre thou dost shine a gem,
So happy should be thy exalted place.

On the fair precincts of her snowy breast,
Fix then thy empire, and sepulchral shrine;
Whilst I, by ev'ry envious thought oppress'd,
Wish o'er and o'er the blissful lot were mine.

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There, if thy buds should drooping fade and die,
And thou regret'st thy peaceful reign is o'er;
Sure, if the maid can breathe one pitying sigh,
Such sigh, perhaps, may ev'ry tint restore.

And thould she shed on thee a sorrow'd tear,
Or sad repine that thy gay prime is flown;
O! whisper softly in her virgin ear,
The manner how she should employ her own.

And if some rival's hateful hands intrude,
Or dares to soil the place thou dost adorn;
Resent for me in scorn, the action rude,
And prove thy vengeance from the pointed thorn.

Liverpool, April, 1806. J. BOWDON.

STANZA.

Now recedes the waining moon,
Cheq'ring o'er the trembling grove,
Night's serene and starry noon
Decks the cot of her I love.

Now each flow'rets emerald stem
Bends beneath the tears of Night,
Now each blossom boasts a gem
Shedding soften'd rays of light.

Illumin'd now the mould'ring tow'r,
The distant spire, the trophied tomb,
The wat'ry glade, the woodbine bow'r,
And foliaged forests deepest gloom.

With "lips of glue" now Silence reigns,
See Night in silver mantle drest,
In peerless splendor walk the plains,
While list'ning Echo sinks to rest.

ON THE

HARP AND DESPAIR OF COWPER.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

I.

Sweet Bard, whose tones great Milton might approve,
And Shakspeare, from high fancy's sphere,
Turning to the sound his ear,
Bend down a look of sympathy and love;
O swell the lyre again,
As in full accord it poured an angel's train!
But ah! what means that look aghast,
E'en while it seemed, in holy trance,
On scenes of bliss above to glance?
Was it a Fiend of Darkness pass'd!
Oh speak——
Paleness is upon his cheek,—
On his brow the big drops stand,
To airy vacancy
Points the dread silence of his eye,
And the lov'd lyre it falls, falls from his nerveless hand!

II.

"Come peace of mind, delightful guest,
"O come and make thy downy nest
"Once more on his sad heart;"
Meek Faith, a drop of comfort shed;
Swent Hope, support his aged head;
And Charity, avert the burning dart!
Fruitless the prayer—the night of deeper woes
Seems o'er the head, e'en now to close;
In vain the path of purity he trod,
In vain, in vain.
He pour'd from fancy's shell his sweetest hermit strain,
He has no hope on earth, forsake him not, O God.

LINES

Addressed by a Gentleman to his Wife, on the anniversary of their Wedding-day, when he presented her with a Ring.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed;"
So sixteen years ago I said,
Behold another ring!—for what?
"To wed thee o'er again, why not?"
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth,
Taste long admired, sense long rever'd!
And all my Mary then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that doubled merit now
To justify a double vow. H.

LINES PLACED OVER A SIDEBOARD.

Let social mirth with gentle manners join,
Unstunn'd by laughter, uninflam'd by wine;
Let reason, unimpair'd, exert its powers,
But let gay fancy strew the way with flowers.
Far hence the wag's and witling's scurile jest,
Whose noise and nonsense shock the decent guest:
True wit and humour such mean helps decline,
Nor will the Graces owe their charms to wine.
Fools fly to drink, in native dulness sunk:
In vain—they're ten times greater fools when drunk!
Thus free from riot, innocently gay,
We'll neither wish nor fear our final day.

MUTUAL LOVE.

"When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

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"One mutual flame inspires our bliss:
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Ev'n years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That love can n'er be cloy'd.

"Have I a wish? 'tis all for thee;
Hast thou a wish? 'tis all for me:
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

"If cares arise (and cares will come),
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest;
And is there ought disturbs my fair?
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it on my breast."

TO THE CROW THAT FLIES HOME AT NIGHT.

Say, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus at the dusky hour of night,
Waves thro' the midway air;
Why thus, beyond the verge of day,
Is lengthened out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care?

The wren, within her mossy nest,
Has hush'd her little brood to rest;
The wild wood-pigeon, rock'd on high,
Has coo'd his last soft notes of love,
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard her downy young from the inclement sky.

Each twit'ring bill, each busy wing,
That flits at morning's humid spring,
At rest—or sleepless kept too late
By Philomel's enchanting lay,
Who now, asham'd to sing by day,
Thrills the sweet sorrows of her fate.

Haste bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
That wait thy slow return for food.
On some bleak cliff's neglected tree:
Haste, weary bird, thy lagging flight,
This is the chilly hour of night,
Fit hour for rest and thee. H.

THE CARNATION.

Fair flower! by Doris lov'd, shall I presume
With savage grasp thy silken form to spoil,
To waste with lavish hand thy rich perfume,
Thy crimson-streaked leaves in dust to soil?

No,—she shall place thee in her snowy breast;
Thence thy delicious odours shall arise,
As incense, when, with Love's warm hopes impress'd,
To the fair Paphian Queen we sacrifice.

'Tis thine, sweet flower! her coral lips to kiss,
And thence thy bright vermillion tints to steal;
Would I, like thee, might taste the balmy bliss,
And thus my vows of tend'rest passion seal!

Like thee, beneath the sunshine of her eye,
To live and thrive where joy beyond compare,
What earthly pleasure could I prize so high?
Or what the raptures that I found not there!

TO MUSIC.

Rapt are my captive senses when thy notes,
Delicious music! in soft, airy sounds,
Borne on the dusky wing of pensive eve
By sighing gales, arrest the list'ning ear;
Or when the wand'ring moon with silent pace,
Mounts her blue throne, and with her gentle beam
That richly gilds the dew besprinkled earth,
Pierces with shadowy light the tangled grove;
'Tis then thy sounds, O music! heavenly maid!
Drown all my cares, my heart corroding griefs,
Or swell my senses to excess of joy.
Hark! that soft note borne on the rising breeze,
In pleasing murmurs dies away. Again!
Coy Echo catches the mellifluous sounds,
And deep within her cool, o'er arched cell,
Reverberates the song in lengthened tones.
Oft may I thus, abstracted from the world,
Retire to woo thy charms, or with thee tread
The dewy path of morn, inhaling fragrance
From the awak'ning flowers, that half unclose,
Their pendent heads, enriched with sparkling gems.
Nor should I lonely trace my devious way;
The artless choristers that wake the morn,
Should join their lays symphonious to my song,
And strain their little throats attun'd by love.
Sweet maid! the joys wherewith thou wrap'st my soul.
As far transcend the boasted charms of mirth
And midnight revels, as the summer's day,
Nurs'd by cool breezes and refresh'd by showers,
Excels old winter, who in hoary vest
Drives clouds and storms along the sable plain.
Faint are my falt'ring numbers to express
The entrancing dreams that captivate my sense,
When from the voice of the dear maid I love
Thy mellow'd notes pervade my inmost soul.
As some lone traveller, who, the live long day,
Toils in the sandy waste, or fainting climbs
The lofty mountain, and in distance views
Gay smiling fields, and turrets tipt with gold,
His thankful heart exults, refresh'd he breathes
The purer air of heaven, and pursues
With double vigour his meand'ring way,
Thus does my ear inhale the blissful sounds,
And my full soul beats with redoubled joy.

E. C.

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RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

SINCE the commencement of the war, the conduct of Prussia has been the subject of alternate wonder and indignation by all the Powers of Europe. Besieged by Imperial Viceroys, and flattered into an opinion of her own importance, it was expected that, at one period of the contest, she would have stept forth, and acted as became her. But no. At this crisis, when the soldiers of France had not as yet covered Germany, when Mack was safe in his entrenchments, and the Emperor of Austria in his capital, what did Prussia do?—A cold blooded calculator of events would have found it even his interest to have made a venture, but not so Prussia,—she negociated.

The present conduct of Prussia, in her seizure of Hanover, and atrocious demeanour towards the Court of Great Britain, results from that same principle of action which is uniformly seen to guide her. She has seen France appeased with Austria, on the condition of that unfortunate monarchy surrendering every thing that her stern Conqueror could require; and in the present degradation of this power she has nothing to fear. In a word, Bonaparte has entirely set Prussia at rest with respect to any jealousy of the other German Princes. Through all this wide waste of Europe, not a power is seen from whom the petty and unprotected states of Germany can demand protection, but France or Prussia. In flying for refuge to France, the general thraldom of Germany is only rivetted the stronger; and Prussia requires subjugation as preliminary to protection.

Germany is thus to be parcelled out between these Royal Freebooters. Russia, at a distance, cannot interfere with any hopes of success, and, without an ally in Germany, cannot, perhaps, interfere at all. What then is the next step of Bonaparte, and his obsequious instrument, the King of Prussia? It was easy enough to conjecture it. We know well what a mortal offence the spirited conduct of the King of Sweden gave to Napoleon at the commencement of the German campaign. It was not likely that France would forgive it, or omit, when in her power, the opportunity of punishing it. No sooner, therefore, is Austria completely subdued, than the indignation of France is turned against Sweden.—It was difficult, however, for France to come in immediate contact with that power; Prussia, therefore, is made the instrument of her vengeance, and the Court of Berlin, without the virtue to resist any advantage that is offered, has no hesitation to become the tool of Napoleon.

A serious question here arises:—Will Russia permit the dismemberment of Sweden; Russia, who is the sworn guardian of the Northern Powers, and to whom they all look up as a protectress? Russia, doubtless, can have only one opinion upon this point; and it is easy to foresee a war between Prussia and France, on the one hand, and Russia and the Northern Powers on the other. France is already preparing to attack Russia, as a demand has been made by the French Ambassador at Vienna for a passage through Bohemia, in case of a war with Russia; and moreover, the late treaty between the Porte and France plainly points at a rupture between Russia and Bonaparte.

In a word, we were always of opinion that the treaty of Presburgh, instead of being a resting place for the ambition of Bonaparte, and a pledge for the security and quiet of Europe, was the fruitful parent of new wars, and contained in its womb those seeds of discord and dissention, which would soon lead to a general conflagration of Europe.

It is with some satisfaction, however, we have to announce the spirited conduct of England with respect to Prussia. His Majesty has not hesitated to declare war against Prussia on account of her unjust seizure of Hanover; an embargo has likewise been laid upon all the Prussian ships, and her commerce, small as it is, has been swept from the face of the waters.

In respect to domestic occurrences, we have not much to observe. Several flags of truce have passed between France and this country. The principal object of this intercourse was the release of the prisoners so unjustly detained in France previous to the war. We are sorry, however, to say, that nothing satisfactory has been settled on this point.

Mr. Windham has at length brought forth his Military Plan; but if the public opinion can be collected from the conversation of the town, it is

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not altogether what the political world expected. This, however, is not so much to its discredit;—in the variety of party prejudices, and the extravagant expectations of hope and fear, it would have been difficult to have suggested any thing which could have pleased every one.

The limits of our Magazine will not admit the length of discussion which the importance of the subject requires, we shall therefore content ourselves with stating his proposed amendments under their respective heads. We are the more readily induced to this as furnishing our readers with the means of better comprehending such a mass of matter.

Under the head of the Regulars, the former service for life is to be exchanged into service for a term of years,—seven years being the first period; after which the men enlisted may demand their discharge, or enlist again for a second, and afterwards a third period, of seven more each.

The Infantry.—If the Infantry, after having served one seven years, re-enlist for a second period, their pay is to be advanced by six-pence a week, and after the second period to be allowed a small pension. If the soldier, after having enlisted a second period, enlists for a third, his pay to be advanced to one shilling; and after the final discharge to receive the full allowance of Chelsea, in a pension for his life, *i. e.* about 20*l.* per annum.

Those upon Colonial Service not to be discharged till six months after the expiration of their term, and then sent home free of expence. Corporal punishment to be commuted into loss of the benefit of the time served.

In the Cavalry and Artillery a longer time being required to obtain the necessary dexterity of exercise, instead of three terms of seven years, the first term to be ten years, the second six, and the third five.

The present Regular Army to have the benefit of Chelsea, to take place immediately, *i. e.* six-pence additional per week to those who have served seven years; nine-pence per week to those who are in the second class; and one shilling to those in the third.

The Militia,—to be recruited, not by ballot, but by bounties.

The Volunteers,—to be confined to such as are willing to bear their own expences,—to be by this means reduced, and thrown into the mass of the people.

The people to be balloted yearly, in order to select out two hundred thousand, who are to be trained,—but these trainings to be mild, of very short duration, and in their own houses.

The Clothing for the Volunteers to be allowed for this year, but no longer, and Government not to be understood to pledge themselves to this.

Such are these celebrated regulations.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR APRIL.

KING'S THEATRE.

WE are happy to have to notice the revival of the Comic Opera, which had so long been discontinued, at this Theatre. The Serious Opera cannot be always pleasing, and is by no means suited to our national taste.

Le Duc Nozze e un Sol Marito, a production new to this country, abounding in excellent music by Griglielmi, was on Tuesday night, April 15, represented here, for the purpose of introducing Signor Naldi to the attention of the British public. He comes, we understand, immediately from Lisbon. He has acquired a high reputation on the Continent. His *debut* was attended with the most brilliant success, and he will certainly be popular. Signor Naldi's voice is a powerful tenor, of unusual clearness and compass; and it is evident he is a tasteful and well-studied musician. An easy and rapid modulation, precision, and delicacy of finish, such as in this country has scarcely been equalled, are the characteristics of his style.

Our old favourites, Morelli and Storace, were restored to their posts on this occasion, and received with their accustomed approbation.

DRURY LANE.

THE FORTY THIEVES.

On Tuesday night, April 8th, one of the most splendid *spectacles* ever exhibited on the stage was produced at this theatre, under the title of "*The Forty Thieves.*" It is unnecessary to enter into a detail of the plot of this piece, as the story on which it is founded, and which it follows with scarcely any deviation, is generally known; but the following are the names of the principal characters, and the actors by whom they were represented:

Cassim Baba, the Rich Brother, *Mr. Dormer.*
Ali Baba, the Poor Brother,.... *Mr. Bannister.*
Ganem, his Son,..... *Mr. Kelly.*
Mustapha, the Cobler of Bagdad, *Mr. Matthews.*
Selim, leader of the Caravan,.... *Mr. Digrum.*
Abdallah, Capt. of the Thieves, *Mr. H. Siddons.*
Hassara, Second Captain,..... *Mr. De Camp.*

Zaidé, Wife of Cassim Baba,.... *Mrs. Dormer.*
Cogia, Wife of Ali Baba,..... *Mrs. Bland.*
Zelie, Daughter of a Bashaw,.. *Mrs. Matthews.*
Morgiana, Slave to Cassim Baba,
and Zelie's Sister,..... *Miss De Camp.*

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Orcobrand, Genius of the Forest, *Mr. Raymond.*
Ardenelle, Fairy of the Lake,.. *Mrs. H. Siddons.*
Principal Sylph,..... *Mrs Sharp.*
Gossamer, ... *Miss C. Bristow.*

SCENE—Bagdad, and the adjoining Forest.

This piece has been so long talked of, that a kind of popularity was bespoken for it, and it issued into the world a favourite by anticipation.—But vain are the hopes of man! we must, indeed, confess, that *The Forty Thieves* have much disappointed us. The original simplicity of the story is nowise preserved. The fable is pressed down by an incumbering machinery of fairies, genii, and hobgoblins. The admirable quaintness in the original character of the *Cobler* is lost; and *Ali Baba* excites no one emotion whatever. The Amazonian spirit, and desperate subtlety of *Morgiana*, are entirely obliterated.—In a word, a fine towering palm is taken from the Arabian garden, and transplanted into a bed of barren sand, where its leaves fall off, its head bows, and it turns to a mere dry and withered stick. Had this piece been handled with suitable talent, much,—much indeed might have been made of it.—As it is, we can commend nothing but the music, the admirable exertions of the performers (particularly of *Bannister*, *Miss De Camp*, and *Matthews*), and a sumptuousness and magnificence of scenery, which evince a bold defiance of expence in the Managers of Drury-lane Theatre.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Thursday, April 10th, a new Opera was brought out at this Theatre from the fruitful pen of Mr. Dibdin, called "*The White Plume; or, the Border Chieftains.*" This piece, coming out so speedily after the first appearance of the New Ballet at the other Theatre, attracted a very full house.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Scots.

Earl Glenfillan,.....*Mr. Murray.*
Scotch Chieftain,.....*Mr. Hill.*
Kilspindie,.....*Mr. Fawcett.*
Allan,.....*Mr. Blanchard.*
Donald,.....*Mr. Bennett.*
Sandy,.....*Mr. King.*
Flora,.....*Miss Davies.*

Danes.

Sir Guthred,.....*Mr. H. Johnston.*
Randall,.....*Mr. Taylor.*
Pierre,.....*Mr. Beverley.*
Gilbert,..... ....*Mr. Atkins.*

English.

Sir Alfred, ...*Mr. Munden.*
Edward,.....*Mr. Incledon.*
Arthur,.....*Mr. Liston.*
Nicholas,.....*Mr. Simmons.*
Cook,.....*Mr. Harley.*
Butler,.....*Mr. Wilde.*
Ellen,.....*Miss Searle.*
Martha,.....*Miss Tyrer.*
Rose,.....*Mrs. Emery.*

The plot of this Opera, if indeed it can be said to have any, is borrowed from the admirable poem, entitled "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel,*" by Walter Scot, Esq. For any thing of a dramatic structure, this plot is too scanty. *Laird Ronald* is believed to have been drowned, when is fact he is *not* drowned.—This is the only mystery of the piece. A jealous and insidious rival endeavours to supplant him in the favour of his mistress and the fortunes of her father. In this he succeeds, till the proper time in which the catastrophe of the piece required the appearance of *Laird Ronald*, the vindication of his rights, and the punishment of his rival—Upon such meagre materials, what could be erected?

In a word there was but one character in this piece; that of *Christopher Kilspindie*; and he was a bad imitation of *Lingo*.—*Laird Ronald* and *Edward* sang their songs, and did nothing—The ladies merely walked across the stage. There was some attempt at character in *Sir Alfred*, and the excellent actor to whom it belonged, did every thing for it; but *e nihilo nihil fit*; it had nothing of merit but what it derived from Munden.

The favour with which the piece was received, was principally owing to the music, which is chiefly composed or selected by Reeve. Some of the songs were encored. Fawcett came in for his full share of applause, particularly in his song about *Æneis and Dido*, which, we believe, we have frequently heard from the author of the piece, in divers places, with great pleasure; and we were very happy to find that what had given so much satisfaction in more private circles, was received with such approbation in a public theatre.

Very little expence has been incurred in the scenery and decorations. We did not observe any new scene till we came to the last, which was rather novel, and certainly produced a good effect. It was so contrived as to represent an amphitheatre; two circular rows of seats were occupied by various persons, in different characters, and on the back scene was painted a succession of rising seats, forming on the whole five or six stages, filled with spectators of the combat proposed between the Danish Chief, *Guthred*, and the English Chieftain, *Edward*, which was prevented by the appearance of *Ronald*, who was supposed to have been slain, and whose murder was charged upon *Edward* by *Guthred*, who intended to murder him, but had been prevented. *Guthred*, on his detection, is carried off by the soldiery, harmony ensues, the union between the families take place, and the *denouement* of the piece is concluded by separate dances of the English and Scotch visitors.

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FASHIONS

For MAY, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

No. 1.—An Evening Full Dress.

A Grecian robe of a light embroidered muslin, half Vandyke sleeves, full at the top, looped up with a square cornelian broach; the busk broad and plain, carelessly thrown over the bosom to the right side; bosom trimmed with French ribband; a muslin girdle, with acorn tassels at the end; amlets to match the broaches; the whole of the above are worn over a white sarsnet slip. White kid gloves and shoes.

No. 2.—A Walking Dress.

A Parisian mantle of dove-coloured sarsnet, trimmed with French grey floss silk, forming a broad border, confined on the right shoulder with a bow of the same; an Egyptian broach; this mantle is extremely graceful and elegant. A morning bonnet of dove-coloured sarsnet to correspond with the mantle, is turned up in front with French grey floss silk; this bonnet is worn very much on one side of the head, so as to discover the hair carelessly curled.

No. 3.—A Fashionable Walking Dress.

A jacket and petticoat, walking length, of Circassian cambric, ornamented with narrow footing lace, or worked muslin, let in round the bottom of the petticoat, and on the edge of the jacket and sleeves. Bonnet of lavender sarsnet, trimmed with shaded ribband.

No. 4.—A Morning high Dress of Cambric Muslin.

Train moderately long; robe flowing from the shoulder, lace collar, trimmed with *tulle*; plain long sleeves, trimmed with *tulle*; wrists ornamented with a topaz clasp or bracelets to correspond; yellow gloves and shoes. A Morning cap of white lace trimmed with *tulle*, tied under the chin with white ribband.

No. 9.—A Walking Dress,

Of Japan cambric muslin, with worked long sleeves, and made close to the figure, buttoned behind from the neck to the bottom of the train. A Poland mantle of blue silk, trimmed with silk cable of the same colour, fastened with an antique on the right shoulder; a peasant cap to correspond.

No. 10.—A Full Dress.

A splendid web Fourreau, Grecian front, sleeves and train bound with embossed ribband, and trimmed with *tulle*; a white satin slip is worn underneath. Head-dress, a Circassian turban, embroidered in silver *lamé*; a bird of paradise plume in front.

No. 11.—A Round Dress,

Of pale yellow sarsnet, with a drapery of white crape over it, drawn up in festoons, and fastened with tassels of white beads. The head ornamented with a tiara, *bandeaux* of amethyst, and an opera comb; a pearl necklace.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS FOR MAY.

White satin dresses will continue fashionable the whole of the spring season; ball dresses worked in gold and silver *lamé*, or crape embossed in white and coloured velvets. Silver chambery is extremely fashionable and elegant, both for turbans and dresses. The most fashionable ornaments are amethyst, tiaras, and *bandeaux*; opera combs, and dove broaches are worn in the front of dresses, with or without other ornaments, and are much admired. Silks of every colour, spotted with white, are prevalent for spencers, mantles and pelisses; silk hats and bonnets to correspond are worn with them. An evening dress, composed of *lenon*, elegantly worked in the Etruscan style, is much approved of; the back of this dress is low, drawn full, and is finished with a

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loose bow of narrow ribband, high in front, and is ornamented with footing lace, and an elegant tiara broach. Head dress of white satin, ornamented with flowers. Lace caps are now more universally worn than ever by our most fashionable females; the mob has not entirely disappeared, yet the small round cap seems to be more admired and the most prevalent; caps made of silk and lace, with flowers of the same colour, will be fashionable for Lord Melville's trial, with spencers *à l'Espagnole*, mantles, &c. &c. made of silk, with a new trimming, or silk covered with sprigged *lenons*, muslin, or spider-web. Long shawls are much on the decline, square shawls are the most general. Few feathers or flowers are to be seen, they have almost entirely given place to ribbands of various descriptions—the French ribband is making rapid advances in the process of fashion; lavender is a new colour and much worn, dove, fawn, pale-pink, and blue, are the colours at present most admired.

Fashions during the last month have exhibited but little of novelty, compared with the preceding. Indeed so ungenial has been the general temperature of the weather throughout April, that it would seem the republic of *Belles* have been induced to imitate, in some measure, the *vegetable creation*, and to have deferred the assumption of their summer gaieties until the warm suns of May shall secure them from the chilling influence of vernal breezes.

A new State-bed is preparing for the Prince of Wales. It is supported by pillars, covered with crimson velvet, ornamented with gold; the furniture of blue satin chintz and white muslin; the top is in the form of a dome, in the middle of which is an elegant mirror, supported by small pillars; when complete, is will be the most magnificent piece of furniture that ever was seen in this country; the chairs for the room are of an antique form, covered with crimson velvet, trimmed with gold fringe.

HYDE PARK & KENSINGTON GARDENS,

The usual theatres of fashionable exhibition at this season of the year, displayed on Sunday last but few of the *haut ton*, except in their *voitures*, where they were scarcely visible. Amongst those who graced the *promenade* the costumes of January rather than of April were in no inconsiderable degree prevalent, and the ample pelice of velvet, lined with rich furs, and *coiffures* of the same materials, at such a period of the year, reminds us rather of an assemblage of *Russian beauties* at *Petersburgh* than of *British belles* in the more genial hemisphere of *London*. Amongst the ladies who, in spite of the shivering breeze, chose rather to accommodate their attire to the *season* than its *temperature*, the most prevalent novelties which caught observation were the Spanish cloak, with embroidered Egyptian border, and fashioned of various materials and colours, as velvet, taffeta, lace, and cassimere; of those the most elegantly attractive were of royal purple, taffeta lined with Pomona green Persian, and elegantly bordered with an embroidery and fringe of primrose or gold-coloured silk; and those of ethereal blue or fawn-coloured satin, trimmed with white broad lace, which had a very charming effect.

Scarlet and purple shawls were much worn, but in a style so graceful as very much to change the effect of that favourite garment. They were generally worn corner ways, simply attached to the shoulders behind by a loop, and descending to the ground in a picqued flowing train, loooked extremely elegant. Spencers of various coloured velvets and lighter materials were still very prevalent—the most elegant were of royal purple, or sky blue taffeta, with hats and turbans of the same, but scarcely any beaver. The simple and elegant material of straw still maintains its ground—and turbans, hats, and bonnets of that fabric, with artificial roses, or sprigs of other flowers, seemed to be the prevailing favourites. The hair is still worn in the Egyptian style.

The under-dress still continues to be of snow white muslins, certainly a species of drapery the most congenial ever invented, to the graceful elegance of the female form. Buskins of velvet and nankin, laced with different coloured ribband, were also much in wear.

ANATOMICAL DESCRIPTION
OF THE
HEART OF A COQUETTE.

THE subject of this exquisite piece of pleasantry is borrowed from the Spectator, but it has been greatly embellished by the Italian poet, Pignotti, from whose performance this article is translated. It is to be regretted that this pleasing writer did not employ his talents on another piece in the same work relative to the examination of the brain of a *petit maitre*, which, in his hands, would probably have been still more interesting than that which is here presented to the reader.

O, charming sex! O, lovely women! if in my verses I have sometimes ventured to excite the mirth of my readers at your gallant customs, I know, however, that so far from reproaching me, you have joined in the laugh, because I never armed myself with the lash of satire to censure your morals, or to wound your delicacy. Continue, I beseech you, to do justice to my sentiments, and believe that to please you will ever be my most ardent wish.

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But if almost all females are gentle, lovely, and modest, still there are some, as you must yourselves admit, who are indiscreet and intolerant. To these the most innocent pleasantries are harsh and grating truths; and they have positively declared that, let me assume whatever tone and say whatever I will, I shall never be able to please them. Ought this severe decision to discourage me? No; I will resemble the countryman, who, heedless of the shrill chirping of the grasshoppers around him, quietly pursues and finishes his work.

To satisfy, however, if it be possible, those who think that there is too much folly in my productions; I will now treat of things both grave and important. I perceive your extreme astonishment.—You hesitate to believe me.—Ladies, deign to honour me with your attention, I am going to speak of—anatomy!

Ye tender and delicate beauties, be not alarmed at my audacious undertaking. I will not distress your eyes with the disgusting spectacle of an amphitheatre; I will not wound your ears with those hard technical words, which it was useless labour to go so far to seek, for the purpose of rendering them so difficult to the tongue and so disagreeable to the ear.

A physician, an old friend of mine, took me the other day into a spacious hall, where a skilful professor of anatomy was going publicly to dissect the heart of a young and beautiful woman.

During the whole course of her life, she had manifested the most extraordinary caprices in her ideas and in her actions, loving to day what she hated yesterday, and in a few hours renouncing this new inclination and adopting another. She was continually in such an agitation of sentiments, that she reminded you of the spectacle of the sea, which, sometimes calm, at others lightly ruffled by the zephyrs, and often perturbed by boisterous winds, is incessantly presenting a new aspect to the view.

The concourse of the curious was already considerable, when the professor, in a long black venerable robe, his head covered with an ample peruque, his nose adorned with a large pair of spectacles, with an austere look and deliberate motion, took up his chirurgical instruments, and began his interesting dissection.

He first sought with attentive eye, whether any nervous fibres branched off from the heart for the purpose of keeping up an easy and habitual communication with the tongue, and whether, as the frequent oaths of the young lady had induced a belief, there had been any correspondence between those two organs. But his search was in vain, and the anatomist was obliged to declare positively, that there had never existed any correspondence between the heart and tongue of the deceased.

I must not omit to tell you, that scarcely had the knife laid open the first channels of the heart, than a thousand fibres appeared, all twisted together and entangled. On examining them with care, it was found that some were short and others long; while the former restrained motions, the latter hastened them. All the spectators unanimously agreed that this must have been the real cause of those strange caprices of the heart which had excited in them so much astonishment during the life of our coquette, and which had been so often compared to the effects of a rocket, which, wandering through the air with infinitely varied motions, first rises majestically, then suddenly darts to the right and to the left, rises again, and at length explodes with a crash.

The substance of the heart was soft and light; it contained hundreds of small channels which penetrated the different concentric strata, similar to the bulbs of certain plants. On each of these strata were perceived the images of her numerous lovers, which were so faintly sketched that a touch of the finger was sufficient to efface them. They might have been compared to the spots formed on crystal, or on polished marble, by the humidity of the breath.

What a spectacle! what a singular assemblage did these thousands of different figures exhibit! Prelates, canons, and young lawyers were confusedly mingled with generals, magistrates, financiers, princes, and common citizens.

After unfolding all the strata of the heart, the professor at last came to its most secret part, its centre. And in what state do you think he found that part of which none had before been able to form any idea? Entirely empty; but in the vacuum might be seen flitting shadows which succeeded each other with the greatest rapidity. These were diamonds, feathers, carriages, dresses, ribbands, in a word all those things for which the young lady had sighed during her life. Permit me to compare this amusing spectacle with the gratification which a child is so eager to obtain in the cold winter nights when he hears the ravishing sound of the barrel organ of the puppet-show-man. He beholds towns and countries, and armies and animals of different kinds, the sun, moon, &c. passing in rapid succession before him; all these objects afford him pleasure, for this very reason, that none of them are stationary.

The professor held the heart, the object of his investigation, near a lighted taper, placed before a looking-glass. The veins adhering to it were instantly seen to swell, and the by-standers heard a low murmur remembling that which sometimes escapes from the bosom of a timid female of deli-

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cate sensibility. They afterwards perceived distinctly a small light bubble, which being resolved into smoke, was dispersed in the air.

It is essential, ladies, that I should inform you, that this heart floated habitually in a limpid and cold liquid, containing a soft substance. This liquid was carefully collected by the professor in a glass tube.

You must certainly have observed the effects of the atmospheric air on the obedient liquid contained in the thermometer. That in which the heart of our young female had floated, exhibited nearly the same effects; but it was not precisely the air which exercised an influence over it; to agitate it in different ways it was necessary to vary the objects which were brought near it. If a man possessing good sense, sound judgment, wisdom or modesty, approached this liquid, it suddenly fell to the bottom of the tube, and seemed to shun him; but on the appearance of a young fop, it rose with velocity towards the orifice of the vessel, which was no longer capable of containing it.

This experiment having been afterwards repeated in an assembly of young people of both sexes, where pleasure presided, the liquid was in such constant and violent agitation, that it had the appearance of boiling water. It was so sensible to impressions of every kind, that the approach of a new ribband, an elegant cap, fashionable ear-rigs, or the most trifling gew-gaw were sufficient to throw it into incessant agitation.

I wished to obtain possession of this wonderful instrument and I one day requested my friend, the physician to purchase it for me, let the price be what it would. He laughed heartily at my simplicity, and assured me that all young women are so many thermometers, or rather *fluxolimeters* of that kind.

I cannot persuade myself, besides, that my physician told me the truth; but so much I know that we meet with many malicious and unjust people, who in every circumstance strive to make your sex responsible for the faults of two or three of you. They have, for example, the presumption to assert, that all the happiness of your lives consists in imitating the new-blown flowers which suffer themselves to be caressed by every fluttering butterfly which passes that way.

If, however, what I think impossible, actually existed, if it were true that the hearts of women float incessantly in a liquid so extraordinary, what praises ought we not to bestow on those, of whom I could mention a great number, who, rising superior to vulgar sentiments, unite to every charm for which they are indebted to nature, the practice of every virtue.

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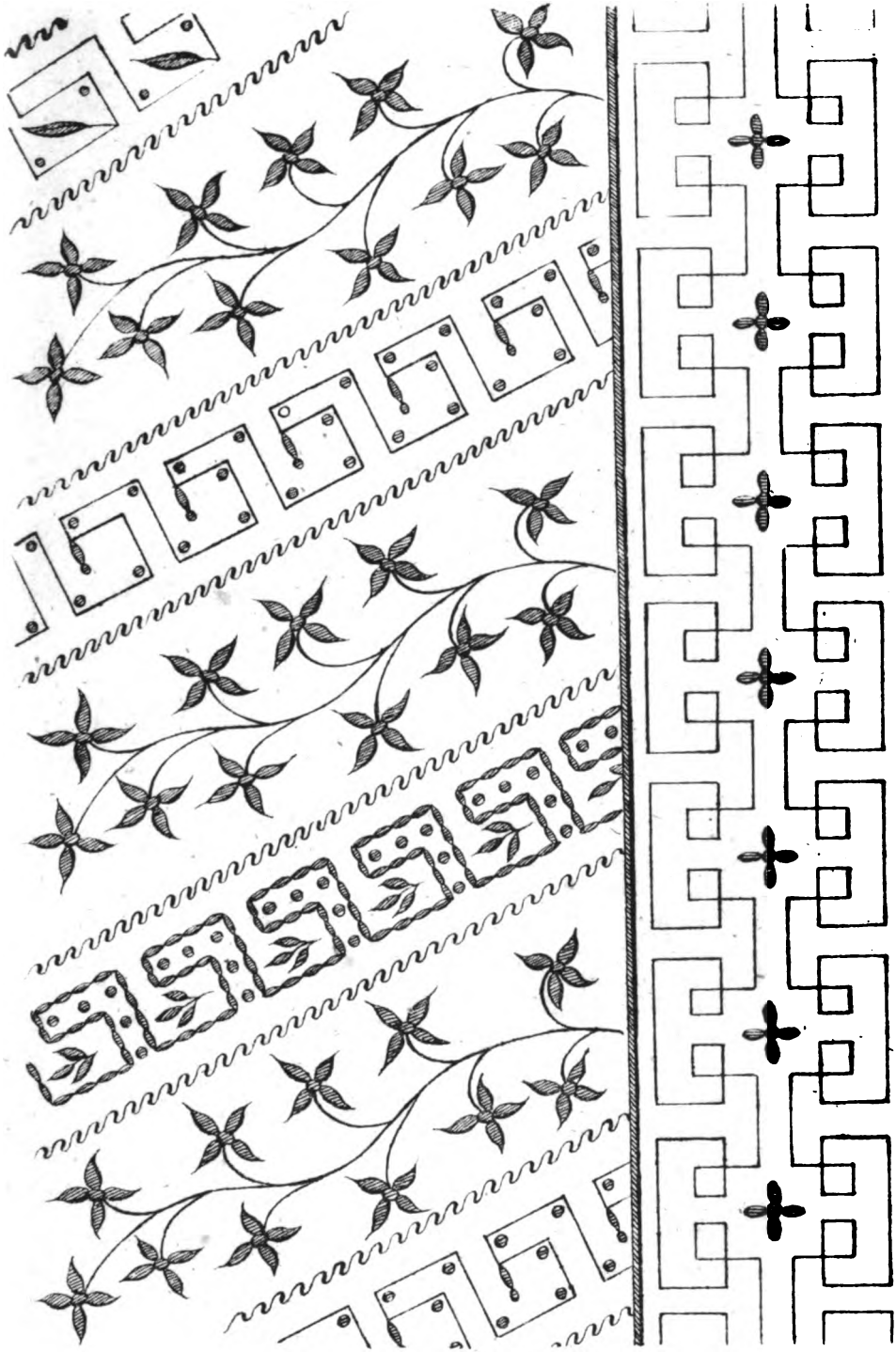

May 1. 1806 La Belle Assemblée.

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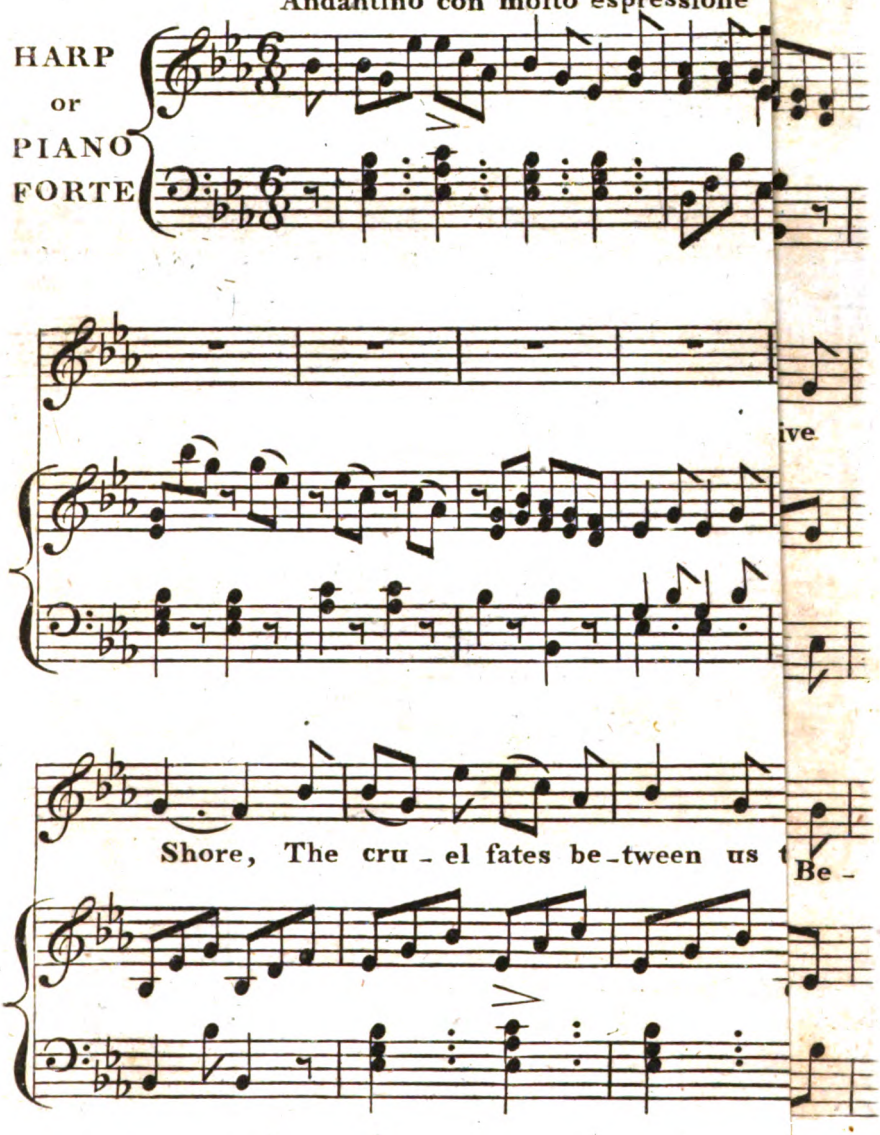

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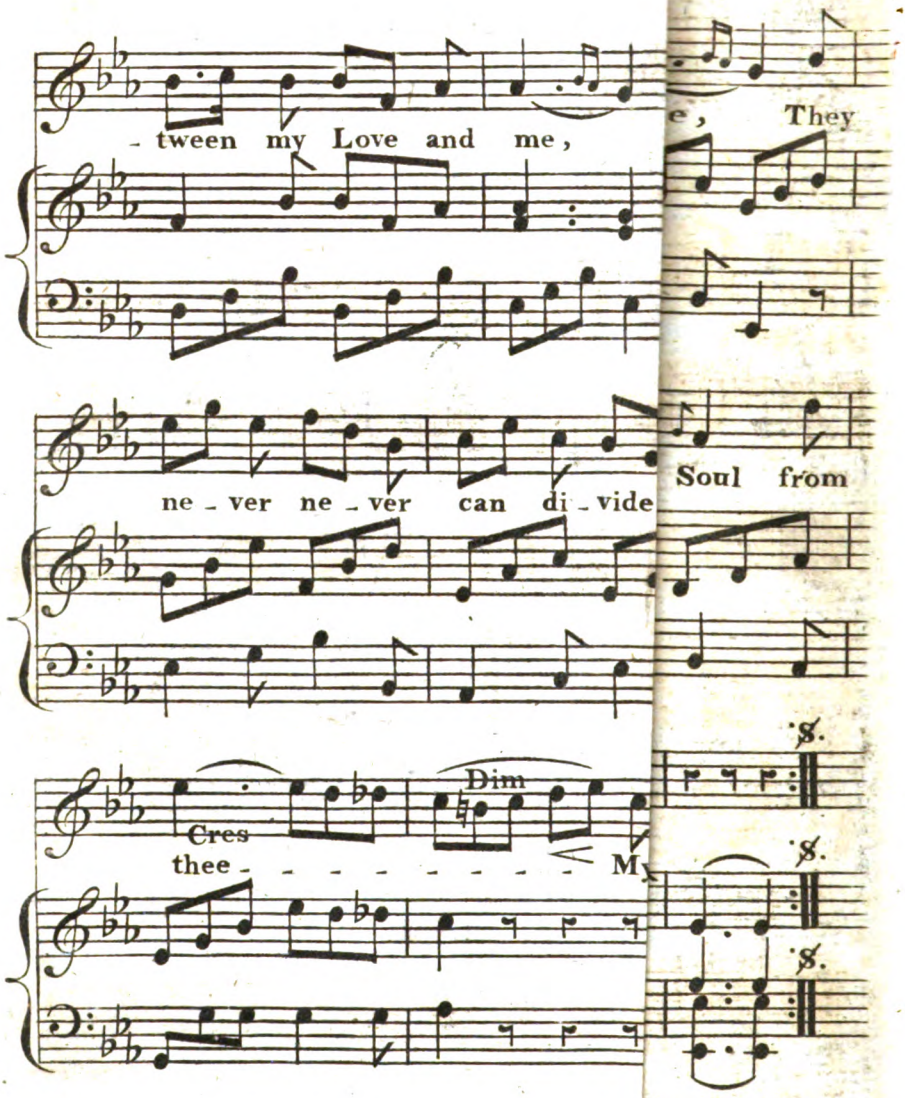

Farewel, farewel EL
The Maid that I
A boding Voice is i
We part to meet

le Magazine.

London, Publish'd as the Act directs, May

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For MAY, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. A Portrait of Her Royal Highness Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of England, and Queen of Wurtemburg, finely engraved by Scriven, from an Original Picture painted by Sir William Beechey, a few days before the Departure of her Royal Highness from England.
2. Plate containing whole length Figures of the Fashionable Spring Dresses, drawn by Mr. Devis, from the elegant Designs of Madame Lanchester.
3. Sketches of Two whole length Figures in the Kensington Garden Promenade Dresses.
4. An Original Song set to Music, expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Mr. Kelly.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received many favours from Correspondents in the course of the last month; many were sent too late for insertion, and some were wholly unworthy of a place in our Magazine. We think it incumbent, however, to answer all; that those whose favours are rejected, may cease to hope, and those whose favours are deferred, may rest in expectation until our next Number.

The essay on "Universal Language and Grammar," *though extremely well written, is of a kind infinitely too dry and serious for a work that chiefly aspires to light instruction and elegant amusement. Our Correspondent at Hammersmith will find one of her favours inserted in this Number: another is deferred. The* Cabinet of Pictures *will appear in our next, and likewise the* Golden Mirror, *which came too late for insertion this month. The Allegory, entitled* "Genius Triumphant," "The Village Maid," "The Rural Tale," "The Italian Bandid," *and* "The History of Marcos and Clemina," *are rejected.*

"A Pastoral Tale," "Alcidor and Fatima," *and a Continuation of the Tale of* Alzadin, *will appear, if possible, in our next. Many favours are still under consideration, viz.* The Description of Berkeley Castle; The History of Timandra; The Moral Tale, *in imitation of* Marmontel, and Anecdotes *of various descriptions.*

Thus far with respect to our Correspondents in Prose; but when we advert to those who importune for admission into our Poetical Department, we scarcely know where to begin, or where to leave off, so numerous are the Songs, Odes, Monodies, Epigrams, Epitaphs, Acrostics, &c. &c. *which we have received this month. We shall select, however, the most prominent.*

The song on the Death of Lord Nelson; Lines addressed to a Mercantile Character; the Cowslip Boy; Cupid's Bath; the Mayflower; the Chaplet; the Odes to Phillis; to Spring; to Daphne, &c. the Acrostic on Youth; the Lines to the Young Roscius; the Ode to Britannia; the Address to the Moon; the Northern Huntress, &c. &c. &c. are all irrevocably rejected.

The Toast; the Indian Slave; Walk in the Country; The Origin of the Morning Blush; the Cricket; Verses written in Sickness, &c. &c. will appear in our future Numbers.

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For MAY, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Fourth Number.

THE QUEEN OF WIRTEMBURGH.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA MATILDA, Princess Royal of England, and wife to his Majesty the present King of Wurtemburg, was born Sept. 29, 1766, and married May 18, 1797, to his Serene Highness Frederick Charles William, at that time Hereditary Prince, but who became, upon the death of his father, in the year 1798, Reigning Duke of Wurtemburg Stutgard; and has since been elevated to the kingly dignity, and received a considerable accession of territory and power.

Our readers have already perceived that it is not within the plan of our biographical sketches to enter into the details of private life or character, but to connect with the genealogical account of distinguished personages such historical facts, or incidental descriptions, which, so long as they do not violate the integrity of our plan, are infinitely more amusing and instructive than an indiscriminate profusion either of eulogy or censure.

Her Royal Highness, the present Queen of Wurtemburg, can scarcely be said to have lived a public life till her marriage. In the domestic retirement of her own family she was always distinguished for the felicity of her talents and the amiable qualities of her heart. For those accomplishments which are considered as the ornaments of her sex, she evinced an early taste, and her ambition led her beyond the common boundaries of female education. She became at an early period, a mistress of almost all the modern languages of Europe, and such was her thirst of knowledge, that she attained to considerable excellence in every branch of polite literature.

Such were the accomplishments of this amiable lady previous to her marriage.—Since her union with the King of Wurtemburg, she has been removed beyond the reach of the common biographer; but the fame of her hospitality, and friendship towards her countrymen, has reached us

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from the report of many who have travelled in Germany, and who have acknowledged, with much sensibility, the liberality and kindness they have met at the Court of Stutgard.

In the late storms of the Continent the ancient Duchy of Wirtemburgh has been thrown into a new shape, and assumed the rank it ought to fill among the States of Germany. With this country every Englishman has a natural relation; some account of it, therefore, will not be deemed uninteresting.

Wirtemburgh in fertility, in natural beauties, in diversity of mountain and plain,—of wood and water, yields to no province of Germany. The wines of Wirtemburgh are celebrated not only in France, Italy, Hungary, and in the Grecian Isles, but in the extremest parts of the North and of the East,—in Russia and Persia. Wirtemburgh has likewise to boast other favours of Providence; baths and mineral waters; and her three celebrated rivers, the Necker, the Ens, and the Rems. The country is divided by a small chain of mountains in two parts. *Unter Steig* is the name of that portion of country beyond the mountains; *Ober Steig* is the name of the expanse below them.

The Castle of Wirtemburgh, delightfully situated on the Necker, is the residence of the Princes of Wirtemburgh; a family as ancient as any in Germany, but whose origin, with that of many other dynasties, is lost in the obscurity of feudal genealogies, and the confusion of remote alliances.

The antiquity of the House only is known; the stream cannot be traced to its source.

By some it is said that the House of Wirtemburgh descended from the French Kings, and that Clovis bestowed upon a German Baron, of his own blood, the territory of Wirtemburgh as a royal fief.—Some contend that Conrad, the first Earl, or Count, of Wirtemburgh, received his dignities from Henry the Fourth of Germany. The confusion is easily cleared up. A French King, Clovis or some other, gave the original fief at a time when the French Monarchs had the whole sway of Germany, and the Emperor of Germany conferred the personal honours.

However this may be, it is certain that the first Duke of Wirtemburgh was created by the Emperor Maximilian the First, in 1495. He was called Eberhard the First. He reigned over the Duchy but a year, and was succeeded by Eberhard the Second. Eberhard, with a singular modesty, thinking himself incapable of reigning, abdicated in favour of his brother, who, in a short time, followed the example of Eberhard, and the sceptre passed to his son Ulrick, who, being an infant, submitted to a regency, which he was fortunate enough to shake off in his sixteenth year.

Under the reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Ulrick was deprived of his kingdom by the league of Swabia; and saw it bestowed upon Ferdinand, the brother of his Conqueror. The duchy remained under the Austrian dominion from 1519 to 1534, when Philip, the Landgrave of Hesse, assisted by France, re-established Ulrick, and, a league having dethroned him, a league was made to protect him. A condition however was attached to the duchy, that the Princes should receive their investitures from the hands of the Emperor.

The children of Ulrick died without posterity in the year 1795. Frederick, the nephew of Ulrick, succeeded to the estates of his uncle, and became the origin and founder of the present House of Wirtemburgh.

Frederick obtained from Rodolph the Second an exemption from all kinds of vassalage by the payment of 425,000 florins; but it was agreed, should the House of Wirtemburgh become extinct, that the line of Austria should inherit the duchy. The *Lay* Electors, who refused to acknowledge the original vassalage of Wirtemburgh, disputed likewise the right of succession in Austria, alleging, in case of the extinction of the Wirtemburgh family, that the succession, eventually, belonged to the Empire.

In 1740, on the death of Charles the Sixth, the male race of Charles the Fifth becoming extinct, the Dukes of Wirtemburgh considered themselves exempt from all feudal dependence; but it was pretended that the House of Lorraine succeeded to all the rights of the House of Austria. This question would have remained unde-

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cided to this day but for the treaty of Presburgh, which, by elevating Wirtemburgh to the dignity of a kingdom, has emancipated her from all feudal, obsolete, and oppressive vassalage.

Under Ulrick the Protestant religion was established in Wirtemburgh.

Among the Princes of Wirtemburgh the name of Charles Eugene is most celebrated; he was a patron of the arts and sciences, and several useful establishments were formed under his reign, which was long and glorious. He protected industry and commerce; he collected a splendid library at Stutgard, and augmented the glory and power of his family.

In 1782, the niece of Charles Eugene, the mother of the present reigning Emperor of Russia, was married to the Grand Duke Paul, who afterwards became Emperor of all the Russias, and whose folly and tyranny caused him to be cut off by private assassination. This alliance was a glorious epoch for the Sovereigns of Wirtemburgh, and particularly for that Prince who had raised his country so high in the estimation of Europe.

The population of the States of Wirtemburgh does not exceed 790,000; their revenue is about five millions of florins.

The five cities of the Danube; Ehingen, with the rich Abbey of Benedictines; Munderhingen, in a position naturally fortified; Riedlingen, Mengen, and Swalgau, with their fertile territories; the Upper and Lower Province of Hohenburgh, which contains so many wealthy seignories, and which, by its situation in the Black Forest, gives a superior compactness to Wirtemburgh, are among the valuable possessions of this duchy.

It can cause no regret that this ancient state is thus raised in the scale of empire, and though we may all lament the circumstances which have occasioned it, and the hands which have constructed the edifice; it must be the common wish that it may flourish with safety and glory through all the storms and contentions which we foresee in Germany.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CRITIQUE ON HUMOUR

THE celebrated St Evremond gave the following advice to his friend the Count d'Olonne, who was exiled from the Court of Louis XIV. "The unfortunate ought not to read books which excite affliction at the misery of men, but rather such as invite them to amuse themselves at their folly; prefer then, Lucian, Petronius, and Don Quixote, to Seneca, Plutarch, and Montagne." In my early youth, chance made me acquainted with this passage, and I have since sometimes reflected on this grand truth, that events, apparently of little importance, have often the greatest influence on the happiness or misery of men, in the course of their lives.

The lively impression which the counsel of St. Evremond made on my mind, engaged me early to follow it; and as often as vexatious events, or other causes, affected me too strongly, I had recourse to his remedy, and always with the most happy success. An enquiry into the nature of this powerful antidote against melancholy, will not perhaps be displeasing to those who, tormented by its black vapours, may stand in need of such assistance. A celebrated physician of the mind, who, by this remedy, has affected many miraculous cures, shall be my guide. The English call this antidote *humour*. Aristophanes, among the Greeks, was the first inventor of it; and, after him, Lucian, and subsequent authors, carried it to perfection. Plautus, Horace, Petronius, Seneca, among the ancient Romans; and among the modern Latinists, Erasmus, Chancellor Moore and Holberg. Among the Italians, Pulci, Ariosto, Cæsar Caporali, Passeroni, Gozzi, Goldoni. Among the Spaniards, Cervantes, Quevedo, Mattheo Allemann, Hustado de Mendoza, Liego de Luna, Duis Velez de Guevara, and Father Isla. Among the French, Rabelais, Cyran de Bergerac, Sorel, Moliere, Regnard, Dufresnoy, la Fontaine, and Scaron in his *Roman Comique*. Among the English, Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Butler, Congreve, Farquhar, Swift, Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, &c. &c. I say nothing of the Germans, and beg my readers will fill up the chasm. By mentioning no one, none of that country, who may have pretensions to *humour*, can be offended at being forgotten.

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England is more fertile than any other country of Europe in characters of this kind. This is attributed to the liberty which distinguishes the government. The opinion appears very plausible: I should think it, however, better founded by taking the word liberty in a sense more extended than has hitherto been done. I should then be of that opinion, if by the word liberty were understood, not only the absence of arbitrary power, and of a constraint opposite to the forms prescribed by law, but also the neglect of those rules expressed by the words urbanity, politeness, and good breeding. These laws are not written, and their execution is independent of the sovereign power; but, in the circle in which they are adopted, they are conformed to with perhaps more exactitude than those which the sanction of government has united in a code — An entire liberty to dispense with such rules is, if I be not mistaken, absolutely necessary to *humour*. The country gentlemen, *Western* and *Sir Andrew Freeport*, may prove the truth of what I advance. Politeness and good breeding include, in effect, the power of extirpating all germs of *humour*, which nature may have implanted in our minds. In order to convince my readers of this, I must explain wherein humour consists. Several authors have spoken of it as an impenetrable mystery; but, what is more extraordinary, others have given very just and very clear explications of it, assuring us, at the same time, that they know not what *humour* is. Perhaps they should have said, they had not discovered all the forms that humour can assume.

I shall first notice various kinds of humour, and afterward endeavour to unite the different ideas they contain. Congreve says, in a letter to Dennis, "We cannot determine what humour is:" and farther on he refines upon humour in comedy. His opinions have been attacked by Home. "Were this definition just," says he, "a majestic or commanding air, which is a singular property, is humour; as also that natural flow of eloquence and correct elocution, which is a rare talent. Nothing just or proper is denominated humour, nor any singularity of character, words, or action, that is valued or respected."

Ben Johnson, the first humourist of his nation, says, in one of his comedies,

Why humour (as 'tis ens) we thus define it,
To be a quality of air, and water,
And in itself holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure: as, for demonstration,
Pour water on this floor, 'twill wet and run:
Likewise the air (forced through a horn or trumpet)
Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition:
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers
In their confluxions all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.

These three explications may serve to form a fourth, which, in my opinion, will be satisfactory. I take humour, then, to be a strong impulse of the mind towards a particular object, which the person thinks very important, without its being so; and by which, in occupying himself incessantly, and with an extravagant attention and seriousness on it, he distinguishes himself in a ridiculous manner from others. If this definition be just, as I presume it is, my readers will easily perceive how much humour injures politeness and good breeding, they being the art of conforming our conduct to certain rules tacitly adopted and generally followed, by all those who live in society.

Hitherto I have treated of humour in character: let us now speak of that which reigns in writings. Singularity, and a certain seriousness, which excites to laughter, are the signs of humour in character; they are so also in writings. This singularity, and this incitement, are to be found either in invention or in style. An author possesses true humour, when, with an air of gravity, he paints objects in such colours as to provoke laughter. We often remark in society the effect which this humour produces on the mind. When, for instance, two persons amuse a company with pleasant stories, he, who laughs before he speaks, will never interest or divert so much as he who relates gravely, and without a smile on his countenance. The reason of it is probably in the force with which contrasts affect the mind. There are authors who treat serious subjects in a comic stile; as for example, Tassoni in his *Secchia Rapita*, and Scaron in his *Typhon*. Such authors undoubtedly excite mirth; but, as they are the opposites of true humourists, they cannot be very well ranked in that class. They only possess the burlesque, which is very different from humour; but, notwithstanding, if their works be good, they do not the less merit praise. No kind of poetry is despicable, from the epopea and tragedy, to fairy tales and farces. Every thing consists in treating the subject well; and the *Devil on Two Sticks* may be as good in its kind as *Zaire*. Irony and parody are a great aid to writers

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of humour, of which Lucian furnishes numerous examples.

In this kind of writing, comic comparisons, particularly when in part moral and in part physical, produce a great effect. The first chapter of *Tom Jones* may here serve as an example. The author compares himself to a landlord, his work to dishes, and the titles to his chapters to the garnish. The same may be said of the singular mania of Uncle Toby, in *Tristram Shandy*, and of many passages in the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, &c. which may all serve as models of true humour

In the Idler, by Johnson, there is also a simile of this kind. The author proves, that all the ingredients which compose a bowl of punch, may be found in a very social company. That beverage, says he, is composed of spirits, acid, sugar, and water. The spirits, which are inflammable, and evaporate easily, are images of the vivacity of the mind; the acid of the lemon juice represents the sharpness of raillery; the sugar is the emblem of indulgence and flattery, and the water that of unmeaning prattle.

Authors who are endowed with humour of character, shew it also in their writings; traits of it escape them, even in spite of themselves, when they wish to treat a serious and grave subject. Sir Robert L'Estrange, in his translation of Josephus, speaks of a queen, whose passions were very violent, to whom an ambassador had made a proposition that was displeasing. The scene in the original is, "Scarcely had his discourse ended, but the queen suddenly arose;" which Sir Roger translates, "Scarce had the ambassador finished his speech, but presently up was madam." No one will be surprised at the humour which reigns in the writings of la Fontaine, when he knows that this author one day very seriously asked an ecclesiastic whether St. Augustine or Rabelais had most wit? A humorous author does better in attacking small faults than great vices. Men often inconsiderately fall into them; they, therefore, require to be warned of their danger, while the laws take care to repress crimes. The Archbishop de la Caza was consequently right in saying that he would be more thankful for the means of securing himself from the sting of insects, than of preventing the bite of tigers and lions.

I have nothing to add concerning my antidote to melancholy. I exhort those who are subject to frequent paroxisms of it, to dose themselves with a few pages from *Lucian*, *Don Quixote*, *Tom Jones*, *Tristram Shandy*, and other works of that kind; the salutary effects of which they will soon experience.

REMARKS.—The explanation or definition given of the word humour contains a part, but far from the whole, of its meaning. Were a man, characterised for cruelty, to assert that he would have all the Eton scholars nailed to the garden wall, each by the ear, because one of them had stolen a peach, we should rather be shocked by the barbarity of the sentiment than excited to laugh by the grimaces with which the imagination might be struck. But were the same thing asserted by a man of known humanity and goodness of heart, a humourist, who, on such occasions, assumed a whimsical gravity, it would excite hearty laughter. It is a great mistake to suppose that humour offends the received laws of good breeding. To insult the feelings may sometimes produce mirth, but much more frequently disgust and pain. An English gentleman, of the first fashion, but a humourist, among other means of diverting his friends, used sometimes to quarrel with himself, and proceed from step to step, till at last he became so unmannerly to himself, that he was obliged, from respect to the company, to kick himself out of the room. The humour of the scene was not in words that might offend good manners, but in the absolute gravity with which it was performed. Among other efforts of humour, which seem to be national, the English have a variety of songs; the humour of which it would be difficult to write. Thus, "an old woman cloathed in grey" has nothing, apparently, that should excite much laughter; but a humourist will imitate the old woman's shrill voice, and mark his hand with black, so as to caricature her face; and, by opening his thumb while he sings, make grimaces that will set the table in a roar. This must be heard and seen to be conceived. Another will introduce successively the mewling of the cat, the hooting of the owl, the braying of the ass, &c.; and, by the perfect imitation of the discordant notes of various animals, excite peals of laughter. Some of these humourists, it is true, have the habitual character of buffoonery: but others are men of elegant minds and refined manners. He who, in his attempts, offends good breeding must change his manner; or he cannot become a humourist, in the pleasant, and perhaps the only true sense of the term: for, to call a man a humourist, who has some extravagant habits, as, for example, who should daily beat his servants because they did not prevent barrel organs from playing in his street, appears to be a peculiar, if not a strained and affected use of the word.

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AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING PRINCIPLE AND SENTIMENT;

IN REPLY TO

" The Distinction between Principle and Sentiment considered," in La Belle Assemblee for April, Page 139.

With no design to confute, but with an earnest one to excite an interesting debate, am I induced to reply to the author of the excellent Essay entitled, " the Distinction between Principle and Sentiment considered," which appeared in the last Number of *La Belle Assemblée*. Debates on such topics must necessarily have their good effects; they enable us to compare sensations, to fix the wavering definitions of metaphysical knowledge, and to shew their connection with the moral duties of man. By such short discussions those particular characteristics which each individual attaches to certain affections of the mind become apparent; the human disposition offers itself to contemplation with all those rules of action, whether derived from the head or the heart, that influence the conduct, and a chain of ideas may be obtained by which more perfect documents concerning our mental impulses may be derived than those which at present form the truly abstruse, yet interesting study of the soul. Determined by such motives, I venture to enter into an enquiry concerning the nature of Principle and Sentiment, their different functions, and what preference should be given to either in the direction of our actions. By Principle I understand those confirmed opinions of right and wrong implanted by reason and education. If I am permitted to rest upon this definition, it will be manifest (indeed too manifest under the present system of education, and from the pernicious doctrines daily offered to the expanding reason of youth) that there may be such a thing as *false* principle, and that the whole conduct may be under the direction of erroneous opinions, deduced from notions which in the days of infancy have been received as truths. By the word Sentiment, I distinguish that natural sense of good and beautiful, of evil and deformity, which exists in the mind, independent of instruction, and which may be discovered in different degrees, even among the brute creation This, I assert, can be contaminated by false principle only, and that therefore whatever may be the evils laid to the charge of Sentiment, they necessarily originate in the errors which have become principles in the mind, and which shed a baneful influence over every idea that arises in the contemplation of nature or society.

When in a beautiful morning of spring we look abroad and behold creation bursting forth in a thousand different forms, in all lovely, in all beneficently marked by the powerful hand that showers his vivifying heat upon them, shall we repress any of the pure sentiments which at the beck of the smallest reflection instantly arise? Is not every truly valuable principle enlivened by such a scene? And yet how enlivened except by the sentiments which awaken in the heart? Say, if you will, that the devotion which depends upon such a prospect cannot be permanent—cannot be a fixed principle, and that on the survey of different appearances, it might be liable to be affected with very dissimilar sentiments; while that founded on sound and steadfast opinion, though colder, would be more constant; though less ecstatic, would be less liable to be eradicated. To this I reply, that the unadulterated bosom which can once feel the delight of such sensation will easily recover it, and all the sentiments that depend upon it; nature abounds with objects which on every hand present the most lively inducements to the contemplation. But that if ever the obstacles of life, the gloom of discontent, or the labyrinths of erroneous reasoning induce the man of cold principles to let go his hold, he is lost for ever. Sentiment, the rational part of those sensations in which God and nature speak to the soul, is in him a mute organ, he hears no voice but the obstinate pride of a deadening principle, and is lost for ever!

But I do not purpose to consider the possibility of a separation between just principle and natural sentiment; I never beheld the one unaccompanied by the other, and I perceive that the author of " The Distinction," &c. has argued not so much against Sentiment as against the affectation of it in opposition to virtuous principle; although by the general term of sentiment the most perfect attribute of the soul becomes involved in the condemnation so eloquently pronounced. Sentiment, when taken in a metaphysical view, may be defined to be that power of the mind that receives our sensa-

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tions, and converts them into ideas; it is the first connecting agent between the body and the soul; it arranges our perceptions, and rules over them; it is the very life of reason, which, without it, is irresolute, slowly deciding, seldom acting.

" Irresolute in this—unfixed in that,
" With thoughts unconscious what they would be at;
" Still hesitating, fearful to do ill,
" Quintus does nothing well, nor ever will."

PASCHASIUS.

Sentiment is the organ of sympathy, the first spring of all the social affections; by it alone we become acquainted with our rank in nature, and our obligations to domestic and political institutions. Principle ought to consist in determined rules founded on deductions made by reason from the experience of our own sentiments, or received from the sentiments of others whom we respect. False deductions create false principles, and these in a short time corrupt or deaden every sentiment. Then arises that affectation which indeed prevails so much in the present day; but which has equally prevailed in times past, and will do so until the truths of real science, the science of self-knowledge and social obligations shall have strengthened our reasoning faculties, and made manifest the motives and consequences of all our actions.

It is so difficult to define with accuracy the moral attributes of the mind, that I am not entirely certain whether I have a just idea of the two objects which the author of " The Distinction," &c has discussed. The characteristics assigned to Sentiment at the end of the Essay are so dissimilar to those at the beginning, that I am inclined to conclude that affectation of sentiment, false taste, and irrational sensation are blended together under one general appellation. But it would be an endless labour in the present indeterminate state of metaphysical knowledge to fix denominations on the vague and incomprehensible faculties of the mind. Moral authors are in general careless in their use of terms, which increases the confusion, and when a disquisition is reduced to the definition of a name, it is then entangled in an inscrutable labyrinth.

Could we be assured of the unerring purity of sentiment there would be no argument against our continually submitting to its influence, except such as might be suggested through the prudential motives of self-love. Every thing that is offered to our contemplation, either in the wants of nature or in the offices of society, calls us from ourselves, and makes us behold our dependence upon duties reciprocally observed; every primitive sentiment must therefore be necessarily virtuous. We perceive misery, and we desire to relieve it; we hear the voice of gladness, and we wish to increase it by congenial hilarity; we gaze upon beauty, and the sentiments of love and beauty possess our hearts. From our primitive sentiments proceed whatever is excellent in the arts, whatever is sublime in the sciences, whatever is laudable in political institutions, praiseworthy in domestic economy, honourable in public transactions, endearing in private relations. For whence should principles have derived their knowledge, whence the strength of their regulations but from those natural conceptions, which by the unprejudiced mind are no sooner felt than established, and which, although we may stifle by false habits and perverted principles, we can never entirely separate from those natural impulses to which the heart is ever recurring.

The man of sentiment weeps indeed at fictitious distress, trembles at the consequences of imaginary crimes, is susceptible of all the emotions which eloquence or poetry can assume; but if restrained by the voice of prudence or by the testimonies of deceit or imposition that surround him on every side, and compel him to act with a cold principle of mistrust in real life, what is to be blamed? Surely the false rules of conduct, the perverted principles of the multitude. He whose sensibility is drawn towards an imaginary tale of pity correctly natural, would feel the same interest in a real circumstance were it possible to divest the mind of that suspicion which is the natural consequence of frequent intercourse with the world. The young and inexperienced are mostly directed by the influence of sensibility, and are often the victims of a false species of sentiment arising from its indulgence. For unless guarded by true sentiment united to just principle, sensibility has victims whose excruciating tortures are beyond the powers of description.

To pure sentiment appear to belong those provinces of judgment which cultivate or cherish the arts, or that permit and foster the benevolent and genial passions. The former are imitations of nature; the latter are her offspring; the management of each therefore belongs to that part of the mind which she seems peculiarly to claim as her own, and to have stamped with a sort of instructive power.

To just principle belong the boundaries of self-love and social justice; integrity in all its forms; patience, perseverance, and the severities of duty. Knowledge, whether derived from education or experience, is the great support of principle. When science shall throw her emanations over

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the soul, principle shall derive strength and spread into perfection. But while ignorance congeals all the sources of its nourishment, and casts a deep immoveable cloud over the intellect, there is no principle independent of sentiment on which we can constantly rely. The laws that we frame are found inadequate to the circumstances that arise; every new situation, every particular event has features that distinguish it from others; has duties peculiarly its own.—The inscrutable powers of pure sentiment, allied as they are to nature, must be called forth, and to their decision, as to the chancery of the mind, the legislation of principle, and the precedents of experience must submit.

T. N.

Blackheath, May 7th, 1806.

PALEMON.

THE SKETCH OF A FACT.

To a void and unfeeling mind the richest objects of admiration pass unobserved or unadmired: but to the heart susceptible of sensibility the smallest incident affords a boundless field for reflection, and opens a passage to the fanciful and unlimited sallies of imagination.

About the middle of June, on my return from the university of Oxford, though I had visited some of the most enchanting scenes of nature, as well as the mechanical wonders of art, my mind received the most permanent impression from an object, in itself the most trivial to appearance. Chance led me to Worcester, and as I walked with a friend in the cloisters of the cathedral, a small tombstone in the western corner caught my eye, with only the single Latin word "Miserrimus," *the most wretched of men*, inscribed on it. It is needless to mention the crowd of suggestions that at once arose on my mind; some souls can conceive more from a hint than others from the most florid description. I could not help exclaiming,

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
A heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire *might* have sway'd,
Or wak'd to exstacy the living lyre."

But my friend soon convinced me, by the short recital of a melancholy tale, that

"This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein *we* play."

What I shall relate (says he) may perhaps convince you that the good are to look beyond this world for their reward; and it may serve to shew how small an incident may be the origin of the greatest event of a man's life. Though my tale may be destitute of the interesting adventures of fiction, I hope it will claim some attention when I assure you it has truth for its basis.

At a watering-trough on the road side near Hagley, one summer's afternoon, young Palemon stopped to water a little horse he rode. It happened also that an elderly gentleman was at the same instant engaged in the same act. Travellers dwell not on formal introductions; the old gentleman was pleased with the open and innocent conversation of Palemon; and he, on the other hand, had every reason to be highly delighted with the affectionate behaviour of his aged companion. It may be sufficient to say, that as they were journeying to the same town, the old gentleman urgently invited Palemon to his house: he was the grandfather of Amelia. The since elegant and accomplished Amelia was then but a child, younger than Palemon. Together would they play, and indulge with temporary pleasure each puerile recreation; though they met and parted almost with indifference.

This acquaintance continued for some years, until Palemon, passing in his way to the University, stopped a few days at the house of his friends. He was now more than seventeen, and had made considerable progress in most of the polite arts, and took great delight in accompanying the voice of Amelia on the piano-forte; nor did her mental and personal improvement fail to gain its due influence over his heart: she had in her disposition and person every thing that was desirable in a partner for life. He now felt at his parting with her an unusual heaviness; and during the rest of the journey was pensive and dejected; and if at any time she occurred to his thoughts, his mind became agitated and confused. The first ligatures of love are so slender as to be scarcely perceptible, but on receiving the smallest encouragement they become irresistibly strong.

I need not (continued my friend) detain you with intermediate circumstances. I could repeat to you their successive interviews for several years, replete with the most tender and interest-

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ing scenes, but I will be brief as possible. Was I to attempt to speak of the character of Amelia, or of her parents and family—the highest praises I could produce would be inadequate to their merits. The records of hospitals and charitable institutions, the gratitude of the poor, and the voice of all their acquaintance, may better avail than my poor efforts. Palemon, too, was a youth of unspotted reputation and admired accomplishments, nor were his merits unknown or unnoticed by Amelia or her parents. He was heir to a considerable estate, inferior to but few for the beauty of its groves, which, though small, possessed claims that larger ones were strangers to. Is it not singular, then, that such happy lovers should go uncrowned with the blessings of Hymen?

But I should have told you (continued he) that Palemon had a father, who, though very far from being an avaricious man, was yet a man of the world: he thought a handsome fortune was not to be rejected whatever the mistress of it might be, and however love might be concerned. He had permitted, and even encouraged, his son's acquaintance in this family, unmindful of any engagement of affections, for he had previously in view a more lucrative connexion for his son; but the instant he discovered the attachment, he forbade his son the house of his friend on pain of being disinherited. But love is not easily rooted out, much less transplanted. Palemon continued to visit privately, and correspond through the confidence of a friend; yet he was twice detected, and twice, on intercession, forgiven: but was threatened in the most solemn manner with deprivation of every acre of land on his third revolt from duty. But love and danger ill suit the scales. He again visited the dear object of his heart, and was cut off from every shilling. She still loved him rather with augmented than diminished affection; and it is supposed would even have married him after his misfortune. But he always declared that he never would marry her if deprived of the power of making her happy. He might have been admitted into the family, but to receive favours that can never be repaid, is one of the hardest tasks of a generous heart.

About this time (says my friend) he formed the determination of seeking that prosperity abroad which his country denied him. He went, but did not return for some years; indeed he was generally supposed to be dead; when, to the astonishment of all, he returned with considerable prosperity: and, to his surprize, found his father had died, and had ordered that if ever his son returned, his estates might be restored him. Palemon, happy Palemon, elated beyond even the most sanguine hopes, instantly flew to his dear Amelia, and found her—in the arms of a wealthy citizen! Imagine his sensations—I cannot describe them. He returned to his father's country seat, and pined awhile amid the scenes of youthful happiness, reflected on his former interviews of love—and laid down to die of a broken heart.

Towards his last moments he sent for me. When I came he was in bed. We had much conversation; I told him he was still young, and might yet find another Amelia. He said it could not be—but desired me to look at his will; he then uttered a short prayer, and laid down while I read it. I found he had left his principal property to Amelia. He desired I would fetch him her portrait, he said he would bequeath it to me as his last and best gift to his friend, it was in a drawer in his library. I went—and I may say as with poor Eugenius—he followed me with his eyes to the door, closed them, and never opened them more.

Here my friend paused. I think I saw a tear in his eye.

After a short interval he resumed his narrative. When I had paid the last sad tribute to the poor remains of Palemon, I hastened to Amelia: but I hastened to another scene of wretchedness. I was informed that her end was near; that since the arrival of Palemon she had refus d every support of mind and body. The dejection of woe was strongly depicted on the face of every domestic. I feared for the worst, yet dared not make farther enquiry. I entered the chamber of sorrow, but the cold hand of death had for ever closed the eyes of Amelia, of—my Wife!

Good God! your wife! you the husband of Amelia?

Yes, Sir, I was born to be unhappy; but you may share the sweet blessings of felicity and love. Yet at some future day, in the mansions of joy and prosperity, cast sometimes a thought on my wretched life of penance and misery, and let some tender heart drop a tear at the recital of my woes: and when I am dead, let the word MISERRIMUS be inscribed on my grave.

MUSIPHILUS.

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PARENTAL RESENTMENT EXEMPLIFIED;

OR

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

It has frequently afforded matter for discussion, whether the parental or filial duties acted more forcibly upon the human mind; and the page of history has been searched to produce instances in support of arguments on either side. Æneas rescuing his aged father from the devouring flame, and the Grecian Daughter sustaining the existence of a beloved parent with that nutriment which nature bestowed at that critical moment, are circumstances which equally prove the force of those tender ties; and it would be difficult to say which operates with the greatest tenderness, the love of a child to a parent, or the affection of a parent to a child. Nature evidently leans to the side of the parent, yet how many instances of want of parental tenderness might be produced, where mortified pride and ambitious projects have rendered callous all the fine feelings of the heart, and where an amiable child has been totally discarded for not being able to conquer an attachment which the parents disapproved; and as a circumstance of this nature occurred to the object of my affection, I shall relate it for the amusement of those who peruse this work. Though partial to society, I derive a secret satisfaction from a solitary ramble, where I can undisturbedly indulge a rational train of thoughts, and having dined with a friend in Portman-square, who is a member of parliament, I refused to accompany him to the House; preferring a walk in those beautiful fields which lead to Hampstead to hearing a Senatorial debate.

My mind was completely absorbed by a train of reflections which the beauty of the evening had inspired, that I scarcely thought myself a terrestrial being, for on the wings of imagination I mounted to the skies! I was roused, however, from these transporting ideas by the plaintive voice of a child, who with tears besought me to come to the relief of her mamma. Gainsborough's picture of an angel, was never half so beautiful as was the countenance of this lovely child; her auburn hair seemed to have been divided in ringlets, for the purpose of displaying her sapphire eyes, and every limb was formed with such perfect symmetry, that it was impossible to behold her without a mixture of delight and surprise.

"Where is your mamma, my little angel?" said I, tenderly taking the hand of the child "There, there," she replied, pointing to a female, whom I beheld seated upon a bank. I flew to the spot, and beheld a being whose appearance was calculated to excite sympathy in the most insensible mind; for she possessed all her sex's softness, blended with a dignity that might have proclaimed her a queen. Her dress was plain and simple, a small spaniel was lying by her side; I intreated her to inform me in what manner I could be useful, as she appeared to be in the greatest pain.

In the most polished terms she expressed her acknowledgments, at the same time informing me that she feared her ancle bone was broken, as she had inadvertently trod upon a stone which had given way, and the joints twisted under her with the sudden pain she felt. Pointing to a small cottage surrounded with a little piece of garden ground, she entreated me to do her the favour of requesting the owner of it to come to her relief: "for that (said she) is my humble residence, and I ought to bless Heaven that I am so near my home."

I instantly obeyed the mandate, and found the honest man occupied in adorning a little parterre. "The lady who lodges with you, my good friend, has met with an accident, and requests your assistance in the adjoining field." Scarcely had I communicated this unwelcome intelligence when, throwing down his spade, and calling to a young woman to follow him, he bounded over the hedge, and in an instant was out of sight. The young woman seemed little less concerned than her husband. "This accident (said she) will almost break the poor dear lady's heart; for the only pleasure she has is in walking out morning and evening with her sweet little girl."

Though my curiosity was raised, I did not think myself authorized to ask any questions; we soon reached the disabled fair; and my companion no sooner witnessed the evident pain she suffered, than she burst into a flood of tears. "Do not alarm yourself, my dear Sally (said the enchanting creature, endeavouring to force an angelic smile), but you know I was never able to bear pain without complaint." "You bear every thing like an angel, I am sure (replied Sally), and to think there's to be no end to your sufferings is enough to break one's heart."

A mild shake of the head, and a finger erected, was a sufficient hint to Sally not to say more; when the stranger proposed to attempt reaching her humble dwelling by leaning upon the gardener and his wife's arm. Against this plan I warmly remonstrated, and at length persuaded

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her to allow the gardener and myself to convey her in a chair; to which proposal, after much difficulty, she consented, as she found it impossible to put her ancle upon the ground. Honest Thomas proposed immediately running for a doctor, but this office I insisted on taking upon myself, and as an old friend of mine lived within a short distance, I made the utmost haste to his house; and upon his examining the ancle, I had the satisfaction of hearing it was badly sprained, but not broken.

Upon taking leave of Mrs. Mortimer (for by that appellation Sally accosted her), I intreated permission to enquire after her health on the following day; and as the little Matilda and myself were already upon terms of friendship, she repeatedly desired me not to fail coming soon. The humble apartment into which we had conveyed the accomplished Mrs. Mortimer, ill accorded with the polished manners of the being by whom it was filled; a few well-chosen books were suspended upon hanging shelves, and several pieces of work were carefully folded up, which appeared to be different parts of an elegant dress. That these did not belong to the fair inhabitant of the humble dwelling was evident; I was convinced that her existence was supported by the ingenuity of her hands, yet my heart sickened at the bare idea of a creature so formed to grace society, being compelled to work for her daily bread.

The image of this accomplished woman perfectly haunted my imagination, it not only occupied my evening reflections, but presented itself in my nightly dreams; and that I might have the happiness of finding her affections were at liberty was the first wish of my heart. Frequently had I ridiculed the folly of sudden attachments, yet I was convinced the anxiety I experienced was too strong a symptom of the tender passion to leave the slightest doubt; and as my sleep was short and interrupted, I arose at an early hour, and by an involuntary impulse, my steps were directed towards the New-Road. My heart beat with a new and lively emotion, as my eye caught a glimpse of the humble abode of a being who was formed to adorn a palace, and who would have graced the splendour of an Eastern throne. Just as I reached the little wicket, honest Thomas was in the act of opening it, to go to his daily work. "Your Honour is an early riser;" said he, respectfully taking off his hat. I replied in the affirmative, falsely asserting, that I generally rambled in those beauteous fields; and endeavouring to conceal the interest I felt in the fate of his lodger, enquired if he could inform me whether she had passed a good night.

"She has not slept one minute, Sir," replied the sympathizing fellow, "for my Sally would not leave her the whole night; it is a mortal sad thing," he continued, "that such an angel as she is should meet with such mishaps; but, Lord help her, that would be nothing, if she could have but a little peace of mind."

To restrain my curiosity I now found impracticable; and I enquired whether he had known the lady for any length of time.—"Knowed her! why I knowed her, Sir, ever since she was no bigger than Miss Matilda—Why, I lived with Sir Christopher a matter of fifteen years, and from a mere child she always was an angel, if there ever was one upon the face of this yearth." "And what relation, my good friend," I eagerly demanded, "was Sir Christopher to the lady who lodges in your house?" "Relation, Sir! why own flesh and blood she is to him.—But, Lord help me, what a fool I have been? Your honour took me by surprise, as I may say; though I had promised Madam ne'er to tell a creature what a great gentlewoman she was; more shame for her to be obliged to yearn her own livelihood, when her old rogue of a father is riding in his coach and six."

The promise of secrecy having once been inadvertently broken, I was persuaded my communicative companion would have given every intelligence I could have required; but I informed him, that as in honour he was bound to maintain silence; I would only ask one question which I intreated him to resolve, and inform me whether Mrs. Mortimer was a widow or a wife.

"A wife! No, Sir, worse luck for the poor dear creature; do you think she would be forced to yearn her own living if the worthy Captain was alive? Why, Lord bless your honour, he would scarce let the wind blow upon her, he loved the very ground that she walked upon, as a body may say—but he is dead and gone; God rest his soul in heaven, for a worthier gentleman never drew breath."

The clock at this moment announced the hour of seven, when honest Thomas, suddenly roused by the sound, wished me a good morning, declaring, he had no idea the day was so far advanced. Putting my hand in my pocket I took out a dollar, and intreated the worthy fellow to drink mine and his lodger's health; "but pray, Sir, by what name am I to drink your honour's?" said he, respectfully removing his hat. This enquiry was exactly what I wanted, as I was anxious that Mrs. Mortimer should know my name, therefore taking a ticket from my pocket, I put it into my companion's hand.

I have frequently been astonished at observing the sudden effects of a title upon the uneducated

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part of mankind; yet I never beheld so striking a transition in the countenance of an individual as in that of honest Thomas at perusing my card. "My Lord, I beg your Lordship ten thousand pardons for speaking so familiarly," said he, bowing to the ground, "I knew, to be sure, as how your honour was a gentleman, but it never once comed into my head that you was a lord." "Put your hat on, my good fellow," I replied, amused by his simplicity, "and believe that you paid me a much greater compliment in thinking me a gentleman, than you could have done in discovering that I was a lord; for I am sorry to say, there are many who bear that title whose manners would put a gentleman to the blush."

Upon taking leave of honest Thomas, I extended my morning ramble, until I found myself at the bottom of Highgate Hill, and as I was in a frame of mind to have ascended the Alps without finding it an exertion, I resolved to mount it, and breakfast at the first-decent inn. Eating, however, was out of the question. I felt, like the cameleon, capable of living upon air; or, in other words, I existed upon the delightful intelligence which I had so recently heard.

Matilda was free! there was exstacy in the reflection that I might restore her to that rank in society which she was so peculiarly formed to grace. And so romantically did I feel the force of the tender passion, that I could scarcely avoid engraving her name upon every shrub and tree. An open book proved to me that the all-accomplished Mrs. Mortimer bore the same name as her child, and I fancied every bird chaunted forth a note like that of Matilda, and that it was wafted upon my ears by every zephyrus breeze.

I protracted my walk until near eleven, and then ventured to enquire after the charming woman's health; the lovely little Hebe ran out to proclaim my welcome, but alarmed me by saying the doctor had ordered her mamma not to get out of bed, and the sympathizing Sally informed me the amiable sufferer had not even closed her eyes; and though I had not courage enough to be particular in my inquiries, I would have forfeited half my income to have dared presenting her with fifty pounds.

In what way to render assistance to the amiable sufferer I knew not; at length the idea struck me that a female could act with less reserve, and I instantly called upon my sister, and in confidence imparted all I knew. After rallying me with severity upon this sudden attachment, and the truly romantic appearance which it bore, she kindly promised to introduce herself to the fair unknown. As my impatience was too great to admit of formality, I would not leave her until she had assured me she would frame some plausible excuse for calling upon Mrs. Mortimer in the course of the afternoon.

To this amiable sister I am not only attached by the ties of nature, but still more so, from observing a thousand instances of the goodness of her heart; and though what may sometimes appear levity of conduct absolutely springs from innocence of mind. She is lovely in her person, though far inferior to Mrs. Mortimer. With the admiration naturally paid to a beautiful woman, she evidently is gratified, and her person receives all those adventitious aids of ornament by which she fancies her charms are improved. Though she had promised to drive immediately to Matilda's humble dwelling, and though upon handing her into the carriage, she assured me she would not make a single call, yet a dress which was to be finished by the following Thursday struck her of too much importance to be neglected an hour; and instead of driving to Hampstead, the coachman was ordered first to go to Mrs. Tiffany's, in Bond-street.

At the moment my sister descended from the carriage, a young woman entered the shop, and spreading some elegant work upon the counter, said, she was sorry to inform her the lady who had undertaken to complete it was confined to her bed, from an unfortunate accident which had happened the preceding afternoon. "And can she not work as well in bed as up?" enquired the unfeeling monster; "I am happy, however," she continued, addressing herself to my sister, "that your Ladyship is here; for should I not be able to get your Ladyship's dress completed, you will know that the fault is not mine; for I assure you, Ma'am, I would not have given it to the woman, if she had not sacredly promised to finish it by your Ladyship's time; but I don't know who would have to do with such creatures, if they could but find people to employ at home."

"Creatures!" exclaimed the young woman who had brought the unfinished drapery, "I would have you learn to speak of your betters with a little more respect.—Oh Lord! that ever I should have lived to see the day that my young Lady should be forced to work for such an unfeeling wretch!" "Out of my shop this instant, you vile hussey!" exclaimed Mrs. Tiffany.—Sally was obeying the mandate (for it was herself,) when my sister caught her by the arm, and intreated her to get into the carriage, as she was resolved to call upon the Lady to whom the accident had occurred.

That Mrs. Mortimer had supported herself and lovely offspring by her own industry I had informed my sister, and the moment an accident

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was mentioned, she was convinced the person alluded to was the being who had made so strong an impression upon my heart. This channel of communication was fortunately opened between them, which prevented me from appearing a party concerned. To the attached Sally my sister easily apologized for her intended visit, by saying she was resolved to wait until the Lady was sufficiently recovered to finish her gown, and as indisposition naturally increased expence, she begged the worthy creature to accept a ten pound note, for the purpose of supplying her lodger with those little indulgences her situation might demand.

"Oh, Madam!" said the affectionate creature, "was I to accept this mark of your generosity it would break my poor young Lady's heart; for kind as you are, too well do I know her to dare to offer her a stranger's gift" "You are a good creature," replied Charlotte, "and you must do me the favour of accepting this trifle for yourself; and the only return I beg is that you will introduce me to Mrs. Mortimer, as the lady for whom she had undertaken to work a dress."

Fair as I had represented the form, and elegant as I had painted the manners of the being who had won my affection in so singular a way, yet my sister acknowledged I had scarcely done justice to the most lovely creature her eyes had ever beheld. My name was never mentioned at their first interview. The accident was alluded to by the fair sufferer, as a misfortune which could not have been foreseen; yet I could not help feeling sensibly mortified at finding that she seemed totally to have forgotten the attentions she had received. To cherish resentment, however, I found impracticable; I called upon Mrs. Mortimer on the evening of the following day, and upon hearing she was down stairs, I sent in my compliments, and intreated permission to enquire after her health.

"I could not" said the angelic creature, "deny myself the satisfaction of expressing my acknowledgements to your Lordship for your polite attention the other night, as I am fearful the pain I then suffered must have made me appear both ungrateful and ill-bred; yet I must candidly tell you that I do not receive visits, even from my own sex; for retirement is not only congenial to my disposition, but actually necessary in my present state."

At that moment the little Matilda came jumping into the apartment, exclaiming, "Oh Mamma, that sweet lady is coming who was here yesterday! and she has brought a doll with her, almost as big as Sally's little babe." Vexation and embarrassment overspread the fine countenance of Mrs. Mortimer, but recovering herself in a moment, she said, "My Lord I must intreat you to retire; compassion induced the amiable Lady C— to call upon me, and it might injure me in her opinion to find a person of your Lordship's rank here. Unprotected females cannot act with too much precaution, and there are reasons why I should be peculiarly circumspect." The precaution, notwithstanding, proved unavailing, for Charlotte at that moment entered the room, and after congratulating Mrs. Mortimer upon being able to quit her chamber, exclaimed, "Why, my dear brother, who would have thought of finding you here?"

The angelic creature's countenance was suffused with the finest vermilion, as she alternately observed us both; my unceremonious sister, regardless of the confusion she had occasioned, desired me to make one of my best bows, as she had something very particular to communicate to Mrs. Mortimer, which she did not chuse I should hear. I obeyed the order with evident reluctance, impatient to know the secret she wished to impart; but unfortunately I had made an engagement which prevented me from seeing her again until the following day.

Charlotte had contrived, during her first ride to Mrs. Mortimer's lowly residence, to obtain from the attached Sally the principal events of her life, and being personally known to Sir Christopher, she resolved to make him acquainted with the forlorn situation of his only child. This unfeeling father had rejected every overture which had been made him in the behalf of the amiable creature to whom he had given birth, and refused even making her the slightest allowance, though he knew that she even wanted the common necessaries of life. The crime she had been guilty of was marrying a man without fortune, whom he had not only introduced into his house, but actually treated with as much affection as if he had been his son, but who, upon discovering his attachment to his daughter, he had inhospitably turned out of doors. The attachment between the young people, however, was too strong to be easily broken, and Gretna Green presented itself as the only means of making their fate one, for Captain Mortimer was scarcely one-and-twenty, and the blooming Matilda only seventeen. Compensated for the loss of fortune, by the increasing affection of her husband, two happy years glided rapidly over; when called upon by the duty he owed his country, a painful separation took place, and fate decreed that this gallant young man never more should behold the face of a beloved wife.

The small pension allowed officer's widows was all the support Matilda had to rely upon for the subsistence of herself and child; and recollecting that two servants who had resided in her father's family had a small cottage near London, she re-

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solved to take up her future residence there; and finding her income not sufficient for her moderate expences, she increased it by receiving work from different shops, and two years had passed in this retirement, when our accidental interview took place.

So impatiently did I long to know the nature of Charlotte's secret, that I was in Harley-street two hours before she arose, and the transports I felt at hearing she had effected a reconciliation between Sir Christopher and his daughter may be imagined, but not easily described; it was by mere accident that the unnatural being was in London, as he had a rooted aversion to the place; in short, dogs and horses constituted all his happiness, and he was fond of the country, from being able to enjoy field sports. Sir Christopher had been remarkably struck with a favourite spaniel of my sister's, which he had seen at Brighton the preceding year, and which he had wished to purchase for the sake of its breed. This animal she therefore resolved should become an excuse for her visit, and ordering her to be put into the carriage, she drove to Ibbetson's hotel, and no sooner did the jolly sportsman cast his eye upon Miss Sylvia, than a cordial smile of welcome ornamented his ruddy face.

"I understand, Sir Christopher," said Charlotte, "you are desperately in love with a young lady of my acquaintance, who is endowed with many personal charms." Your Ladyship is pleased to be merry at the expence of an old fellow," rejoined the testy Baronet, evidently discomposed by the remark.

"I never was more serious, upon my honour," replied Charlotte, "and I actually came for the sole purpose of placing her under your care; but on condition that you will grant a request I intend to make." So saying, she took her favourite by the collar, and presented her to the delighted Sir C—.

That Charlotte should even know that he had a daughter in existence, was not probable, as they had merely accidentally met at the sea-side, and though the cruelty of his conduct to that daughter had interested her friends and relations, yet before her marriage he was persuaded Mrs. Mortimer had not even known my sister by name; therefore he had not the slightest idea that the request could have any connection with his child. After expressing his warmest thanks for the gift, he intreated my sister to give him an opportunity of convincing her how much her boon was prized, and only to name in what manner he could oblige her, as he was impatient to grant her request.

"You have a daughter, Sir Christopher, one of the most amiable and accomplished of women; who is reduced to the necessity of taking in work to support herself and a lovely child. Yet this is not all, for she is exposed to the degrading insults of every paltry shopkeeper by whom she is employed. I witnessed the treatment she is compelled to put up with—every feeling of humanity revolted at what I beheld; and I resolved to make you acquainted with it, convinced that it is to your ignorance of her situation that she is exposed to such distress; for though resentment might for a time stifle the voice of nature, yet Sir Christopher C. I am persuaded, will avenge the insults his daughter has received."

Here my sister paused, though during this speech she had fixed her eyes steadfastly upon his countenance, which alternately varied from red to pale; and for several moments he paced the apartments too much agitated to be able to speak. At length turning short, he caught the hands of his companion, and with a voice almost suffocated with emotion, said, "Where is the wretch, madam, who has dared to insult my poor child? for though I have cast her from me, I will protect her from degradation as long as I have life."

The sensibility of my dear Charlotte's disposition soon displayed itself; she burst into a flood of tears, assuring him that the only way in which he could shield his daughter from insult was by receiving her under his roof. "But depend upon it, my dear Sir," said she, "you will not long enjoy the blessing of her society, for my brother, I am persuaded, will take the citadel by storm; he has seen and actually adores your Matilda; and merely waits your permission to make her an offer of his heart."

Whether nature asserted her powers over the feelings of this too long inveterate father, or whether shame produced that which duty could not overcome, is a circumstance which it would be difficult to find out. But my sister had the happiness of hearing him declare his readiness to receive his daughter under his roof, as soon as he had finished the business which had brought him to town.

This was the intelligence my amiable sister was so anxious to communicate; and to add to my happiness, she had insisted upon the fair Matilda's quitting her humble abode and remaining in Harley-street, until Sir Christopher's business was arranged.

As the *dénouément* of my narration may probably be anticipated, I shall merely say, I am now the happiest of mankind, though near two years elapsed before I could persuade the amiable Matilda to enter a second time into the marriage state. Singular as it may seem, we frequently converse hours together upon the amiable qualities of the man who first made an impression upon her youthful heart. And so far

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from feeling hurt, at the tenderness she expresses for his memory, it gives me a secret gratification which I could not easily describe; in short, it convinces me that a similar respect will be paid to my memory, if my wife should survive. Honest Thomas I have raised to the post of bailiff, Sally fills the double department of housekeeper and lady's-maid; her little boy is nursed by the wife of my gardener; and it would be difficult to find a happier family than ours.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE POET BERONICIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

I BEG leave to present for insertion in your Magazine an account of the poet Beronicius, and shall hence forward expect that Hawkesworth's account of the "admirable Creighton," will no more be received with suspicion and doubt.

In 1672, a small book was printed at Amsterdam, entitled, "Georgarchontomachiæ, sive Expugnatæ Messopolis, Libri Duo, Carmine Epico extemporaneo conscripti, Auctore, N. Autopte."—"Boeren-en Overheids Strijd, ofte het innemen van Middelburg, in Heldendigt uit de vuist weg beschreven, en begrepen in twee Boeken, Door Een Ooggetnige, Met vryen trant vertaalt; Door P. Rabus."

The fourth edition of this book appeared in Amsterdam in 1716, in 12mo. 204 pages, with fine copper-plate engravings, entitled, "P. J. Beronicii, Poetæ incomparabilis, quæ extant, P. Rabus; recensuit et Georgarchontomachiæ notas addidit. Editio quarta emendatius curata. Boeren en Overheids strijd, voor de vuist gedicht door P. J. Beronicius, in't Nederduitsch overgeret door P. Rabus. Nevens eenige andere Gedichten, en een By voegsel, Van s' Mans Leven in de Voorreden. De vierde druk, merkelyk verbetert, en met (5) koper platen gesiert."

Battle between peasants and magistrates (in 1672), or the taking of Middelburg; in heroic verse, written immediately from the extempore recitation in Latin, and contained in two books, by an eye-witness, (meaning likewise ear-witness); freely translated into Dutch prose, by P. Rabus.

The whole poem consists of 920 lines; and at the end are eight odes, and a satire, together 514 lines, likewise in Latin.—Two congratulatory odes on the arrival of the Prince of Orange in Vlissingen, 1668; on the death of Jacob Michielse, M. D. 1671; one congratulatory on the election of a Burgermaster; on the Polyglot Bible; an Epithalamium on the nuptials of Professor John de Raay; a Complimentary Ode to William III. Prince of Orange and Nassau; and a Satire on a Philosopher.

The following account of the author is taken from a small book of Lectures, in Latin, by Ant Borremans, printed at Amsterdam in 1676; and from a Dutch preface to the Poem, by P. Rabus.

Besides this volume, no other works of Beronicius are to be found; because this most wonderful poet, and the most extraordinary ever heard of, never wrote his verses, but recited them off-hand; and when he was once set a going, with such celerity, that a swift writer could with great difficulty keep up with him, and thus a great number of his verses are lost.

In the year 1674, the celebrated Dutch poet, Antonides Vander Goes, (who died in 1684), being in Zealand, happened to be in company with a young gentleman who spoke very highly in praise of the wonderful quickness and incredible memory of his language-master, Beronicius. Antonides and others who were present expressed a desire to see such an extraordinary genius. They had scarcely spoken, when there entered a little, black, round, thick fellow, with hardly a rag to his back, like a blackguard. But on closer examination, something uncommon and lofty appeared in his carriage, and the expression in his countenance was serious, and blended with a majestic peculiarity. His eyes glowed like fiery coals, and his arms and legs were in a perpetual nimble motion. Every one greedily eyed him, welcomed him, and asked him if it were all true, that his pupil had been telling them. "True?" said that singular creature, "yes; 'tis all perfectly true." And when they answered that they could not so lighty believe such incredible things, the man grew angry, and reviled the whole company, telling them they were only a parcel of beasts and asses.

He had at that time, as was his daily custom, drank a glass too much, and that was the cause of his bullying them and bragging of his own wonderful powers by which he could make all manner of verses extempore. But those to whom he told this, looked on him as a mad Orlando, out of whose mouth the wine spoke. Upon which he continued to tell them, how he was the man who had added eight hundred words to the great dictionary of *Calepin*. How he could immediately correctly versify any thing on any subject he had only once heard; and lastly, how he had many times, standing or walking, translated the weekly newspapers into Greek or Latin verses.

Nobody appearing willing to believe him, he

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ran out of the house, cursing and swearing as if he had been possessed. The same company met the next day at the principal tavern in Middelburg; and after dinner, the conversation happened to turn on a sea fight which had lately been fought by the Hollanders and Zealanders against the English. Among others who were killed, was a Captain *de Haze*, a Zealand naval hero, and on whom Antonides had composed the following epitaph.

[The original being six lines in Dutch verse, is not worth inserting]

The point turns on the name, *de Haze* signifying *the hare*, and the poet says the Zealand hares turned to lions. He had a written copy of this for one of the company, when Beronicius entered accompanied by his pupil. He excused himself for his extravagances of the day before, and begged pardon, hoping they would attribute his misbehaviour to the liquor, and forgive him. He then directly began to talk of his poetical powers, and offered to give them a specimen if they chose it.

As they now found that, being sober, he repeated what he had bragged of when drunk, they undertook to try him so as to get at the truth.—A fair opportunity offered, as Antonides had just shewn him his verses, and asked his opinion of them. Beronicius read them twice, praised them, and said, "What should hinder me from turning them into Latin instantly?" They viewed him with wonder, and encouraged him by saying, "well, pray let us see what you can do." In the mean time the man appeared to be startled. He trembled from head to foot as if possessed by Apollo. However, before he began his work, he asked the precise meaning of two or three Dutch words, of which he did not clearly understand the force; and requested that he might be allowed to Latinize the Captain's name of *Hare*, in some manner so as not to lose the pun. They agreed; and he immediately said, "I have already found it, I shall call him *Dasypus*:" which signifies an animal with rough legs, and is likewise taken by the Greeks for a hare. "Now, read a couple of lines at a time to me, and I shall give them in Latin. Upon which a poet, named Buizero, began to read to him, and Beronicius burst out in the following verses:—

Egregia *Dasypus* referens virtute leonem
In bello, adversus Britonas super æquora gesto,
Impavidus pelago stetit, aggrediente molossûm
Agmine, quem tandem glans ferrea misit ad astra,
Vindictæ cupidum violato jure profundi.
Advena, quisquis ades, Zelandæ encomia gentis
Ista refer, lepores demta quod pelle leonem
Assumant, quotquot nostro versantur in orbe.

Epitaphium Herois Adriani de Haze,
Ex Belgico versum.

When our poet had finished, he began to laugh till his sides shook, jeering and pointing at the persons in company, who appeared surprised at his having, contrary to their expectations, acquitted himself so well; every body highly praised him, which elated him so much that he began to scratch his head three or four times; and fixing his fiery eyes on the ground, repeated, without hesitation, the same epigram in Greek verse, calling out, "There ye have it in Greek."

Every one was astonished, which set him a laughing and jeering for a quarter of an hour.

It is a pity we have not the Greek, which he repeated so rapidly, that no one could write from his recitation. John Frederick Gymnich, professor of the Greek language at Duisburg, was one of the auditors, and said he thought the Greek version surpassed the Latin. Beronicius was afterwards examined in various ways, and always gave such proofs of his wonderful learning as amazed all the audience.

Beronicius spoke several languages so perfectly that each might have passed for his mother tongue; especially Italian, French, and English. As to his Latin, the celebrated Gronovius was fearful of conversing with him in that language. But Greek was his hobby-horse; Greek was the delight of his life, and he spoke it as correctly and as fluently as if he sucked it in with his pap. He conversed with the above-named Professor Gymnich, in Greek, and ended with these words: "I am quite weary of talking any longer with you in Greek, for, really, my pupils who have been taught a twelvemonth by me, speak it much better than you do." This was not very polite, but he was not to be restrained; and he often spoke his mind so freely, that he was threatened with a thrashing: on such occasions he was the first to step forward, and to show that he was not at all averse to a battle.—Saying,

—Age, si quid habes, in me mora non erit ulla.

He gave excellent accounts of all the ancient Greek and Roman authors; his opinions of whose writings were always correct, complete, and delivered with great judgment, and without hesitation. He could immediately distinguish genuine writings, and was a perfect master in the knowledge of the various styles, measures, and idioms. Besides which, his memory was prodigious. He knew by heart the whole of *Horace*, and *Virgil*, the greatest part of *Cicero*, and both the *Plinys*, and would immediately, if a line were mentioned, repeat the whole passage, and tell the exact work, book, chapter, and verse, of all these, and many more, especially poets. As to *Juvenal*, his works were so interwoven in his brain, that he perfectly retained every word, nay every letter.

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Of the Greek poets, he had Homer, (that greatest of all triflers—hold, this does not become me—that father of the poets), [*this is said by P. Rabus*], so strongly imprinted in his memory, together with some of the comedies of Aristophanes, that he could directly turn to any line required, and repeat the whole sentence.—It will be seen in the following pages, that his Latin is full of words selected from all the most celebrated writers.

The reader will probably be desirous of knowing what countryman our extraordinary poet, Beronicius, was; but this is a secret which he never would discover. When he was asked which was his country, he always answered, "that the country of every one was that in which he could best live comfortably." Some said he had been a Professor in France, others a Jesuit, a Monk; but this was merely conjecture. It was well known that he had wandered about many years in France, England, and particularly the Netherlands, carrying, like a second *Bias*, his whole property about with him. He was sometimes told he deserved to be a Professor of a college; he replied, that he did not delight in such a worm-like life. Notwithstanding which, poor man! he gained his living chiefly by sweeping chimnies, grinding knives and scissars, and other mean labours. But his chief delight was in pursuing the occupations of juggler, mountebank, or merry-andrew, among the lowest rabble. He never gave himself any concern about his food or raiment; for it was equal to him whether he was dressed like a nobleman or a beggar; nature was always satisfied with very little. His hours of relaxation from his book-studies were chiefly spent in paltry wine-houses, with the meanest company, where he would sometimes remain a whole week or more, drinking, without rest or intermission.

His bitter and miserable death gave reason to believe that he perished whilst intoxicated, for he was found dead at Middelburg, drowned and smothered in mud; which circumstance was mentioned in the epitaph which the beforenamed poet, Buizero, wrote upon him, as follows (literally translated):—

Here lies a wonderful genius,
He liv'd and died like a beast;
He was a most uncommon satyr,
He liv'd in wine, and dy'd in water.

This is all that is known about Beronicius. As to his translating, or rather reading, the Dutch newspapers off hand in Greek or Latin verse, the poet Antonides often witnessed his exertion of this wonderful talent; and so did Professor John de Raay, who was living at the time of Beronicius's death, which was in 1676, and had been acquainted with him above twenty years. There are at present (1716), still living at Rotterdam, two gentlemen who knew him in Zealand, to one of whom he had taught the French language.

He is slightly mentioned in the seventh edition of *Le Nouveau Dictionaire Historique*, printed at Caen in 1789, in a few lines taken from Borreman's Latin book, from which most part of the foregoing is taken.

He is not mentioned by Bayle. Moreri has slightly mentioned him; and the new Biographical Dictionary, in 15 vols. 8vo. 1798 has likewise half a dozen lines about him. I am, Sir &c.

J——.

THOUGHTS ON LOVE,

AS

AN AFFECTION NECESSARY TO PROMOTE AND INSURE DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

THERE is no affection of which the human mind is susceptible to be compared with that of love. It is an affection that has, in its purest state, a greater influence on the manners, the dispositions, and the conduct of mankind than any other. And if there be an object which we sincerely love, and really prefer to another, every effort, consistent with propriety and decorum, that nature, reason, education, fortune, and circumstances may place within our reach, will readily and zealously be made use of with a view to make ourselves agreeable and acceptable to that object. Pure love is the reformer of vice; it exalts virtue; it ennobles humanity; it gives to nature the polish of art, and to ignorance the refinement of learning. Love is generated by goodness; by goodness it is improved; and by goodness it is perfected and preserved. Immorality and love can never be united; in the dispensations of Providence they are opposed to each other. Man was not created to love that which degrades the dignity of rationality; he was formed for the attainment of excellence; and the highest perfection of excellence is the strongest incitement to love, and the most effectual security of its durability. Every thought, every sentiment, and every action that is contrary to the precepts of sound religion and morality, will, and must, operate eventually to the disadvantage and discouragement of an affection, the very commence-

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ment and existence of which must invariably depend on propriety of conduct and dignity of character. Sentiments of attachment, and professions of regard, unfounded in real goodness, are but ebullitions of passion conspiring against duty and interest, against harmony and happiness. As the turbulent waves in the height of a tempest demand all the skill and exertion of the most experienced mariner successfully to counteract their destructive effects; so do passions of this description require all the energies of virtue, and all the powers of early and active perseverance to prevent the malignity of their operations from weakening or destroying the influence of reason and religion on the heart. Blinded by passion, virtue becomes unpalatable and religion obnoxious. Dangers surround us on every side; and the efficacy of inclination becomes more and more powerful in proportion as duty and propriety become less pleasing and agreeable.

Can we contemplate a more melancholy picture than that which must present itself to our view on merely supposing an union of persons without any correspondent union of affections? Is there a consideration in social or political life, is there an argument in philosophy, is there a precept in religion or morality, that can justify such an union? Are not the effects to be expected from it of the most alarming, the most degrading, and most mortifying kind? In such an union do we not trace every symptom of rational depravity? When passion has subsided, and subside it must, where shall we look for the genial, the salutary, the amiable and unabated warmth of virtuous affection? Passion is of a degenerating nature; it is fluctuating and unstable; it changes with circumstances and situation; fixed to no object by permanency of affection, it becomes disgusting by its constancy, and tormenting by its indifference. Overtaken by poverty or affliction, it is incapable of gratitude and destitute of tenderness and esteem. If connected with the graces of polite life it partakes not of the pleasures they are calculated to produce; if conversant with the difficulties attendant on poverty and misfortune it finds no resources of consolation from the consciousness of meritorious behaviour; ever restless and turbulent, its enjoyments are embittered by a recollection of the past, an inattention to the present, and an eager anticipation of the future.

That the power of love is an instantaneous and an uncontrollable power, is a supposition fit only to be maintained by persons of a superstitious complexion or superficial discernment. It is a fanciful delusion of the mind, calculated to ensnare the heart, corrupt the taste, vitiate the discriminating powers of the understanding, destroy the influence of sound judgment, and preclude the necessity of seriously attending to those friendly counsels of wisdom and experience which are calculated to give birth to such spirited exertions as will enable us to conquer ourselves, and triumph in the victories we acquire. Common sense was bestowed upon us for common use. We were not sent into the world to be abject slaves; the passions and the appetites to which we are subject cannot deprive us of the use of our rational faculties, nor justify us in pursuing a conduct which our judgment condemns. The smallest deviation from the path of propriety is a certain departure from the direct road to happiness; and it is more difficult to retake a post that was once in our possession, after having lost it by our negligence or imprudence, than it would have been to have kept it when it was in our power to have done so. The violence of the passions can never force conviction on the judgment; when we have been imprudent we may endeavour to justify ourselves to our friends, or to the world, and strive to make a merit of a small failing where others have been guilty of a greater; but time, and cool reflection, will convince us that the attempt is vain and futile; that in such cases there is always something wrong within, some selfish gratification, some interested passion, some latent desire, some unjustifiable pursuit, hath stolen unawares upon us, and corrupted in some degree our moral principles, vitiated our taste, and influenced our judgment. In the most arduous conflict our own exertions will always be useful to us if we will but make trial of their efficacy. Let us but consider how we ought to conduct ourselves in any given situation, and if we are but willing to act in concert with the decisions of our own judgment, we shall purchase solid and permanent happiness by the sacrifice of (comparatively speaking) a momentary enjoyment only. But if we are determined to take all opinions for granted which proceed from profligacy of character, or depravity of mind, because they are agreeable to our present taste, wishes, and inclinations, rather than consistent with reason, duty, and judgment, without examination, and without reflection, we must indeed acknowledge ourselves to be either foolish, wicked, or insane.

Our folly is never more conspicuous than when we discover an obstinate determination to follow our inclinations at all events and at all hazards. Where there is no inclination to be conquered, no desire to be checked, no imprudent connection to be dissolved, nor any improper pursuit to be abandoned, there is, there can be no opportunity to demonstrate our attachment to the prior claims of duty and virtue; but when the object of our affections is so far above or beneath us in point of rank, of education, and of virtuous prin-

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ciples, as to make the prospect of our union a cause of uneasiness and regret to our friends and relations, and a probable certainty of unhappiness to ourselves by its direct and unavoidable tendency to disturb the general harmony and tranquillity that subsists between those who are connected with us by the ties of blood, and the bonds of friendship, it becomes our duty to strive zealously and unremittingly for the laudable purpose of obtaining a complete victory over our own hearts; and to rest assured that the painful struggle will eventually yield to us the full possession of positive and unequivocal happiness. The first emotions of the mind are the most easily conquered; and if we were but to enquire into the origin of them we should find them frequently to proceed from incidental and adventitious causes, and not from any irresistible internal principle of solid affection for the person whom we hastily supposed to have been the occasion and the object of them. If it were otherwise we should never be safe, even in the arms of a wife or a husband; the strictest religious, philosophical, or prudential precautions, would be alike unavailing, and subject to the irresistible decrees of fate; and our most delightful enjoyments might be snatched from us, or made disagreeable to us, without any fault or act of our own.

If, instead of opposing our desires where opposition would be virtuous heroism, we give way to them, and indulge the pleasing hope that all will yet be well, our wishes completed, and our happiness confirmed, our depravity becomes sinful, our character confirmed, and our fate miserable. For sin being either the commission of a fault or the omission of a duty, it will have been confirmed in both respects; and whoever seriously thought of being happy without first being virtuous in principle, and dutiful in practice, did most egregiously deceive himself. If ever any one did seriously entertain a thought so contradictory to the nature of things, and so opposite to the precepts of religious duty, his error certainly produced a punishment in some degree proportional to the magnitude of the offence.

When we suffer ourselves to be led by our passions and inclinations into the labyrinth of errors and difficulties, and vainly attempt to obtain success by art, address, and perseverance, where it can be no otherwise effected; or, in the event of disappointment, are really determined to give up ourselves to the gloomy horrors of despair, because our projects have not succeeded according to our wishes, our hopes, and our expectations, we are but acting the part of madmen, whose highest pleasure, and most delightful enjoyment, consists in gratifying and indulging the predominant desire of the moment, regardless of all subsequent consequences.

Next to religion, there is not a subject more important in itself, more interesting to society, nor more likely to be effectually conducive to the establishment and promotion of domestic tranquillity, in all the varied scenes of private life, than this of love. It contributes to silence every discordant passion, and to generate an universal harmony in all family circles where it happily exists and presides. The wholesome influence of it is limited to no particular circle in society, nor confined to any select description of mankind. To all who possess virtuous principles, honest hearts, and ingenuous dispositions, it is accessible and equally calculated to promote and secure real and permanent happiness. By the reciprocal interchanges of virtuous affection the best interests of society are widely and successfully diffused in the world. In many instances the amiable effects of love will descend to generations unborn. The peculiar advantages arising from the reciprocal operation of it are sufficiently important to demand a very general and a very serious and deliberate attention. And it is very sincerely to be regretted that the origin, the nature, and the power of this affection should have been more generally misrepresented than that of any other of which the mind is susceptible. By writers of the greatest repute for wisdom it has been almost uniformly spoken of as an involuntary and irresistible act of the mind, frequently as wonderful and unaccountable in its operation as lamentable and disastrous in its consequences. This representation of the passion of love is as erroneous as it is injudicious and dangerous. It is the parent of disobedience and the nurse of impropriety. Happily for mankind, nature is consistent in all her proceedings. And it is to ignorance, to error, or design, that we must look in order to account for those false conceptions, and mistaken notions which are so frequently inimical to the happiness of rational, of social, and domestic life.

Right notions and apprehensions of the passion of love are rarely if ever inculcated in the human mind; and yet there is no instance in which we are more liable to be diverted from the path of duty and virtue, of propriety, and consequently of happiness, than by regarding this feeling as an uncontrollable affection; and attributing, not unfrequently, to the decisive and unmeaning power of fate, the most ordinary operations of fancy and inclination unaccompanied by reflection and judgment.

Love, like all the other affections, is capable of being excited, governed, and conquered, by every being who is susceptible of any impression from so natural, so pleasing, so delightful, so elevating a feeling. In its preparatory state, it is nothing more than a species of sincere regard for

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another which we are entirely at liberty to cherish, to subdue, to discover, or conceal If this regard should gradually grow into esteem, give birth to sentiments of tenderness, and upon reflection appear to be founded on principle, it may properly be styled love; professions and declarations of which, whenever they are made or received, should be examined with the most scrutinizing impartiality. It is not any particular and superior excellency of mind, elegance of person, harmony of features, or accomplishments of art, than can produce the affection of love founded on principle. These, indeed, may contribute to awaken attention, command respect, inspire admiration, and excite desire; but they are insufficient to establish affection and secure happiness. They are unequal to the task of generating pure love. The charms, the graces, the accomplishments of the person, and the most valuable acquisitions and endowments of the mind, must give place to solid virtues, and an uniform propriety of conduct, of which we are incapable of forming any tolerably correct judgment, but by a series of social intercourse bordering on friendship. Love at first sight is folly in extreme. The addresses and the declarations of strangers ought ever to be considered as founded on the impulses of the moment. Sudden personal preferences are no indications of sound judgment or pure affection. They ought to be received with the greatest possible circumspection and reserve; or treated with that sincerity which marks the character of an open, an ingenuous, and an enlightened mind. Preferences of this kind are altogether unworthy of the appellation of affection. They can neither be founded on a knowledge of the intrinsic worth and amiable character of the person addressed, nor on the conviction of moral propriety on the part of the addresser.

Independent of imaginary ideas, the principle of love must be entire and uniform. To be real, it must rest on certain existing qualities which are not to be developed by the hasty and superficial glance of an enamoured candidate for favour. If these qualities have an existence only in the opinion of the partial adorer, how sincere soever his attachment may be, there is no reason to presume that his love can ever be permanent. Something more is requisite for the foundation of permanent and pure affection than a mere fanciful supposition, or a premature presumptive opinion, that real excellencies of character are usual and necessary accompaniments of personal charms and accomplishments. The truth of a direct contrary inference is too often imperiously imposed upon us by the harsh, the impressive and unanswerable language of experience.—Only from similar known and established permanency of principles actuating the minds of each party, can purity and permanency of affection be expected to exist. Where these principles are wanting, or where they are omitted to be called forth, when necessary, into active service, nothing less can be supposed to happen than that the ardour of youthful impetuosity, regardless of rational decorum, and deaf to the voice of superior wisdom, will necessarily triumph over all human exertions that are unsupported by dignity and virtue. Such, indeed, is the infatuation of those who sacrifice judgment to inclination, that the violence of a passion they wish not, and consequently attempt not, to restrain, is the only apology they can make for a conduct in all respects highly reprehensible. Yet this violence of passion, wherever it exists, is always inimical to propriety and to virtue, and is consequently always of short duration. It is a temporary fever of the mind which is not unfrequently heightened by contradiction, and strengthened by disappointment. It is the common effect of imagination presiding over reason, experience, and common sense, indulged by the pleasing anticipation of happiness that never may be experienced, and of pleasures that never may be tasted.

The impressions of pure and disinterested affection are always accompanied with profound respect, unaffected generosity, and sympathetic tenderness. These qualities are inseparable from love; and however unsuccessful their influence may be, the effects they are peculiarly calculated to produce must ever be interesting.

Imagination is the court in which love principally plays the tyrant. Here apparent embarrassments of youthful modesty may furnish a cloak for intentional duplicity. Superior fortune may supersede the necessity of affection, and superior rank the propriety of sincerity; but preferences proposed or accepted with any other view than that of reciprocity of affection, are calculated to furnish ample materials for wretchedness and misery, from which no denomination of persons, under such circumstances, can reasonably expect to be exempt. Where the heart is unaffected on either side, the passions will be cold and unpleasing; the sentiments fluctuating and uninteresting, and the whole demeanour the very reverse of that which affection would wish to experience. For love can no more constitute happiness, unless it meets with a suitable return from the person beloved, than judgment can preside over conduct where the intellectual faculties are totally deranged. The heart can never be materially affected until the passions have been warmed and interested by the assistance of fancy; or the affections strengthened and confirmed by the convictions of judgment.

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The order of nature is not to be reversed. True love is not, nor ever will be, the offspring of fancy. Esteem is its nursing father, and sincerity its nursing mother. In the conjugal state love is not an *art* but a *duty*. And when it is a duty that we cannot *feel*, it is a duty that we cannot *discharge*. Its offices are of the most delicate, the most refined, the most useful, and the most engaging nature. True love is never stationary; it is always actively employed in promoting domestic felicity. Under the influence of this affection life is indescribably valuable. Home becomes a paradise. It is the bosom of happiness. It has a magnetical power which at once possesses, admits, and communicates unspeakable felicity.

To prevent the existence, and consequently the influence, of love in the minds of either sex, nothing operates more powerfully on virtuous dispositions than the fear of being imposed upon by that duplicity of character which is common to ambitious, crafty, worthless, weak and vain minds; and which, for a time, is capable of being so disguised by artifice as almost to preclude the possibility of discovering the deformity. Add to this, that when we are disposed to consider the number of good qualities that are necessary to form the desirable composition of conjugal felicity, and that the admission amongst these of only *one* disagreeable property, or unamiable disposition is fully sufficient to poison the whole mixture, we shall cease to wonder that the first influence of love is weakest in those who are most capable of feeling and enjoying this most exquisite affection in its highest purity, simplicity, and perfection; and in its most refined, exalted, and desirable state of excellence.

On a view of this interesting subject we cannot but sincerely and deeply feel for those who are already unequally united. Defalcations of affection bespeak prior defalcations of principle or of conduct. Let these, if possible, be corrected, and affection may yet happily supersede indifference and neglect. Hope should never be abandoned while virtue is within our reach. Past improprieties will readily be buried in oblivion when they are atoned for by reformation of character, and a solicitous disposition to become what, in such a state, we ought to be.

May 12, 1806. L. C.

ON COWARDICE.

MR. EDITOR,

I am one of those unfortunate men who are generally stigmatized by the world with the terrible title of "*Coward*." As soon as I was eleven years old, my father, very much against my mother's inclination, dispatched me to a boarding school, where, after hearing the usual interrogatories of the boys, "What is your name? Who is your father? What is he? Does he keep a carriage? What book are you in?" and "Have you brought any prog with you?" I found myself kicked and cuffed on all sides by urchins of seven years old. I remonstrated, cried, and threatened to tell the master, but in vain; nor could I for a considerable period understand the intention of this extraordinary discipline; but in process of time I discovered that the worrying of new boys was a general practice, and that no lad, who did not make a spirited defence against this treatment at the first attack, was received with the least consideration in the school. That, in short, all non-resistants were branded as cowards, and put at once to the only uses which cowards can be fit for, fagging for the big boys, writing out their exercises, and carrying them upon their backs. Having here for some time led a life of sorrow, mortification, and pain, I was at thirteen years of age, on my father's death, removed from school by my sympathetic mamma, who could not bear the idea of my aggravated sufferings. But my woes did not end here, for the nurse maid, to whose care I was entrusted, found out my foible, and took every opportunity of beating me, in revenge, perhaps, for the trouble which I gave her, as she thought, unnecessarily. At eighteen I was removed from her tuition, not without considerable satisfaction at escaping from a tyranny which I durst not resist, and of which I was afraid to complain, lest more rigorous treatment should ensue.

I was now introduced by my mother to balls, and parties of various kinds, through which I went on without any misfortunes much severer than a little neglect from men, and the giggling of girls in corners. There was, however, one circumstance which gave me some little uneasiness. I remarked that, till by the introduction of the volunteer system the character of an officer was degraded and vulgarized, almost all the women gave a decided preference to red coats. It was once said, that "he who conquers men is sure to conquer women;" and I suppose it must be the idea of slaughters to come that renders a trumpery Ensign more estimable in the eyes of

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the fair than a gentleman of a thousand a year; though I own I have always thought it a whimsical paradox, that those whose natures are said to be so mild, nay, who are commonly denominated the *softer sex*, should take such delight in *men of blood*. Be that as it may, the officers always carried every thing before them at our country assemblies.

I was now two and twenty, and my mamma thought it a pity so pretty a person, and such fine parts as mine, should run to seed. She accordingly pitched upon a young lady to whom she desired I should pay my addresses; and as I had plenty of *gold in my pocket*, though very little *brass in my face*, this young lady's guardians strongly recommended the alliance. She did not admire me at all, she declared, but was, by frequent remonstrances, and secret influence, prevailed on at last to consent. I should now have been soon settled in life, but for a very untoward occurrence which happened a few days ago. Last Tuesday was fixed on as the day for our wedding; and on the preceding Friday a dinner and ball were given at the assize town by a lady of fashion in the county. Among the company assembled on this occasion was a young barrister from town. This fellow after dinner sported a number of jests, and amused himself particularly with ridiculing me. The ladies enjoyed his jokes, and laughed at his drollery, but I was by no means so much entertained. As ill luck would have it, I was sitting by a sister of his, and took it into my head to revenge myself on the brother, by playing with her neck and hair. These agreeable little civilities on my part were not, however, relished by the sister, and she complained, in a tone very audible, to the whole company. The barrister interfered, and threatened to punish me. I told him that I knew he durst not touch me, for that if he meddled with a hair of my head, I would get constables, and have him sent to prison. He rose from his seat, and requested me in a whisper to step with him out of the room; I did not by any means guess, from his unembarrassed manner, the intention which he had in this request, and accordingly followed him to the antichamber. But how much was I astonished, when, without further ceremony, I found my nose within the grasp of a merciless fist, and, on disengaging myself from its hold to retreat, felt my rear on a sudden assailed with a shower of bruises and kicks! It was ten minutes before I sufficiently recovered from my alarm to venture on re-entering the dinner room. When I did so, I found my tormentor very quietly lolling on a couple of chairs, the ladies having just retired. No direct notice was taken by any one of the affair that had occurred; but I could see by the jests that were cracked, and the bursts of merriment which every now and then arose without any apparent cause, that my defeat was not a secret to the company at large. At nine we went up to the ball room, and on applying for the hand of the lady who was destined for my bride, I was not a little surprised to understand that she had engaged herself to my enemy. Then indeed I felt, in every sense, the truth of that old maxim, "Faint heart never won fair lady." The first two dances were at length concluded, and my intended wife was led by her partner to a seat. "Miss Maria," said he to her, with unparalleled effrontery, "I have reason to believe that the poltroon who has been chosen for your alliance," meaning me, Mr. Editor, "is not the object of your love, and I flatter myself, from the obliging manner in which you have received my attentions, that I myself am better suited to your inclination and to your dignity. Consider of my proposal to-night—to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, I shall pass your house; if you approve my offer, tie a white handkerchief to the window sash, and I will instantly apply to your guardians." Would you believe it, Mr. Editor, she did tie the white handkerchief to the window sash! my rival applied to the guardians; the guardians finding that, though a barrister, he was heir to a considerable fortune, consented to break off the alliance with me, and on Tuesday, the very day appointed for my own nuptials, I had the vexation to see a carriage at the door of the church with white favours in the servants' hats.

Now all these mortifications and misfortunes, if indeed the missing of a wife may be called a misfortune, have arisen from a wish of mine to exercise only the better part of valour, discretion. And yet, when we come to consider this matter with any degree of philosophy, we shall all be convinced, that to despise a man for cowardice is as absurd as to despise him for sickness. It is all the fault of constitution; and if a man suffer for pusillanimity he suffers unjustly, and his nerves are more to blame than he. Metaphysicians assign us five causes of courage—example, custom, folly, irascibility, and intoxication. A pretty virtue, truly, that may be produced by the rage of imitation, the fashion of the proud, the ignorance of a boy, a gust of ill humour, or a glass of brandy!!

It was said by the Duc de Rochefoucault, and I believe very truly, that "*all men would be cowards if they durst.*" For that which is commonly called courage, is in most men only a *great fear* surmounting a *little fear*, the *dread of dishonour* conquering the *dread of pain*. If Aristotle's assertion be true, and a fellow who does not know the sensations of fear to be a fool; if philosophers, after the division of courage

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into two kinds, the active and the passive, have been wise in preferring the latter:—then he, whom the world calls an unresenting coward, is in fact the bravest man: aye, and not only the bravest, but the wisest, since of two evils a man ought always to chuse the less; and a pull of the nose is undoubtedly an evil much lighter than a shot in the breast.

A Polish Prince, whose name I do not remember, but who, like the Stagerite, seems to have entertained a considerable contempt for your senseless valour, was going through a wood with a numerous retinue, when, by the side of their path, not twenty yards from the direction in which the Prince passed, a lion was observed in the act of tearing his prey. One of the guards, I suppose for the sake of displaying his bravery, stepped up to the hungry beast, and, grasping him by the throat, snatched away his banquet, and drove him backwards into the wood. The prince perceived the action; and though he thought it his duty to make the foolhardy fellow a present in compensation for the loss of his post in the guard, he *banished him immediately*, conceiving it unsafe to have so desperate a blockhead in attendance on his person. In the guard of that prince, perhaps, I should have cut a much more respectable figure than at present I appear to do.

It seems, then, but reasonable and proper to believe, that fear not only is undeserving of contempt, but is one of our natural feelings, which ought, like all other passions, to exist in some measure within the breast of every individual: And, indeed, he who does not possess it in any degree, must be much more or much lees than human. The noblest men have at some moments shewn signs of fear. One of the Kings of Navarre, whose bravery was perfectly acknowledged, was surnamed the Trembler; for he never entered upon a battle without throbbings and palpitations of the most violent description. On one occasion his squire, as he armed him, imagined that the king was in too great fear to conduct himself with propriety, and was endeavouring to encourage and animate him. "Poor man," said the king, "you know but little of me. Could my *flesh be aware* of the dangers to which *my courage will this day expose me*, this body of mine would not escape with so slight a convulsion as that which you have witnessed."—Now, here's a strange mixture of bravery and cowardice! Was this a hero or a poltroon, Mr. Editor? And has any man a right after this to despise me for cowardice? However, if any more scandalous insinuations of any kind are sent forth about me, I am determined to *bring an action* at once against the utterer. Our fear then, mixing itself in this manner with our other qualities, may descend to the humblest occurrences of life, and ought to be the universally operating check of all our actions, even the most minute. When on the tomb of Martinus Barbuda, Charles the Fifth perused the epitaph, which states that the deceased was a stranger to fear—"Aye, indeed!" cried Charles gaily: "*I'll warrant this brave fellow never snuffed a candle with his fingers!*"

However, Mr. Editor, notwithstanding all this, since it must be confessed that the prejudice goes strongly against pusillanimity, I cannot help wishing I myself were brave, at least brave enough to deter people from saying that they thought me otherwise. But I have written thus much to prove, that fear does not deserve so much contempt as men suppose, and that, for my own part, if I cannot be a *hero upon instinct*, I at least can be a *coward upon principle*.

I am, Sir,
Your most obsequiously devoted,
and very humble servant,
TIMOTHY TIMID.

Harewood, May, 1806.

AROKEE; OR, FEROCITY SUBDUED BY AFFLICTION.

In one of the nations of North America, a young heroine lived named Arokee; of invincible courage, unwearied in fatigues, insensible to pain, and resistless in action, she was the admiration of the Indians for those qualities which they themselves possess in so extraordinary a degree. But amidst her good parts, there was an irreclaimable wildness, a savage unappeasable fierceness, which broke out in occasional excesses, and threw her into situations of difficulty and sorrow.

Early in life, in a moment of thoughtless frolic, or sudden displeasure, she had shot an Indian who passed unsuspectingly at a distance; and it was with no great facility her friends, by condolence with the family of the sufferer, and by numerous presents, were able to avert the effects of an act of such wanton atrocity.

A party being about the same time detached on a secret warlike expedition, Arokee soon seized an opportunity of pursuing them. She traced their footsteps for a considerable time, till all signs of their route failing her, she proceeded at hazard; sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, she thus traversed an immense extent of country, unappalled by dangers, insensible to

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fatigue, and regardless of hunger. She pursued her journey with more vigour than care, and the effects of travel beginning to appear, one day having sunk into slumber, when she awoke she found herself to be discovered, and in the hands of an unknown tribe. Seeing escape impracticable, and her weakness greater than she had hitherto felt, she resigned herself to her fate.

Such an incident is not an extraordinary circumstance to an Indian. The strangers admired her person and manners, committed her to the charge of a particular family, and Arokee became soon as familiar and known as among her own people; she partook in their diversions, their hunting, and their warlike excursions; adopted into the tribe, a connection was speedily formed for her, and she was united to a young warrior after their nuptial rites.

This more regular life was soon broken by an event in which her ferocious temper was strongly exhibited. A sudden alarm one day reached the village that a small party were surprised by an enemy at no great distance. Arokee, roused at the word, rushed with the rest to the scene of action, and plunged with blind phrenzy into the midst of the battle. This accession of strength soon decided the struggle. On the part of the victors much extravagant and barbarous exultation succeeded, shouting over their dying mangled foes, torturing their bodies, and wallowing in their blood. But the triumph of Arokee was momentary; she quickly perceived the wounded and dead to be the people of her own nation, and beheld among the prisoners her own father. Confounded and abashed, she shrunk from them; she felt a reproaching sensation in her breast, an uneasy dissatisfying conviction of her guilty and unhappy condition. In the evening she learned her father was sentenced to death; her distress increased, and she resolved to rescue him from so wretched a fate.

The night had no sooner laid all in slumber and security, than proceeding to her father, she drew him away with mute violence, urging him with a meaning and distressed earnestness. He complied with a stern and unmoved deportment. They penetrated the neighbouring forest; each continued in silence to traverse the gloomy wood, till on the opening of day, being far advanced, the parent of Arokee at length burst forth in reproaches and expostulations, and exposed in a strong light the ignominy and atrociousness of her offences; he could not take back to his native tribe her who had been its open enemy, whose arm had on more than one occasion taken away the lives of its members. His anger and his grief, his sense of public justice, and the honour of his family, were wound up to such a degree, that he was on the point of sacrificing his daughter to these motives, when they were suddenly interrupted by a band of Indians who broke unawares upon them. Arokee almost immediately beheld her father stretched at her feet; she, however, defended herself with such fury, such force and effect, that she was suffered to escape without much pursuit.

Arokee now pressed on in a new direction, intent upon avoiding her pursuers and enemies, like a heart that trembles at every motion; she fled with that alarmed expectation, with that uneasy apprehension which a heart naturally fearless is sensible of when guilty and pursued. The miserable end of her father, which she had partly occasioned, and had so lately beheld, was deeply sunk in her mind; nothing appeared to her but again to encounter the perils, the fatigues, the privations of an undetermined, unprovided vagrancy, and that into remote and strange territories. She was excluded from her native tribe by hostility and blood; from the tribe that adopted her by betraying its confidence; and from a third by open warfare. Where could she turn but find either enemies or the allies of her enemies. Here was nothing but the lot of a fugitive and outcast, upon whom the blood of friends and relatives called for satisfaction and justice. Agitated by these sentiments, harassed and worn, hungry and fainting, for many months she roved chiefly towards the south, merely kept alive by precarious and unfrequent supplies of food. Wearied at length, she was content to trust to the hospitality of a small European plantation, far from the parts to which she had been accustomed, to live in a humble capacity, a restrained and sedentary life.

The planter frequently related her history to his children and the neighbouring Indians who visited him, for their amusement and instruction, and to shew that an evil and depraved conduct is productive of nothing but sorrow and distress.

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PIERRE.

A GERMAN TALE.

In a village of Franconia, dwelt a peasant named Pierre. He possessed the richest farm of the country. Three daughters and three sons, which he had by his wife Theresa, were married, and inhabited his house with their respective families. Pierre, at the advanced age of eighty, and Theresa seventy-eight, were beloved and respected by their numerous children, whose most ardent wish was to prolong their days. As they had passed a life of sobriety and industry, they were not afflicted with infirmities in their old age; contented with themselves, happy, and proud of their family, they returned thanks to God, and blessed their children.

One night, after the toils of the harvest were over, the good Pierre, Theresa, and their family, reposed themselves, seated on the turf before the door of their habitation, admiring the sublimity of a fine summer's night, which the inhabitants of cities are strangers to. "See," said the old man, "how the sky is illumined with brilliant stars. The moon, hid behind those poplars, sheds a pale and trembling light. The wind has ceased to blow, and the tranquil trees seem to respect the slumber of the birds. The linnet rests its head within its wing. The turtle dove reposes with his mate in the midst of their young ones, who have yet no other covering than their mother's wing. The profound silence is only disturbed by a plaintive and distant cry, that strikes the ear at intervals. It is the owl, image of the wicked, he watches while others are wrapped in sleep, he incessantly complains, and fears the light of day. O my children! be always virtuous, and happiness will attend your steps. For sixty years your mother and I have enjoyed peace and felicity, but may none of you purchase it at so dear a price."

At these words some tears fell on the old man's cheeks. Louisa, one of his grand-daughters, who was about twelve years old, ran and kissed him. "Grandfather," said she, "you give us so much pleasure when you tell us some pretty story! judge how much we should enjoy the relation of your own! it is not late, the night is fine, and nobody wishes to sleep." All Pierre's family joined their entreaties, and formed a circle round him. Louisa seated herself at his feet, and commanded silence. Each mother took on her lap the child whose cries might have caused an interruption; all remained listening; and the good old man, caressing with one hand Louisa, and with the other pressing that of his wife, thus began his history:

Many years have passed away since I was eighteen, and Theresa sixteen. She was the only daughter of Aimar, one of the wealthiest farmers of this country. I was one of the poorest peasants of the village, which I only became conscious of when I fell in love with Theresa. I exerted all my efforts to extinguish a passion that could but make me unhappy, as I was very confident that my poverty would be an invincible obstacle to my union with Theresa; and that I ought to renounce her, or seek some means of enriching myself, for that I must have left the village where Theresa lived; this effort was too much, and I preferred offering myself as a servant to her father.

He received me; you may judge with what alacrity I laboured. I soon became the friend of Aimar, and I still sooner gained the friendship of his daughter. You, my children, who have all married from affection, know how those who love, delight in seeking each other, and what we feel when once the heart is given. Theresa loved as much as she was beloved, I thought of nothing but Theresa; I lived near her, I saw her every day, and I thought this happiness would last for ever.

But I was soon undeceived;—a rich farmer came from a neighbouring village to ask Theresa in marriage. Aimar visited the corn fields of him who wished to be his son-in-law, and after having explored his possessions, decided that this man suited his daughter, and the marriage was fixed.

Our tears were of no avail, the inflexible Aimar told Theresa, that her gloominess displeased him, and she was compelled to conceal her tears. The fatal day approached, we had lost all hope; Theresa was about to become the wife of a man she detested. She was certain it would cause her death, I was determined not to survive her, flight was the only alternative, we left Aimar's house, but heaven severely punished us.

Theresa and I left the village in the middle of the night; she mounted on a little horse, that had been given her by her uncle, and which I decided she might take with her, as it did not belong to her father. A bundle of clothes, some provisions, and a small sum of money, the savings of Theresa, composed the whole of our fortune. Having robbed Aimar of his child, I

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scrupled to take any thing from his house;—thus youth makes virtues of her own.

We travelled all night. In the morning we found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia; being out of the reach of pursuit, we stopped in a valley, by the side of one of those little rivulets which lovers are so fond of. Theresa descended from her horse, and we seated ourselves on the grass. We made a frugal but delicious repast, after which we occupied ourselves in considering what we should do.

After a long conversation, and having counted our money more than twenty times over, and estimated our horse at its highest value, we discovered that all our riches were not worth more than twenty ducats. Twenty ducats could not long support us. We at last decided to go to some large town, where, if pursued, we should be less easily discovered, and to get married as soon as possible. After these wise resolutions we took the road to Egra.

On our arrival we entered the first church and were married. We gave the priest the half of our treasure, and never was money spent with a better heart; it seemed as though all our troubles were at an end, and we had nothing more to fear; all went on very well for about eight days.

At the end of that time our horse was sold, and at the expiration of a month we had nothing remaining What was to be done? What was to become of us? I only knew the rustic labours of the field; and the inhabitants of great cities lay little store by the art which gives them bread! Theresa was as unskilful as myself; she suffered, she trembled for the future, and we mutually endeavoured to conceal our internal feelings from each other. At last, having no other resource, I enlisted in a regiment of cavalry, which was in garrison at Egra. The bounty I received was given to Theresa, who took it with tears.

My pay was sufficient for my support, and the little works done by Theresa (for necessity had instructed her), gave her the means of subsistence. A child came to bind faster the ties of love. It was you, my dear Gertrude! we looked on you, and thought you would be the comfort of our latter days. At the birth of each of our children we have said the same, and never have been deceived. You were sent to nurse, as my wife could not suckle you; she passed the day by the side of your cradle, while I, by the most exact observance of my duty, endeavoured to acquire the esteem and friendship of my officers.

Frederic, my Captain, a young man of twenty, was distinguished from the other officers by his mildness and handsome figure. He had shewed me marks of friendship, and I related to him our adventures; he saw Theresa, and was interested in our fate; every day he promised to intercede with Aimar for us; and as I depended intirely upon him, he had given me his word that he would restore me my liberty as soon as he had appeased my father in-law. Frederic had already written to our village, but had received no answer.

Time glided away; my young Captain still manifested great friendship for us; Theresa, however, became every day more melancholy, and when I asked the reason, she spoke of her father, and always endeavoured to change the conversation. I was far from suspecting Frederic to be the cause of her grief.

This young man, in all the ardour of twenty, had seen Theresa with the eyes of love, and his passion conquered his virtue. He was well acquainted with our distresses, and knowing how much we stood in need of his assistance, dared to make dishonourable proposals to my wife; she rejected them with indignation, but conscious of my violent and jealous disposition, kept this fatal secret from me, while I, too credulous, praised every day the generous friendship of my Captain.

One day, as I was returning home, I perceived Aimar before me; judge of my surprise! "I have found you then, vile ravisher," exclaimed he, "restore me my daughter, give me back the happiness you tore from me, in return for my friendship." I fell on my knees before him, and patiently allowed the first burst of his anger to pass. My tears appeased him, and he consented to listen to me. "I do not pretend to justify myself," said I, "the harm is done; Theresa is my wife, my life is in your hands, punish me, but spare your child—your only child; do not dishonour her husband, do not make her die with grief. Forget me, and only think of her." In saying these words, instead of conducting him to Theresa, I led him to the habitation of your nurse, my child—Come, added I, come and see another who also implores your pity.

You were sleeping in your cradle, Gertrude! your fair face expressed innocence and health. Aimar looked at you, his eyes filled with tears, I took you in my arms, and presented you to him. Here is also your daughter, said I; you awakened, and, as if inspired by heaven, instead of crying you smiled, and extended your little arms towards the old Aimar, you seized his silver locks, and approached your face to his. The old man covered you with kisses, pressed me to his heart, and, still holding you in his arms, exclaimed, "come, my son, let us seek Theresa." You may judge, my children, with what joy I conducted him to our house.

During the way I thought that the sudden

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appearance of her father might too much affect Theresa. With the intention of apprizing her, I ran before Aimar. I opened the door, and beheld Frederic on his knees before Theresa, who was obliged to use force to disengage herself from his passionate grasp! scarce had this spectacle struck my eye, than my sword was plunged into the bosom of my Captain, and he fell bathed in his blood! his cries alarmed the neighbours, the guard arrived, my sword still reeked with blood, I was seized, and the unhappy Aimar arrived with the crowd to see his son-in-law loaded with irons. I embraced him, and recommended to his care my child and wife, who had fallen senseless, I kissed you, my Gertrude, and followed my comrades, who conducted me to a cell.

There I remained two days and three nights in a state which you may easily conceive. Ignorant of what had passed, knowing nothing of the fate of Theresa, I only saw my jailor, who answered all my questions, by assuring me that I could not remain long without being condemned.

The third day, the doors were opened: I was desired to leave the prison; a detachment awaited me at the door; I was surrounded, and conducted to the square where we used to be exercised. At a distance I perceived the regiment approaching. I saw the terrible instrument of death. The idea of having arrived at the height of misery restored me my courage: with a convulsive energy I quickened my steps; my tongue unconsciously pronounced the name of Theresa, I sought her with my eyes, and regretted her absence; at last I arrived at the fatal spot.

My sentence was read, I was given into the hands of the executioner; I expected the mortal blow, when piercing shrieks suspended my fate. I looked, and saw a spectre, half-naked, pale and bloody, exerting all his efforts to press through the soldiers by which I was surrounded. It was Frederic! "My friends," cried he, "'tis I that am guilty! 'tis I that deserved death! My friends, forgive the innocent. I wished to seduce his wife, he punished me, he was just: you are monsters if you dare take away his life!" The Colonel ran to Frederic, tried to tranquilize him, and shewed him the law by which I had been condemned, for having raised my hand against my officer. "I was no longer his officer," cried Frederic, "I had given him his freedom; here is his dismissal, signed the day previous to this unfortunate catastrophe, he is not subject to your laws." The astonished officers assembled; Frederic and humanity defended my rights; I was re-conducted to prison; Frederic wrote to the minister; accused himself, and obtained my pardon.

Aimar, Theresa, and I threw ourselves at the feet of my deliverer, who confirmed the gift of my liberty, and wished to add money, which we refused. We returned to this village, where the death of Aimar has left me sole master of his possessions, and where Theresa and I will finish our days in peace and happiness, surrounded by our children.

All Pierre's family had pressed around him during his recital. He had ceased speaking, and they still continued to listen, while tears bedewed their cheeks. "Be comforted," said the good old man, "Heaven has repaid all my trouble with your love." In saying these words he embraced them, and all the family retired to rest.

April 17, 1806. E. R. R.

THE HUNGRY ARAB.

A TALE FROM THE TOHFET AL MOJAILIS.

An Arab, who was travelling through the desert, was almost exhausted with hunger and thirst, when he unexpectedly perceived a man who had spread his cloak upon the ground and was taking his repast with an excellent appetite. The Arab saluted him, according to custom, and sat down beside him. "Whence comest thou?" asked the stranger. "From the village," replied the famished Arab, hoping that he should be invited to partake. "Hast thou seen my house?" continued the former. "Yes," answered the Arab; "it is beautiful and magnificent; its roof reaches to the sky, and its court is delightful as the plains of Paradise."

Hast thou seen my shepherd's dog?

O, yes! He watches thy herds and thy flocks with such vigilance that not a wolf dares to approach them.

Hast thou seen my son, Chalid?

Yes; he was at school, and was reading to his master in the Koran with great fluency, and in a most impressive tone.

How is Chalid's mother?

As well as thou canst wish; and there is not a creature, either male or female, in all Arabia, who manages a house better, or can weave more skilfully, or bears a higher character for mildness and benevolence.

Hast thou also seen my camel, that carries our water?

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Yes; it is in the best condition.

The man hearing all this welcome intelligence concerning his wife, his son, and his property, was so rejoiced that he began to eat with still greater appetite, but offered the languishing Arab not a single morsel. This unfortunate wretch, tormented with the pangs of hunger, was now ashamed of his flattery, and said to himself, "I must attack this covetous and insatiable fellow in another way." At this moment a dog came up; allured by the smell of the victuals, he stood still and wagged his tail.

"Yes," said the hungry Arab, "if thy dog were still alive, he would have wagged his tail exactly in the same manner."—Alas!" exclaimed the man, "is my dog dead? How did he perish?"

By drinking the blood of thy camel! said the Arab.

What! did my camel die too?

No, replied the Arab, they killed it for the funeral dinner of Chalid's mother.

O, heaven! is Chalid's mother dead?

Yes, answered the Arab.

Of what disorder did she die?

Of what disorder? she struck her head with such violence against Chalid's tomb, that she died of the wound.

What! my son dead too?

A violent earthquake demolished thy house, said the Arab, and he was buried beneath the ruins.

Grief and horror, at this melancholy intelligence, deprived the stranger of his appetite; he ceased to eat, rose from his repast, left his provisions behind him, and hastened home with all possible dispatch, while the hungry Arab sat down and regaled himself.

DANCES OF THE NEGROES OF THE ISLAND OF MARTINICO.

The European can scarcely distinguish one negro from another; all appear to him equally black; he sees nothing but black noses, thick lips, and woolly hair. The Creole, however, accustomed to live among them, not only distinguishes one individual from another, but will tell you, at first sight, to what nation each belongs. The Mocas have teeth wide asunder, and prominent jaws like monkies. The Caplaous have round faces, and almost all a look of good temper, which prepossesses you in their favour. The Mandingo has a ferocious aspect; you may easily guess that he is a cannibal. The Congos have broad faces and a good physiognomy, and are in general the best adapted to household duties.—The Arada may easily be known by his gaiety and vivacity. The Ibo is industrious and afraid of punishment, and will not hesitate to destroy himself. The Calvary negro is distinguished from all the rest by the perfect blackness of his skin, as well as by the beauty of his form; it is among those of this nation that the painter and sculptor should chuse their models.

On Sundays and holidays the utmost gaiety prevails among them. The negroes, male and female assemble; they separate into nations, forming so many different groups, each having its particular dance. A negro of the Arada nation, the most distinguished for agility, springs into the air and falls upon one foot; again he leaps, bends, falls flat on the ground, rises in a moment, capers, bounds, runs, flies, as it were, around his partner, while she, stretching out her arms and holding a handkerchief extended in her hands, modestly hangs her head, utters a low sound at intervals, moves every part of her body by the mere action of the muscles, without quitting for a moment the centre of the circle described by the dancer. The Jouba is another dance, which appears less animated, but none can be more indecorous; the vaunted Fandango gives but a feeble idea of it. The dance of the Caplaous is a faithful representation of the actions of their lives, in which they exhibit the artifices, the solicitude, and the pains of love, the horrors of war, and the terrors of death.

No people dance with such lightness, accuracy, precision, and sometimes grace, as the Negroes. We might be tempted to believe that they are better organized for that exercise, and even for music, than the rest of mankind; or, perhaps, as the number of their pleasures is much more limited than that of civilized nations, their fibres are more easily affected. They possess, in full perfection, the faculty of feeling; the sound of any instrument, even the least agreeable makes them tremble; a few measured notes are sufficient to set in motion the negro who hears them; and if the tune be continued, you soon see him in the strongest agitations of transport. Their airs are very expressive; denoting gaiety with great truth, and softness and sentiment with still greater: but they are always short. A few notes, intermingled with frequent sighs, are sufficient, and they scarcely ever run through the whole gamut. Their favourite instrument is the bamboula, a kind of kettle-drum, the lower part of which, instead of being circular, is length-

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ened into a cone. To heighten the effect of this instrument, the negresses, who surround the dancers, beat time with their hands, and repeat in chorus the air beaten upon the bamboula.

The Creole negroes sometimes imitate the European dances with great success; their airs and songs likewise display more ingenuity than those of the negroes of the African coast. They are the poets and the musicians of the plantations, and the most trivial circumstances calls forth the exercise of their abilities.

The negroes have a different air and words for every kind of labour; sometimes they sing, and all their motions, even while cultivating the ground, keep time to the music.

ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE DISTRICT OF POITOU, IN FRANCE, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BY J. G. SCHWEIGHAUSEN.

You ask me for particulars concerning the country in which I live; an account of my walks on the banks of the Brignon and the Creuse, would furnish, say you, a counterpart to my description of the *Ban de la Roche*, with which your friends were highly delighted. There I trod on ground sacred to me, a soil which my first sentiments had rendered in some measure the native country of my heart. When I entered a hut, the father would say to me: "Your father contributed to the foundation of our schools." The mother had taught my mother to make bread; and the daughter would add: "She taught me in return geography and history." Thus every step revived fond recollections, and every thing appeared clothed in more brilliant colours. Here, when I ramble from the amiable hosts with whom I reside, I should be obliged, in order to animate the scenes through which I stray, to make new acquaintances, to form connexions which nothing has prepared. I must confess I prefer confining myself to the enjoyments which nature affords. Is there to be found among men, even among the simplest rustics, any thing more truly beautiful than a serene sky? Is it possible to repose more agreeably than on the border of a meadow enamelled with flowers, amid the humming of bees and the singing of birds? 'Tis there I love to linger; or sometimes strolling farther from the habitations of men, I take refuge in the solitary valley, or the recesses of the forest. Amid this wild sanctuary, I find with rapture ever new, that sacred horror which our ancestors adored; the oak, at whose foot I recline, seems to communicate to me a portion of his strength, and I imagine that, in the mysterious language of the wind rustling among the foliage, I distinguish some sounds that are addressed to me, and that speak to me of the wonders of nature

I found, however, near the ancient Castle of Paulmy, where I passed a few days, dwellings so singularly rude, that surprize and curiosity at first induced me to enter them. Would any one believe that a great portion of France, of that country where the art of living has been brought to the highest degree of perfection, is inhabited, at the present day, in the manner of the ancient Troglodytes?—that the people there live in dark dens and excavations of the rocks, resembling those which, according to the ingenious system of M. Quatremere de Quincy, served only as models for the subterraneous labyrinths and massive architecture of the ancient Egyptians? Great numbers of these habitations are seen upon the hills that border the road from Blois to Tours; a door in the rock, a window, and the smoke of the chimney which issues from the midst of vineyards and envelopes the vines, are all that you perceive of them. Nay, the houses of rich farmers have halls, passages, and cellars in the rock. I am assured that habitations of this kind, common in Touraine, are to be found towards Saumur and Bretagne, and are met with on the contrary side as far as the volcanic mountains of the Vivarais.

Man never struggles against nature, but when she provokes him to the combat. Does a rock, which may be easily excavated, afford him shelter? he never thinks of piling up, at a distance from it, heaps of stones or loads of wood in order to construct for himself a crazy habitation; the chisel soon enlarges a natural grotto and converts it into a solid dwelling.

It was not till my last visit to Paulmy that I had an opportunity of more closely examining these habitations. By the side of a deep cavern, from which I should not have been surprised to see a Cyclop issue forth with a couple of young bears for his fair mistress, I beheld a door, half opened, and before it was seated a woman with two children. I expressed a desire to enter; under a black and smoaky rock I perceived a bed, a table, and a bench; these things, rude as they were, still formed a striking contrast with the

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dwelling; my imagination, left to itself, would have placed there only a couch of leaves and a family of fauns and satyrs. The good woman, however, seemed perfectly satisfied with her habitation; the only thing of which she complained was, that the rock intercepted the sun-shine from her door. "It comes no farther than here," said she with a sigh, advancing a few yards. I was informed by her neighbours that this woman was a widow, and very poor. "Good souls!" said one of her neighbours with the accent of the most sincere compassion; "she would not remain there, if she was able to procure a better lodging." I wished to see the habitation of this honest neighbour; like the other, it had the rock for its roof; but this rock was white-washed; a front had been formed so as to give it externally the appearance of a house; in short, there was an infinite distance between this *cave*, for so these habitations are called, and those about it. This woman seemed such a happy and honest creature that I thought I could not confer on her a greater pleasure than by requesting her to carry a trifling donation to her unfortunate neighbour. "Good souls!" said she; "how delighted the poor woman will be!" I had not yet remarked the exclamation of *good souls!* which is too common in this country to have any meaning, but which, in the mouths of these simple Troglodytes, appeared to me to have peculiar grace. I returned several times to hear their rustic language, I gained their good will; and while I am satisfied to be forgotten elsewhere, I flatter myself that I have left behind me some impression on the hearts of those honest creatures.

Man was not the only object that allured me to those rustic retreats. Nature has been pleased to plant at the foot of these simple dwellings aromatic herbs which fill the air with grateful perfumes, and which people come from distant parts to gather for the purpose of healing wounds. In the upper part of the rock, out of which these excavations are scooped, the Almighty hand has traced hieroglyphics more curious than those which cover the monuments of Egypt. Two veins of flint traverse the calcareous rock and form a kind of frieze over the doors of some of the grottoes. The vitreous substance, and the organoidal forms of this stone, which is most commonly interningled with rocks of recent formation, and wrecks of the sea, always appeared extremely remarkable to me, and I have been since informed, that its origin is an enigma which the sagacity of geologists has in vain attempted to explain. Thick strata of shells, partly broken by the waves, and mixed with pieces of petrified wood, which seem to have been carried along previous to their petrifaction amid these marine relics, by the currents of the ocean, are observable at no great distance, and lead the imagination to place the time when these regions had newly risen from the waves, beside the present moment. The Troglodyte habitations then appear in their proper place; but you turn your head and behold the turrets of a feudal castle, its pavilions half-burned in the wars of religion. What a long series of human events this single view compresses into a space so small for nature!

At a little distance, on the other side of the Brignon and the Creuse, the aspect of the country tends to confirm the illusion of the traveller, who imagines himself transported into a new land. In the midst of a vast extent of heaths and forests, you come all at once to cultivated lands, regularly laid out, intersected by roads several leagues in length, and as straight as a line, on both sides of which you come, at intervals, to houses of a particular construction, but all exactly resembling each other. You arrive at a small village equally regular, in the midst of which a bason of water, surrounded with trees, proves that the proprietors of this establishment knew how to combine the useful and the agreeable. It is the residence of a colony of Nova-Scotians, who, at the peace of 1763, chose rather to quit their distant habitations and to seek a refuge in their native land, than to become English subjects. The government allotted them this situation, built houses for them, and provided them with the necessary implements and advances of money, for introducing here a more improved system of agriculture than that of the adjacent districts. It is said that M. de Perusse, a wealthy proprietor of this part of Poitou, first conceived the idea of this colony. He had before invited peasants from Liege to settle on his domains, to improve their cultivation. It is certain that he took the most active and generous interest in the success of this establishment.—This colony is under the administration of a syndic chosen by the colonists, which has the direction of all their concerns. Only a few of the wives of the primitive colonists are still living; but, a few years since, an old man who had survived all his companions, related to their children the persecutions endured by their fathers previous to their return to France, and exhorted them to bless with him the benevolent exertions of those who had procured them such an asylum.

Shall I give you a description of some other remarkable objects which this country contains? of the monuments left there by Agnes Sorel; of her tomb at Soches; of the steep bank of the Creuse which is to this day called the Queen's Quay, because the carriage of that mistress, so strongly attached to the glory of her king and of her country, was there overturned; of the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, whence Joan of

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Arc took the sword with three *fleurs de lys* with which she rescued her country; of La Haye, the native place of Descartes; of the field of battle between Charles Martel and Abderrahman; of the Roman amphitheatre of Poitiers, and of the Celtic tombs, covered with conical hillocks thirty or forty feet high, which are frequently seen on the banks of the Vienne and in the adjacent districts? I am apprehensive that I should fatigue you too much by describing things which have been a thousand times described already, and much better than I can do. I shall, therefore, only subjoin a few words concerning the town and palace of Richelieu.

That magnificent structure, in which every species of luxury, antique statues, gold and silver, were lavished at the expence of France, has just been sold for the purpose of being pulled down. Before the Revolution, the repairs which were thought necessary, were estimated at seven hundred thousand francs (nearly £.30,000 sterling). Since that time it has been stripped of its furniture and of its most valuable ornaments, which have been removed to the museums of Paris and of the Thuilleries.

The town of Richelieu, likewise built by the Cardinal, is perfectly regular, but not elegant; it stands in an unhealthy situation, without the convenience of a navigable river; it never was populous, and was supported only by the privileges that were granted to it. All the conceptions of this too famous minister seemed to have been dictated by a determination not to accommodate himself to circumstances, but to make them subservient to him. It is very remarkable that he never once visited or saw the town and palace which he had erected at such a vast expence.

I had formerly a strong desire to ramble over the world, to visit nations at every degree of civilization; I wished for an opportunity of comparing myself the civilization of those whose fathers lived upon acorns, with the simple and unvarying manners of the nations that feed on oats, and the more savage habits of such as drink train-oil. I am now sensible that in traversing, with an attentive eye, a very limited extent of country, we may meet with man and the earth at every progressive degree of age, and that in the most civilized country ruins exist beside cultivated tracts. You have disgusted me with forests of cocoa-trees, by telling me that those celebrated trees do not even afford shade; and as to the train-oil, I renounce that of my own accord. Let us henceforward travel only to as short a distance from home as possible; let us observe, let us laugh, sometimes weep, and above all, let us always love with ardor. Yours, &c.

Ormes, Department of Vienne, J. J. S.
Nov. 1, 1805.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

In a part of the world which is very little known to the generality of map-makers, mathematicians, or travel-writers, and of which the latitude has been disputed for a succession of ages by philosophers of almost every denomination, resided two noblemen of large estates, the one called *Genius*, and the other *Talent*. They lived upon a friendly footing, so that as both were fond of sporting, and never happier than when they could *start some fresh game*, they considered the contiguity of their estates as an important advantage; and each had from his earliest youth possessed the liberty of hunting on the premises of his neighbour. This privilege was long exercised by them without interruption, till a litigious attorney, of the name of *Criticism*, came to settle in a valley which opened a partial view of both the estates. The domains of Talent were laid out in a neat and handsome style, and the nicest care was constantly bestowed on their cultivation; but the territories of Genius were more wild and diversified, in many places much overrun with weeds, which the richness of the soil very quickly matured, and in other quarters commanding prospects the most magnificent and extensive. Criticism was a precise old fellow, full of rules and wise laws, near sighted, used spectacles, and had no less a turn for modern gardening than for musty law. He was always taking walks round the two estates, and with an impertinent curiosity endeavouring to acquaint himself with their boundaries; but as they were spread over a very large tract, he could not manage to include them in any one of his airings. In course of time, by now and then meeting our noblemen in these rambles, he contrived to introduce himself to them, and received obliging invitations from both. But he soon disgusted Genius, by the petty alterations that he was always suggesting in some part of the grounds, and by the frequent panegyrics that he bestowed on the superior correctness with which Talent had disposed his parterres. While, on the other hand, he offended Talent, by an officious proposal

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to survey his grounds, assist him with his advice, and settle the limits of both estates, which neither of the proprietors should pass. Genius and Talent perceived that after the lapse of so many years in which the estates had been for all the purposes of mutual convenience, almost equally the property of each, a division or restriction must be highly prejudicial to both. And Criticism, displeased at the mode in which his offers were received, revenged himself in a thousand invidious comparisons and false assertions, by which he succeeded in creating a mutual jealousy in Genius and Talent. They became distrustful of each other, and for a number of years they have never been seen together; though both agree in treating Criticism, the author of their coolness, with the most marked neglect. And this is the reason why Criticism, who was always testy, has proved himself so constant an enemy to the projects of Genius, and to the operations of Talent.

H. T.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LONDON.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Collected from his Works and from his Life, by James Boswell.

LONDON comprehends the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.

There is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit (Temple-bar) than in all the rest of the kingdom. The only disadvantage is the great distance people live from one another, but that is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages.

The influence of London is now extended every where, and from all manner of communication being opened, there shortly will be no remains of the ancient simplicity, or places of cheap retreat to be found.

A man stores his mind better in London than any where else; in remote, obscure, uniform and insipid situations, a man's body may be feasted, but his mind is starved, and his faculties are apt to degenerate from want of exercise and competition.

No place cures a man's vanity or arrogance so well as London; for as no man is either good or great *per se*, but as compared with others not so good or great, he is sure to find there many his equals, and some his superiors.

A man is less in danger of falling indiscreetly in love in London than any where else, for there the difficulty of deciding between the conflicting pretensions of a vast variety of objects, keeps him safe.

There is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London. More can be had there for the money, even by ladies, than any where else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place; you must make an uniform appearance. Here a lady may have well furnished apartments, and elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen.

By those, who from sagacity, attention, and experience, have learnt the full advantage of London, its pre-eminence over every other place, not only for variety of enjoyment but for comfort, will be felt with a philosophical exultation. The freedom from remark and petty censure, with which life may be passed there, is a circumstance which a man who knows the teasing restraint of a narrow circle must relish highly.

In London (Mr. Burke said) a man may live in splendid society at one time, and in frugal retirement another, without animadversion. There, and there alone, a man's house is his castle, in which he can be in perfect safety from intrusion whenever he pleases. In the country a man may starve his understanding for want of conversation, and perish in a state of mental inferiority.

A man used to London, when he retires to country friendships, and rural sports, must either be contented to turn baby again and play with the rattle, or he will pine away like a great fish in a little pond, and die for want of his usual food.

In London, if there is not much happiness, there is at least such a diversity of good and evil, that slight vexations do not fix upon the heart, and relief is afforded to the melancholy mind.

If you wish to have a just notion of the mag-

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nitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the shewy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crouded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.

The chief advantage of London is, that a man is (as Mr Meynell well expressed it) always *so near his burrow*. If a man walks out in the country, there is nobody to keep him from walking in again.

If I was a lover of solitude (Mr. Henry Broke said), if I wished to be the most recluse of all Anchorites who bid adieu to the commerce of mankind, I would chuse London for my cell. It is in such a city alone that a man may keep wholly unknown and unnoticed. He is there as a hail-stone amidst a great shower, he jumps and bustles about a while, then lies snug among his fellows, without being any more observed than if he were not upon earth, till he melts away and vanishes with the rest of his fraternity.

There is a long letter extant, dated Sept. 30, 1638, from Descartes, who had retired to Amsterdam, to Balzac, in which he invites him to come and reside there, as no perfect solitude is to be found out of a capital, where one's whole life may be passed in obscurity. The translation of this letter is in "Seward's Anecdotes."

A French philosopher (Mercier) writes as follows on Paris:

The man of letters seeks the charms of the capital; that is the real, great, and constant advantage to which he incessantly tends; he there is in the proper element of thinking. He is only at his ease in that philosophical atmosphere, where all his ideas, whether grave, pleasant, or majestic, mix without clashing; he, as it were, renovates his soul among the variety he there meets with; elsewhere the tone, the simplicity, and the fertility of manners are not similar: the man of letters, in remote country situations, neither understands nor is understood; he is reduced to listen without being able to comprehend.

But the inappreti ble advantage of Paris is, that there a'l the petty tyrannies of the country are lost and annihilated. Only in that capital one may be poor without being despised. The public gaiety diverts the melancholy man, and the feeble finds himself fortified by the strength of the multitude.

PUBLIC RECREATIONS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

MR. EDITOR,

By the constant intercourse that subsists in modern times among the nations of Europe, it is naturally to be expected, that the pastimes and entertainments, especially of the upper ranks in society, should be in many respects so much alike, that the description of them in any one great city might serve to give a tolerable idea of them in almost all the rest. There are still, however, certain popular diversions in every one of them in some sort peculiar to itself, and which, bearing evident marks of originality, may not unfrequently be made subservient to the moral history of our species. Particularly if it be true, that the most delicate strokes and peculiarities of the national character are principally seen in its modes of merriment. Perceiving that in your former Numbers you have given some accounts relative to this object, I thought it might not be unacceptable if I sent you a few observations made in a tour to Petersburgh.

The Russians, in general, are a remarkably cheerful people; it is scarcely possible to pass through the streets any part of the day without being witness to various instances of jocularity and wanton humour. Singing, however, may be pronounced the principal method in which their gaiety is shewn; every labour, how toilsome soever, the Russian sweetens by warbling his native woodnotes, whether he plies the axe, the hammer, the spade, or the oar; and every satisfaction, every condition of life, is heightened and embellished by the charms of song. Unquestionably there is no nation in Europe where the propensity to this amusement is so predominant as here. In France the people are always singing, but it is only opera airs and vaudevilles, that are approved by the fashionable part of the public: whereas in Russia it is the true native ballad, composed and set to music by the inferior classes, which are sung in the same manner from Petersburgh to Irkutsk, which places lie six or seven thousand miles asunder. The hearty national interest taken by the common people of all descriptions in these ballads, their extremely simple but melodious style, the musical disposition, and the generally well constituted organs of utterance among the Russians produce a very agreeable and surprising effect on the unmusical ears of strangers and foreigners. It is, therefore, a very common species of amusement with the gentry of St. Petersburgh, on the fine summer days, and espe-

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cially in the evening, to hire a boat, or twelve-oared barge, and as they glide upon the placid surface of the Neva, to be regaled with the songs of the boatmen, who, favoured by the gentle current of that beautiful river, have no need to make a stroke with their oars above once in five minutes. As the sun, in the height of summer, does not set till about eleven, the stream is sometimes in a manner covered with shallops, containing parties of this nature, and the dulcet notes proceeding from them, in the stillness of the evening or rather midnight, by their soft and plaintive tones, pervade with delightful emotions those who are walking for their amusement after supper on that proud quay of granite, the like of which for grandeur, durability, or convenience, no city in the world has to shew. Sometimes the vassals attend in the hall, singing for the entertainment of the lord and his guests while at dinner. A practice not, perhaps, unlike to the custom that prevailed in this country during the feudal times, when the minstrels formed a part of the seignorial retinue.

Whenever the populace meet together for merry-making, the dance is never omitted; without that and singing, there is no jollity for the vulgar. More expressive and elegant than the national dance which bears the name of Golubetz, no popular dance can certainly in any country be seen; and it is danced with elegance not only in the polished circles, and by persons of high breeding, but even among the lowest ranks of society. Like the minuet, it is commonly danced by two persons, one of each sex, who place themselves facing one another at some distance. It represents a declaration of love, which in very expressive pantomimic gestures is made, rejected, solicited, and approved, and wherein the different talents of the dancers are displayed in various degrees of light and shade that are exhibited in the modest importunity of the lover, and the struggles between bashfulness, timidity, and secret wishes in the coy fair one. The dancers approach and retreat in certain measured steps, which, however, are not always in perfect accordance with the music. This dance being throughout a naturally speaking pantomime, it is in the power of art to do little or nothing to its refinement; it is more frequently danced well by the common people, than in fashionable circles, and it is rarely seen to perfection even among experienced persons of the ordinary class. The music by which it is accompanied is extremely plain and simple; frequently it requires no instrument at all, but the spectators join their voices together in some ballad to it. I am, Sir, &c.

L R.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[*Continued from Page* 161.]

LETTER VI.

You assure me, my dear Eugenia, that your progress keeps pace with my instructions, but let me recommend again to you the perusal of the "Studies of Nature," by S. Pierre. It is from that work that I have derived the greatest part of my knowledge, and it will teach you how to make observations.

I perceive a plant of a deep green, whose leaves are broad at their base, and terminate in a point, placed opposite each other on long peduncles, and at some distance. At every swelling occasioned on the stem by the union of the peduncles of two leaves, ten or twelve white flowers are ranged in a circle. The next leaves form a snowy ring of a similar nature, and the same is seen to the very top of the plant.

Let us study this handsome flower, and class it according to our method. It is the *lamium album*, or white dead nettle; what first strikes my eyes is, that the superior lip is supported by four elastic filaments, which are the stamina. Two of those filaments are short, and two long, and all surmounted with black anthers of an oblong shape. If you open the corol carefully you will find a long pistil, red, and so thin that it is almost lost amidst the filaments of the stamina, but which can be taken away by itself. The order of this class, which we have found to be the fourteenth, or didynamia, is the gymnospermia, which must show us four naked seeds at the bottom of every calyx.

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The stem of this nettle is square, and the four corners are strengthened by a thick filament. The peduncle of the leaves carries, like a canal, the rain water to the crown of flowers at its base. The calyx has five points which seem intended to defend the blossom, and is spotted with black towards the lower part, while the two sides of the stem, which support no leaves, are also tinged with the same colour.

The fumitory is a salutary and useful plant, which is employed with advantage in many cases.

Its thin leaves, widely separated from each other, of a light green, and extending on every side their flexible shelter, seem to form around the plant a brilliant cloud of verdure.

The stem of the plant is almost imperceptibly channelled, in order, probably, that the drops of rain may more easily reach its root.

The flowers are disposed in a small bunch, and their colour is that of the rose.

From the stem arises a small green stipule to support the peduncle. The appellation of stipule is given to two follicles which are found at the base of the peduncles. Two small white wings replace the calyx, and bear the flower, which is composed of several pieces at the top, but united at the base, so that, in reality, the fumetory is monopetalous.

One of those pieces serves for a covering to the whole of the flower; two others are below the first, and conceal the parts of fructification; the fourth and last are only thin filaments which support the weight of the three superior ones.

Take away the first of those parts of the petal which I have already described, and you will find the pistil, between two bundles of stamina, but so little that my eyes can hardly number them. They are six divided into two separate bodies, so that I am certain that my fumitory or *fumaria officinalis* belongs, according to Linnæus, to the diadelphia hexandria.

The learned will laugh, perhaps, at my description; but tell me, my dear Eugenia, whether my explanations are plain, and I faithfully describe what my eyes consider and study.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I thank you for your observations on the tubercles of the leaves, which give birth to whole families of flowers. They recal to my mind the vales of Tartary, where, amidst the rocks and mountains, far distant from other nations, who are ignorant of their existence, myriads of generations arise to invade and conquer them.—Such were the tribes which, under Gengis and Tamerlane, deluged the plains of Asia. Such, it is said, are now the Kalmouks, the only true Tartars, and already to be dreaded.

The three first volumes of the "*Spectacle de la Nature*," contain some simple practical elementary observations on the charms of natural history, which form a very pleasing lecture, and one soon becomes accustomed to the author's trivialities. I remember to have found there amusing descriptions of the tubercles, which are formed by the insect that gnaw the leaves. I believe the insect penetrates between the first skin of the leaf and the substance, which causes it to swell. There are insects bold enough to leave their eggs even in the body of the caterpillar, which they pierce with their sting.

I have just gathered the greater celandine; it is a large yellow plant, with four petals, called in Latin *chelidonium majus*. I do not remark any appearance of calyx. A number of stamina yellow like the corol, and which appear to me not precisely determined, place it in the polyandria. A simple green pistil makes it belong to the order of monogynia.

The fruit is a long silicle.

I open it with the assistance of a pin before the grains are entirely matured, and I find in each side more than sixty small seeds that shine like little pearls, they are ranged in two rows.

I had also the cruelty to open a bud—sweet but frail hope!

My merciless pin severed in two a sort of green envelope, slightly armed with little hairs. I do not know what becomes of this envelope at the perfect inflorescence, as I do not find it in the blown flowers.

Under this envelope you distinguish the four yellow petals destined to expand, but folded one over the other with a truly admirable art. Under these small veils, so well arranged, prosper and increase the little regiment of stamina, with the pistil in the centre, an emblem of fraternal innocence, they grow in the same cradle.

The leaves of the greater celandine, slightly lined with white, are notched, and seem to lengthen and divide themselves into three. They thicken and multiply towards the bottom of the plant, and generally the greater celandine grows in tufts.

That heap of leaves which clothe the soil, adds mystery to the shades of the forest.

When you break the stem, a yellow liquor appears. It is very seldom that the juice of plants has any colour.

I now gather the greater centaury, or blue bottle, in Latin *centaurea jacea*. I distinguish in this plant, otherwise not very agreeable, a disk and a ray, composed of florets. You must study these florets, to discover to what class it belongs.

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I pluck one from the disk, and find five stamina united by their purple anthers, and surrounding a small weak pistil.

This aggregation of anthers announces the syngenesia. I see that the florets of the disk are hermaphrodite. I take one from the ray, find it to be neuter, and my plant is ranged in the order of polygamia frustranea.

The greater centaury is of a redish purple. It is destined to grow every where, and is supported by a tough stem, rough to the touch. The leaves, which partake of the same roughness, are long, narrow, without notches, and few in number. Those I have afford a retreat to rapacious insects, who penetrate under the leaves, the inside of which they hollow out, which gives to the exterior the appearance of being covered with white streaks.

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

The *anthirrinum linaria*, or toad-flax, is found every where; it is a flower in the shape of a muzzle, whose straight and delicate stem carries narrow (or to use the scientific term) linear leaves, which are of the softest green.

The plant from the middle of its leaves, which become larger at the base, throws out several small branches, covered with flowers, from the centre of which arises the main stem. The flowers, alternately ranged around the stem, are supported by a slender peduncle, that carries a small leaf.

These little flowrets are of a light grey colour, and very beautiful. The superior lip, darker than the inferior, is striped with purple, the other with lilac; nothing can be more elegant than the appearance of the whole. The two lips are always exactly placed one above the other, the upper one is slit in the middle, and forms two wings. But when the flower is still in bud, these two wings are bent down, to fill up every vacancy. The inferior lip is swelled at the opening of the muzzle, and tinged with yellow, undoubtedly from the dust of the stamina concealed within the flower, for this tint appears to me to lie on the surface. This lip is lengthened into three divisions, as small beards, they are neatly cut, and form three little concave circles.

The calyx is divided into five parts, and separates the small spur from the flower, supports it on its peduncle, and becomes the receptacle of the seeds, which it closely encircles and protects.

Opening the little muzzle with great precaution, we discover a pistil supported on an ovary fastened to the bottom of the calyx, so that some time after the blossom is over the pistil still remains implanted in the calyx, and watches over the seeds, like the shadow of a mother over the cradle of her children.

The four stamina, two of which are short and two long, are purple, like the flower, and have their yellow anthers edged with black. They are placed on each side of the flower; you find in separating the two sides of the corol that a large and small stamen are attached to each side, and approaching each other, forming a double arch.

These features denote the didynamia. The seeds, almost imperceptible, are covered by a pericarp, and belong to the order of angiospermia

Now we are at this class I will describe to you the *melampyrum arvense*, or purple cow-wheat. It is found in every corn field. This plant grows rather high; its flowers are in heads closely ranged, and intermixed with a great many floral leaves, which resemble the beard of corn, and are of a reddish purple.

Each flower terminates into a muzzle, and forms at its base a large tube, which lengthens, and is placed on an excessively short peduncle in the centre of a very large calyx, of the same hue as the floral leaf that supports it, and cut in the same manner.

Floral leaves, or bractes, are those which grow with the flower, and wear divers shapes.

When those leaves and the calyx begin to fade they lose their colour, and become of a pale green; but when the plant is in its prime, the lower part of its stem is also covered with green leaves, which are placed opposite each other at some distance, without peduncle, in the shape of grass.

The tube of the flower is of a reddish hue, but becomes white towards the muzzle, the two sides and under part of which are spotted with yellow. The superior lip, narrow and like a hood, completely conceals the stamina, which the inferior lip, rising immediately beneath, supports as on a platform.

Nothing can be prettier than the body of ermine which edges the interior of the superior lip.

The pistil is a slight filament, which serves as an elastic support to the superior lip, which seems to form a little helmet. When I opened this flower some fine white dust flew from the anthers, and covered my fingers.

I could not remark any very great difference in the dimensions of the four stamina; two of them appeared to me to be more particularly attached to the upper, and two to the inferior part of the corol. This plant, as most of the labiate, is ranged in the didynamia; its seeds enveloped in a capsule, place it in the angiospermia order.

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LETTER IX.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

The field-sage, *salvia pratensis*, is at present in bloom; you must hasten to gather it. The hay-makers are hard at work, and I see with pain passing by in their carts all the riches of our herbal.

Sage is a species of labiate, and, however, is not ranged in that class, which is already so numerous.

It has but two stamina, attached by a sort of spring to the inferior lip. The pistil is extremely long, and bends to unite with the two anthers.

When it is completely blown, the pistil bifid, that is to say, slightly split at the end, rises above the other lip.

The flower of the finest purple, or dark violet, presents a concave under lip, quite separate from the little helmet formed by the other lip. This under lip slightly slit through the middle, but deeper on the sides, forms two small wings.

The calyx of a reddish hue, is furrowed, and protected by short hairs, which grow close together, like those of a little brush. This calyx is dented in on each side, and still deeper under the lower lip. The upper lip is without any dent.

The flowers are verticillate, and ranged in little tufts, placed at some distance from each other round their stem, which is square, of a reddish hue, and hairy like the calyx.

Two little floral leaves shaped like a heart, and whose broadest part surrounds the stem, support the aggregation of flowers, and are placed opposite each other. The under part of these leaves is hairy like the calyx.

There is no need I should explain to you, that what are called alternate leaves, are those placed at equal distances, and ascending after each other. Opposite leaves are those which answer to the two opposed ends of the stem. They almost always form a cross.

The sage deposits at the bottom of its calyx two uncovered seeds, which remain attached there until they become ripe.

The smell of this plant is very powerful.

It has very few leaves towards its base, rises quite straight, and throws out several branches, above which appears the stem.

Its class is the diandria; its order monogynia.

For our second study we will take Venus's looking-glass, or *campanula speculum*. It is a very pretty flower, that grows amongst corn, and which now is nearly over.

It does not rise very high, but throws out a great many small branches, which are very thin, and all terminate in branches of purple flowers.

The flowers monopetalous, have five notches rather deep, and a well-marked fold in the middle of each of them. This fold enters into the flower, while the notched part remains on the outside, and forms of this flower a small purse, which shuts at night and opens to the light. This little flower is shaded with white at the bottom of its coral, externally as well as internally; and some time before the flower is completely over the purple shades become pale and discoloured.

Its calyx has five divisions, thin like grass, and which form a little circumference at some distance from the coral.

It seems to me, if I do not mistake, that the species of pistil which supports this flower is no other thing than the ovary itself, or more likely the contimation of the calyx, that preserves the depot of grains. They are imperceptible, numberless, and as in a little pod, when the flower has faded away. The case, of a very fine texture, is triangular and furrowed. It rests upon the little branches.

Each small petiole, that announces a flower at its extremity, is supported by a leaf. The plant otherwise has but few, they are united and round.

The plant affects no particular shape. It forms at the side of the corn a little bush, which spreads its purple flowers to the sight, instead of branches, leaves, and thorns.

My plant contains five weak stamina; the pistil is longer and stronger than any of them, which makes me think that the flower inclines itself to facilitate fecundation.

The class of this plant is the pentandria, and its order monogynia.

My dear friend, I think I have given you enough for to-day, my time does not permit me to say more. Yesterday part of the flowers I had gathered drooped while I held them. It was truly affecting, those poor little plants slumbered in the hand that had severed them from life.

[*To be continued.*]

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THE CULINARY SYSTEM.

[*Continued from Page* 41.]

In our last essay upon this subject we concluded with some miscellaneous precepts of domestic economy, which are necessary to form the frugal and complete housekeeper.—Although they treat upon trivial subjects, they are not, therefore, to be despised. The system of economy, when broken into its component parts, will be found a system of items and details; nothing is too minute for its attention, and it is impossible to comprehend the whole without a previous study of the parts.

We shall recommence, therefore, with some practical precepts:—

Accounts should be regularly kept, and not the smallest articles omitted to be entered; and if balanced every week or month, the income and outgoings will be ascertained with facility, and their proportions to each other be duly observed. Some people approve of keeping in separate purses the money for different purposes, as domestic articles, clothes, pocket, education of children, &c.

Whichever way accounts be kept, some certain method should be adopted and strictly adhered to.

Many families have owed their prosperity full as much to the conduct and propriety of female management, as to the knowledge and activity of the father.

Those who are served with brewer's beer, or any other thing not paid for on delivery, should have a book for entering the date; which will not only prevent overcharges, but at one view give the annual consumption.

It is much to be feared, that for the waste of many of the good things that God has given for our use, not abuse, the mistress and servants of great houses will hereafter be called to a strict account.

Some part of every person's fortune should be devoted to charity; by which "a pious woman will build up her house before God, while she that is foolish (*i. e.* lends nothing to the Lord,) pulls it down with her hands." No one can complain of the want of gifts to the poor in this land; but there is a mode of relief which would add greatly to their comfort, and which being prepared from superfluity, and such materials as are often thrown away, the expences would not be felt.

By good hours, especially early breakfast, a family is more regular, and much time is saved. If orders be given soon in the morning, there will be more time to execute them; and servants, by doing their work with ease, will be more equal to it, and fewer will be necessary.

It is worthy of notice, that the general expence will be reduced, if every thing be kept in its proper place, applied to its proper use, and mended, when the nature of an accident will allow, as soon as broken.

An inventory of furniture, linen, and china should be kept, and the things examined by it twice a year, or oftener, if there be a change of servants; into each of whose care the articles used by him or her, should be entrusted, with a list, as is done with plate. Tickets of parchment with the family name, numbered, and specifying what bed it belongs to, should be sewed on each feather bed, bolster, pillows, and blanket.

Many well-meaning servants are ignorant of the best means of managing, and thereby waste as much as would maintain a small family, besides causing the mistress of the house much chagrin by their irregularity; and many families, from a want of method, have the appearance of chance rather than regular system. To avoid which the following hints may be useful.

All things likely to be wanted should be in readiness; sugars of different qualities should be kept broken, currants washed, picked, and dry in a jar; spice pounded, &c.

Where regular noonings or suppers are used (and in every house some preparation is necessary for accidental visitors,) care should be taken to have such things in readiness as may be proper for either; a list of several will be subjoined, a change of which will be agreeable, and if properly managed will be attended with no great expence.

Every article should be kept in that place best suited to it, as much waste may thereby be avoided, viz.

Vegetables will keep best on a stone floor, if the air be excluded—meat in a cold dry place—sugar and sweetmeats require a dry place; so does salt—candles cold, but not damp—dried meats, hams, &c. the same—all sorts of seeds for puddings, saloop, rice, &c. should be close covered to preserve from insects. Flour should be kept in a cool perfectly dry room, and the bag being tied should be changed upside down and back every week, and well shaken.—Soap should be cut with a wire or twine, in pieces that form a long square, when first brought in, and kept out of the air two or three weeks; for if it dry

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quick, it will crack, and when wet break. Put it on a shelf, leaving a space between, and let it grow hard gradually. Thus, it will save a full third in the consumption.—Cheese should be washed and wiped if you wish to preserve it sound, and the shelves be washed; changing the place every three or four weeks; but if it be wanted to ripen, a damp cellar will bring it forward.

Bread is now so heavy an article of expence that all waste should be guarded against, and having it cut in the room will tend much to prevent it; since the scarcity in 1795 and 1800, that custom has been much adopted. It should not be cut until a day old; earthen pans and covers keep it best.

Rolls, muffins, or any sort of bread, may be made to taste new when two or three days old, by dipping it uncut in water, and baking afresh or toasting.

Eggs may be bought cheapest when the hens first begin to lay in the spring, before they sit; in Lent and Easter they become dear. They may be preserved fresh by dipping them in boiling water, and instantly taking them out, or by oiling the shell; either of which ways is to prevent the air passing through it. They should be kept on shelves with small holes to receive one in each, and be turned every other day.

Carrots, parsnips, and beet roots, should be kept in sand for winter use, and neither they nor potatoes be cleared from the earth.

Store onions preserve best hung up in a dry cold room.

Straw to lay apples on should be quite dry, to prevent a musty taste.

Large pears should be tied up by the stalk.

Tarragon gives the flavour of French cookery, and in high gravies is a great improvement; but should be added only a short time before serving.

Basil, savory, and knotted marjoram, or Lon don thyme, to be used when herbs are ordered; but with discretion, as they are very pungent.

Celery seeds give the flavour of the plant to soups.

Parsley should be cut close to the stalks, and dried on tins in a very cool oven: it preserves its flavour and colour, and is very useful in winter.

Artichoke bottoms, which have been slowly dried, should be kept in paper bags; and truffles, morels, lemon peel, &c. in a dry place ticketed.

In towns, poultry being usually sold ready picked, the feathers, which may occasionally come in in small quantities, are neglected: but orders should be given to put them into a tub free from damp, and as they dry to change them into paper bags, a few in each; they should hang in a dry kitchen to season; fresh ones must not be added to those in part dried, or they will occasion a musty smell, but they should go through the same process. In a few months they will be fit to add to beds, or to make pillows, without the usual mode of drying them in a cool oven, which may be pursued if they are wanted before five or six months.

The best means to preserve blankets from moths is to fold and lay them under the feather beds that are in use, and they should be shaken occasionally. When soiled, they should be washed, not scoured.

Candles made in cool weather are best; and when their price, and that of soap, which rise and fall together, is likely to be higher, it will be prudent to lay in the stock of both. This information the chandler can always give; they are better for keeping eight or ten months, and will not injure for two years, if properly placed in the cool; and there are few articles that better deserve care in buying, and allowing a due quantity of, according to the size of the family.

[*To be continued.*]

FINE ARTS.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

IT has not hitherto been in our power to enlarge this branch of our work to the extent originally intended; but as materials for criticism and observation have at length come to our hand, we consider it our duty to enter upon the subject of the Fine Arts, and particularly upon the annual display at Somerset-House, with a determination to do all we can to excite the taste and correct the judgment of our readers. The subject must be allowed to be of a very serious nature, which involves the reputation of many of the eminent masters of the day, and the general character of the British school of painters at the present period.

The flippant and unmeaning remarks in the newspapers have brought what passes under the name of "Criticism upon the Exhibition," into great discredit; we approach, therefore, to our

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present task under some difficulties, more particularly as we shall be found to be greatly at variance with what has hitherto appeared in the public journals.

According to the plan which suggests itself, of offering our criticisms upon the Exhibition under the respective departments of the art, it would be necessary to commence with History; but when we throw our eyes round the walls of the Academy, the prospect is barren beyond parallel; there are, perhaps, some few exotics or non-descripts, but nothing which deserves to be considered under this primary class of painting. We lament exceedingly, with every well-wisher to the arts in this country, that the historical pencil is more than ever on the decline. The Exhibition is very rapidly becoming a mere saloon for a morning lounge to see the likeness of a friend, instead of an academy of painting, and a school of science. We are compelled, therefore, to commence with those pictures which approach nearest to the line of art which is so much slighted.

The picture which claims our first attention is

No. 91, *A Fancy Groupe*, by T. Lawrence, R.A.

The groupe in this Picture is evidently composed of portraits, and ranks somewhat under the head of a *Bacchante* scene. The female head is marked by an expression quick and lively; it is well drawn, clearly coloured, and the reflected shadows are expressed with great felicity. The head of the boy, looking towards his mother, is full of airiness, frolic, and animation; the movement of the hair correspondent with the quick turn of the head, expresses life and vivacity in every gesture. This head is likewise a portrait. The head of the dog, turning towards the boy, is finely rendered; and is at once characteristic of the fidelity and benevolence of this social animal, and of its fondness for its youthful play fellow. The head of the dog claims equal attention with those of the female and the boy. This groupe is wholly on the ground, which occasions many fore shortenings, particularly in the leg of the dog, and the right leg of the boy which accompanies it. They are among the most difficult and happiest efforts of art. We could wish the left leg of the boy had not been thrown so much back; it makes an angle so acute with the right leg, that the harmony necessary to be preserved in the running of lines is totally destroyed. The management of light and shade in this picture is arranged with as much knowledge of effect as of taste; but we could have wished that the colour of this picture had a little more accompanied the arrangement of the *clare obscure*; it would have been the means of collecting colour more into the light, which would have given to the receding parts of the picture less colour, and prevented that scattered effect which makes the first impression upon the eye of the spectator.

The whole of the circle which surrounds the groupe, being unconnected with any of the tones of the picture, injures considerably the effect of the colours in this painting, and prevents the groupe from producing that natural effect which it must have made, had the spandles in the frame been filled up with gold, instead of a stone colour. It would have thus approximated nearer to the general tones in this piece, have rendered the harmony more agreeable, and the groupe more natural. But, upon the whole, this picture may fairly be said to add to the fame of Mr. Lawrence, and confer another laurel upon his justly acquired reputation.

The next picture we shall consider, from the station which it holds in the Exhibition, is

No. 229, *Prospero and Miranda*, by M. A. Shee, R. A.

We regret extremely, from our respect for the general talents of this master, that we cannot bestow upon this work those commendations which we have formerly given to some of his portraits.

The subject of this composition being poetical, required that thought and arrangement which should characterize the spirit and meaning of the original poet. To examine it upon this principle, we cannot admit that the character of the man is that of Prospero, or that the young female is the Miranda of Shakespeare. The academical part of the picture, as well as that part which constitutes taste, out of delicacy to the first attempt which this artist has made in the line in which he has now appeared, ought not to be examined with too nice a scrutiny. We shall here pardon much; but from a man of the general genius and talents of Mr. Shee, we should have expected something more congenial with the mind of Shakespeare, and, at least, nothing trite and common place. We should have conceived that he would have felt those niceties in art, which he has so well distinguished with his pen.

When we consider that the subject of this picture is ideal, we naturally look for that colour, and *clare obscure*, which belongs to that department of art, and not for those decided and local colours of objects which too much prevail in this picture. The colours should partake more of the atmosphere of the Tempest, in which this scene lies, and not exhibit those decided reds and yellows,—colours which belong more to the familiar subjects in nature than to dignified art or ideal characters. We hope Mr. Shee will take these admonitions with as much kindness as they are meant; we have avoided saying too much,

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as it is not our wish to impede his efforts of art, but to excite and cherish a more correct taste.

The next picture that comes under the line of our observation of ideal art, is

No. 221, *A Sleeping Nymph*, by J. Hoppner, R. A —Whether this picture is to be considered as representing a Nymph or a Venus, is not an object for us to dwell upon; we shall, therefore, first consider what are the requisites to be found in this subject to characterize a Venus.

The first requisite is decidedly the beauty of form; no aberration from which can ever be dispensed with. To draw a Venus or an Apollo, is to throw down the gauntlet, and challenge criticism in support of the most minute accuracy and finished grace of the pencil; and as the perfection of those characters has been bequeathed to the modern world by the Greeks, what would have been the remarks of an Appelles or a Xeuxis in looking upon this figure? "*That it had neither character nor drawing to constitute a Venus.*"

That the face is pretty must be admitted, and that the swell of the bosom is natural and not without grace; but from this part of the figure to the end of the foot, there is a want of drawing, and the correctness of beautiful forms, with a deficiency, in the length, in the division of the figure, which creates an indecision in the setting on of the limbs, and produces something in the rising of the right hip, and the overlapping of the right knee, which gives a bad shape to the right thigh and knee; add to this, a kind of heaviness of form in the lower extremities, which no wise corresponds with the prettiness of the face, and Mr. Hoppner must be confessed to have given us a Venus very different from those models which have been established by the Greeks.

This higher excellence in character we will now leave, and turn to those which Mr. Hoppner seems to have laboured most to obtain, we mean *colour*.—In this he has evidently had Sir Joshua Reynolds in his view, and must be confessed to have made a happy imitation of his best manner, for a pearly clearness in the colour of the flesh. The broad folding red curtain, united with the blue tints of the sky, and the flesh tints of the naked Cupid, form a pleasing assemblage of colours for the back ground; but we could have wished that his *Cupid*, like his *Venus*, had been better drawn.

No. 19. *Count Ugolino, Chief of the Guelphs, at Pisa, locked up in the Torre della Fame, and starved to death.* H. Fuseli, *R. A.*—Before we enter upon our examination of this picture it will be necessary to ask a question—What are the requisites which the critic would expect to find in a composition of this sort? What would he exact from the artist; what would his taste approve; what would satisfy his judgment? He would expect, in the conception of the story, that which should distinguish it from all other subjects, and give it that peculiarity of character, without which no work of the pencil can ever be rendered sufficiently decided to be original or lasting.—When we examine the above picture by this rule, we cannot admit that the story is so told as to place it among those permanent compositions which preclude from success every future effort upon a similar subject. In the character of Ugolino, under the peculiar misfortune of his imprisonment and overthrow, surrounded by his famished family, and in a situation which admitted no hope, we naturally expect to find the children looking to the father for assistance and consolation, who, incapable of affording them relief, but still expressing tenderness and compassion for them, has nothing left in his power but paternal affection and emotion. But in the present groupe, Ugolino has the appearance of a man who, having in a fit of phrenzy destroyed the young female who lies across his knees, has just returned to a sense of reason and remorse at the act which he has perpetrated. He has nothing of the character, either in action or passion, of a father who has lost a favourite child by famine. By this material error, that of the professed story, as it were, being not only imperfectly narrated, but absolutely untold, the artist has entirely lost the passion he must have intended to enforce; he has substituted horror for pathos, and depictured ferocity instead of sympathy.

The figure of the daughter, as thrown across the knees of the father, from the perpendicular hanging of the limbs in right angles with the position of the body, conveys more the idea of a drowned figure, just taken from the waters, than that of a female emaciated and contracted by famine. The sudden dropping of the limbs likewise takes off from the length which the just proportions of the body require, and renders the drawing essentially imperfect. The body is too short; in fact there is scarcely any body at all; the whole figure is arms and legs. The scene of this picture being cast in a dungeon, we of course expected to see a gloom pervading every part, but it should be remembered that there is a distinction always to be supported between the transparency of tints, though gloomy, and tints that are black and heavy; and we could have wished that this picture did not partake so much of the last quality in point of the colour.

There is in the works of Mr. Fuseli an originality of thought which gives a very marked character to his pictures, and for which we are inclined to admire and honour him; but it is some-

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times matter of regret to us that, in the compositions of this artist, the subject is rather made to bend to the mind than the mind to conform to the subject. Thus the general stamp of his pictures is too much uniformity of thinking, and a habit which borders upon *mannerism*.

No. 5, *Love sheltered.* H. Thompson. R. A.

The poetry of this picture is pleasing, and the groupe well imagined. The young female, rising upon her toes, is admirably expressive of an eagerness to assist the benighted *Cupid*. The tone of colour in the picture, partaking of a silvery tint, is characteristic of the delicacy of the subject; and gives to the general effect of the piece a harmony which is perfectly consonant with the thought. So far we are warranted in commending this picture; but when we survey it by the higher principles of science and of art, we discern a want of precision in the drawing, which indicates a general feebleness, and an evident deficiency in that knowledge of the human figure, which should always accompany works of art, where the subject is ideal, and where the forms should, of consequence, exhibit every thing that belongs to grace, taste, and accuracy of pencil. In these qualities, however, the Cupid, as well as the undrapered parts of the female in this picture, are evidently deficient. But notwithstanding these imperfections, this composition of Mr. Thomson's has a claim to our praise for the chastity and elegance of its sentiment; though it does not augment his former reputation, when we revert to the merits of the picture of the Youth "Crossing the Brook."

No. 145.—*Village Politicians, by* D. Wilkie.

This picture evidently represents a scene of the politicians of lower life, collected in a public house after the labours of the day, disputing upon some points of politics, which may be supposed, at that moment, to have interested every class of society, and to have found its way into the shop of the mechanic, and the cottage of the husbandman. The idea is original. The principal figure which appears in this groupe, is a young carpenter, who, from the shrewd winking of his eyes, the expression of his mouth, the extended arm, with the acute angle of the wrist, and the end of the fore-finger on the table, happily conveys a self-approbation of the sagacity and superiority of *his* mind over those of his hearers; while the man before him, who is evidently a blacksmith, seems to hold his sentiments cheap, notwithstanding all his self-consequence and dictatorial parade. These two figures are dmirably characteristic of the conceit which a little knowledge produces upon vulgar minds; they evince great observation of rustic nature, and the influence of the little hears of par ies and politics upon su h as would naturally be supposed beyond the sphere of their operation The expression of the face of the man, reading the paper, indicates with much felicity his composed and settled acquiescence in the conclusions of his own mind,—his undaunted adherence to his own opinions, amidst the din of his battling associates. He is easy and quiet, and *thinks for himself*; whilst another man, in the opposite part of this picture, is scratching his head, seemingly sensible of his not having the eloquence of the "haranguing carpenter," but tolerably confident, in his own mind, that he is the best informed man in the room.—The accompaniments to these figures are happy and appropriate, and every way expressive of the inside of a house that retails whiskey

The drawing of the heads in this picture, as well as that of the hands, is correct and natural. Such are the points which demand our commendation; and we sincerely hope that, whilst this young artist is acquiring the other excellencies of the profession, he will most carefully endeavour not to lose what he has already obtained; that he will not suffer a little applause to divert his mind from the line of art for which his genius seems peculiarly to have qualified him, and which, in time, may give to this country a painter of stronger sentiments than have hitherto fallen even to the lot of Teniers, or the most admired masters of the Dutch School. Notwithstanding, however, our general admiration of those parts of the picture which we have described, we could wish in future that this artist would endeavour to give a little more force and warmth in the tone of his colours, which might remove something of the monotony of a *clay*-like colour, which too much pervades the present picture.

To be continued.

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MR. WEST'S GRAND HISTORICAL PICTURE

OF THE

DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

THIS celebrated Artist, who has so long maintained the first rank in his profession, and whose historical paintings have not only contributed to form the modern English School, but to establish an æra in the art through the principal academies of Europe, has at length completed the picture, for which, in justice to his well-earned reputation and the eminence which he holds in the art, he stood pledged to the public and his profession.—The pencil which immortalized Wolfe, and British valour, on the Heights of *Abraham*, could not be expected to do otherwise than commemorate the death of a Nelson, and the most splendid victory which has ever been recorded in the annals of the British Navy.

It is a just pride to the nation that we have men amongst us, to whom may safely be confided all the immortality which the arts can bestow upon the splendid actions of our heroes and defenders.—A certain French General is said to have lamented, that he lived in an age so barren of literature, that he could not expect even a decent epitaph on his tomb stone as a compensation for all the laurels he had earned. In the present times there needs no such subject of regret. Poetry perhaps may fail, but the pencil can still perform its task.

The present picture represents the death of Lord Nelson in the memorable victory obtained over the fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar. As this picture will not appear in any Exhibition, a description of it may not be unacceptable to the lovers of the art, and the public in general.

The subject of the picture being heroic, the Artist has considered it under the head of the Epic. He has kept the attention constantly fixed upon the hero, and made every thing subsidiary to him. The dying Nelson is exhibited lying upon the quarter-deck of the ship, surrounded by his Officers. By this groupe he first acts upon and excites the feelings of the spectators. Here is the hero, and, in the language of poetry, his story. The wounded and the dead form the episodes of the piece, and the whole raises a noble climax up to the dying Admiral.

The point of time is the death of the hero, and the victory united.

Lord Nelson lies, with his head falling back, on the breast, and in the arms of his Chaplain. His face and eyes are elevated to Heaven. His countenance expresses a most resigned and noble piety, a dignity, and a consciousness of having done his duty to his King and Country. In the countenance of Nelson, the painter has shewn his power of exhibiting the most difficult and composite passions with the most natural and tempered correctness. In Nelson there is nothing of affectation; every thing is as simple as was the character of the man; there is a kind of serene and saint-like heroism, the comfort and composure of a dying martyr. This head can never be too much admired; it would be inestimable if considered only as a portrait of the man; for we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best we ever saw.

The position of Lord Nelson on the quarter-deck occupies the middle of the picture; he extends his left hand to Captain Hardy, who affectionately presses it to his bosom, whilst he announces, from a paper, the victory over the enemy, and the number of ships taken. The surgeon and his mates are rendering their assistance, whilst an intrepid sailor spreads the Spanish flag at the feet of the dying Admiral, and an Officer enters at the same time with the French flag under his arm, but starts back, with marked emotion, upon beholding the situation of his Commander.

The picture, generally, may be said to consist of two distinct groups. The figures on the left form a groupe of Officers attendant on his Lordship; their countenances express a grave and decent sorrow, and are admirably contrasted with the groupe on the right, which consists of sailors flushed with the sounds of victory, but checked by one of the surgeons, who beholds the approach of death in the countenance of Nelson.

Between these figures, all of which are powerfully pourtrayed and contrasted, are groups of sailors carrying the wounded to the cockpit, and others rendering their best tokens of regard to the dead.

One of these smaller groups we can never too much commend; we mean that of an affectionate demeanour of a faithful servant over the dead body of his master, Captain Adair.

At the poop of the ship are stationed the marines and their wounded officers; the signal lieutenant, with his midshipman; and the master of the ship, with his navigating seamen. Under the poop are men stationed at the gun, close to which a lieutenant is killed.

In the retiring parts of the picture, and the perspective, are seen all the rage and fury of a sea fight,—ships on fire, others sinking, or blow-

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ing up; of some the masts are falling; others are nearly buried in their own ruins.

Here every thing is terrible and awful; here is sublimity in the fulness of its horrors.—The groups in this picture are composed of nearly eighty figures, and more than fifty of them are portraits of men and officers actually engaged in the battle.

The following is a correct list of the principal portraits in this picture:—

Lord Nelson; Capt. Hardy, now Sir Thomas; Mr. Beatty, First Surgeon; Niel Smith, Second Surgeon; Rev. Dr. Scott, Chaplain; W. Westenburgh, Third Surgeon.

Officers, being the groupe to the left of Lord Nelson

Lieutenant Quillim; Lieutenant Bligh; Lieutenant Williams; Lieutenant King; Lieutenant Wing, with French colours; Mr. Goble, Secretary to Capt. Hardy; Mr. Rivers, the Gunner; Mr. R. Bulkeley, a Midshipman; W. Saunders, with the Spanish colours.

The groupe to the right of Lord Nelson, animated by the Victory.

Serjeant-Major Secker, of the Marines; Lieutenant Cheseman; Mr. Lancaster, a young Midshipman; Joseph Burgin, wounded Seaman; David Bukin, carrying the wounded; Mr. Rivers, Midshipman; Capt. Adair, of the Marines, dead; Charles Chappel, his Servant; H. Carey; Mr. Scott, Secretary; a Neapolitan Calabrian; Lieut. Rottley.

Groupe at the gun under the ship's poop.

Lieutenant Ram, killed; Mr. Westhall, Midshipmam; Mr Lyons, Midshipman; Robert Drummond, Servant to Capt. Hardy; Thomas Bartlett, Capt. Hardy's Steward; J. Saunders, Powder-boy.

Groupe on the ship's poop.

Lieutenant Peak, led down wounded; Lieut. Reeves, wounded; Corporal Tuff, of the Marines; William Wells, Marine; young Midshipmen attending on the Signal Officer; Mr. Robertson; W. Randall; Alexander Palmer; Mr. Atkinson, Master of the Ship.

Such is this picture;—of which, independent of its excellence as a work of art, we may truly say, that the circumstances which produced its perfection can never occur again. It is impossible again to collect, in the painting-room of the artist, those various groupes of men whose portraits are upon the canvass, and whose individual likenesses were necessary for the fidelity of a composition which aspires to be considered as a work of historical record,—a work of truth, and not of fancy.

We shall not enter into a minute criticism; it will be sufficient to say, that Mr. West, in this picture, has excelled every thing he has hitherto done.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

A LOVING EPISTLE,

To his Grace the Duke of Queensbury, from his Arm Chair, in Piccadilly.

All London knows, my Lord, I've stood
Your waiting gentleman in wood,
For many a stormy year together,
Braving all sorts of wind and weather.
Some of your livery train may bridle,
Toss up their heads, and call me idle;
The varlets, with their powdered pate,
Think themselves greater than the great;
Yet, what not one of them can say,
I've served your honour without pay!
What though I never stir a peg,
What though I stand on wooden leg,
Pray which of them have been so steady,
So quiet, willing, or so ready?
More faithful than that favoured croney,
Your Grace's confidential poney,
For though that dear, lov'd hobby paces,
And shews you all the pretty faces,
Goes deftly through your morning tours,
I claim your Lordship's softer hours,
Your tender secrets he'll ne'er tell,
But I can keep them quite as well;
And the town says, you look more snug
Upon my cushion than his rug.
Safe in my arms you wake or doze,
Half shut the eyes, or quite repose;
And thus enjoy the morning air
Without once moving from your chair.
My Lord, confess your *vis-a-vis*
Is less a friend to you than me;
I, like King Richard at his glass,
Shew you "the shadows as they pass;"
Shadows of fashion, horse and foot,
Whether in buskin, shoe, or boot;
Slattern Minervas in the rough,
And dainty Venusses in buff,
And maiden Marses on a charger,
Stuff'd, and swell'd out, to look the larger;
Though still, in hero size, more scant,
Than mice astride an elephant.

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In short, there's nothing moves by day,
From eastward grave, to westward gay,
Of phantoms old, or phantoms new,
But comes through me within your view;
The dashing damsels of the chace,
Dames more demure with mincing pace,
Loungers who saunter, sparks who trip,
And the grand masters of the whip;
Charioteer—Lords, who perch'd on high
Seem upon winged wheels to fly,
Who whirl more fierce, and look more bold
Than the proud Phaetons of old,
And who sometimes, their pride to humble,
Get for their pains a cursed tumble;
And yet, with all their mighty crack,
Much abler coachmen drive a hack!
Then come the swarms so sleek and silly,
Bound to the parks through Piccadilly.

Such quizes, and a thousand more,
Exhibit at your Grace's door,
And though I ne'er enjoy the sport,
Am still so firmly your support,
That not a Peer is serv'd so true,
As is his Noble Grace of Q.

Thus far, my Lord, in merry vein,
Permit me now to change the strain.
Hear then your faithful servant's prayer,
Long may I prove—an easy chair;
When active pleasures are no more,
And life's gay rhapsodies are o'er,
When all its prospects fade away,
And quench'd in night the visual ray,
Then good, my Lord, when you, like me,
Can neither feel, nor hear, nor see,
When the mind's eye alone has sight,
May that shew prospects which delight!
And if—for mind is still sincere—
She heaves the sigh, and starts the tear,
O may that tear, my Lord, that sigh,
Find their acceptance in the sky;
At length, to crown your servant's prayer,
Still may I prove—an easy chair.

THE FEATS OF HELEN,

A NEW SONG.

Tune, "*I am a jolly gay Pedlar*," &c.

At present each boarding-school *belle*,
Of her *beaux* and her conquests is telling,
But none of 'em cut such a swell
As the Lacedæmonian Helen:
Some account of her birth I will render,
Which seems a most whimsical hatch;
For her mother, though married to Tyndar,
Could never approve of the match.

Tol de rol, &c.

Old Jove, in the shape of a swan, [prowl,
Would sometimes in their neighbourhood
Till the husband of Leda began
To suspect that her play must be foul.
So, conceiving his honour abused,
In a tone of correction he spoke:
But the dame, though her egg was produced,
Said she never was fond of the yoke.

Little Helen crept out of the egg,
But scarcely ten years had gone by,
When Theseus, beginning to beg,
Decoyed the young chicken to fly;
When King Tyndarus heard the disaster,
His Majesty crackled like Ætna,
So out he sent Pollux and Castor,
Who caught her a furlong from Gretna.

Soon after, from different lands,
She had suitors to fight for her favour,
But wheedled 'em all to shake hands,
And allow Menelaus to have her:
"And if," said the chiefs of the host,
"You should ever be put to a shift,
"You may drop us a line by the post,
"And we'll all of us lend you a lift."

Menelaus was happy to win her,
But she got a cure for her passion,
By scraping acquaintance at dinner,
With Paris, a Trojan of fashion;
This chap was a stylish young dog,
The most jessamy fellow in life,
For he drank Menelaus's grog,
And then, damme, made off with his wife!

The suitors were sent for, who swore
They would punish this trumpery boy,
So Achilles, and two or three more,
Undertook the destruction of Troy;
But Achilles grew stubborn as steel,
And prevented their moving a peg;
Till Paris had shot through his heel,
And he found himself laid by the leg.

At last they demolish'd the city,
And then, as the poets have told,
Lady Helen might still be call'd pretty,
Though very near sixty years old.
Menelaus, when Madam was found,
Took her quietly home in his chaise,
So Troy being burned to the ground,
My story goes off with a blaze.

And a tol de rol, &c.

HORATIUS.

A WISH

FOR THE RECOVERY OF MISS S. M.

Oh! fiend of pain, withdraw thy fang
From Virtue's anguished form;
Nor let that breast contain thy pang,
To life's best feelings warm.

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'Tis hard to see the heavy eye,
To hear the languid voice;
Unable still to soothe the sigh,
Or bid the mind rejoice.

Come, then, Hygiæa! goddess fair!
Restore the maid we love;
Shed o'er her form thy blessings rare,
Again each bliss to prove.

Oh! grant the wish, ye gracious pow'rs,
These humble lines convey,
Give health to cheer her pensive hours,
And joy's unclouded day.

J. M. L.

PRENEZ GARDE MA CHERE.

Written extempore by a Gentleman, as he sate by a Lady Drawing on Velvet (a Pupil of Mrs. Noel's.)

When female worth and beauty join'd,
Attempts some new and pleasing care,
Some art t' embellish more her mind,
We smiling say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Go on, fair maid, the task begun,
Bid velvet blushing roses bear,
The lily op'ning to the sun,
Still let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Those num'rous charms which you display,
So various, vast, without compare,
Sedate, yet lively, good and gay,
O let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Your charms too powerful to withstand,
Bids every youth confess you fair,
Your worth adore, and court your hand,
I sighing say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Pale envy lurks beneath my smiles,
Since t' aspire I cannot dare,
Yet oh, my friend—of lover's wiles,
Still let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

INVOCATION TO HOPE.

BY THE HON. CASSANDRA GRAVES.

Hail, pleasing Hope, of aspect mild,
Misery's gem, and fancy's child!
On eagle's wings, triumphant borne,
Thou fly'st to ease the lover's moan.

To raise the head of pale distress,
And bid her feel her sorrows less,
And when destruction seems most near,
With angel softness lov'st t' appear.

Thou lov'st to cheer the woe-worn mind,
Misfortune's bleeding wounds to bind,
To free the mind from anxious care,
And eke for brighter scenes prepare.

TO MISS C—— A——.

On her inestimable Present of a Silk Net Purse.

IMPROMPTU.

Oh! how ingenious is the subtle art,
To form a net in which such charms unite,
Whose magic spell can captivate the heart,
In one eternal bondage of delight!

Each woven silk a thousand times I kiss,
A thousand times I'm warm'd with rapture's glow,
A thousand times it constitutes my bliss,
And bids me feel the gratitude I owe.

And as I contemplate the beauteous prize,
As oft I think the varied work divine,
Yet would its beauties ne'er-enchant my eyes,
Had they been wrought by any hand but thine!

R. C.

TO ELIZA.

Parody on Stanzas "On the approach of Spring," in La Belle Assemblée for March 1806.

Eliza come, and with thee bring
Thy lively looks of love and spring,
Thy bloom of youthful May,
Thy heav'n-blue eyes where beauty beams,
Or Pity's pearly tribute streams,
Emitting Friendship's ray.

How sweet with thee, fair maid, to rove,
Along the flow'r-strewn path of love,
Where feather'd chor'sters sing;
And gather from the bloom-hung bush
The wild-rose deck'd with nature's blush,
Pearl'd with the tear of Spring.

Or on the moss-wove sod reclin'd,
Thy converse sweet can sooth my mind,
And lull to soft repose;
Thy thoughts on virtue ever bent,
Can yield my grief-fraught mind content,
And calm my bosom'd woes.

Then come, and like enchanting Spring
Bid meadows smile, and valleys sing,
While list'ning echo's join
The artless feather'd songsters' lays,
Thy myriad peerless charms to praise,
In notes like thee, divine.

Kingsland. J. M.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! sweet source of ev'ry joy,
Thy smiles each frown of fate defy,
O let me call thee mine;
With thee I'll brave the heaviest storm,
Distress and woe in every form;
O make this bosom thine.

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The happy pair, who own thy reign,
Enjoy what Monarchs seek in vain,
And share the sweets of life;
Their home amidst the warbling grove,
The seat of virtue and of love,
Is free from care and strife.

Here kindness wipes the trav'ller's tear,
Here tenderness and grace appear,
To cheer the drooping mind;
Here sickness finds a healing balm,
Here troubles grow divinely calm,
Where love and friendship's join'd.

This consecrated blissful seat
Affords a safe and sweet retreat,
From grief and haggard care;
Here streams of fond affection rise,
And sympathy that never dies,
To bless the happy pair.

Hail, Friendship! Queen of earthly joys,
Without thee diadems are toys,
And vain is nature's store;
With thee I am supremely blest,
And with thee I would ever rest,
Nor ask the world for more.

CONVICTION.

THE HINT TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE BRITISH CLASSICS.

'Twas placid eve—the broad blue sky serene,
And smiling sun-beams ting'd the lovely scene,
When I and Clara reach'd the utmost steep,
Where Albion's cliffs nod awful o'er the deep.
Our eyes around the wide-spread ocean flew,
'Till main and mountains mingled in the view.
Along the deep a weavy column run,
Where the green billows glitter'd in the sun.
"Observe (she cried) how o'er yon hazy sea,
"What radiant glories gild the close of day;
"In western worlds ev'n now these glories rise,
"Light other lands, and brighten other skies.
"Now eastward turn, the rural tract pursue,
"Spires, woods, and villas sun-gilt meet the view.
"How smiles yon blushing cliff with fir-trees crown'd,
"And heath, red-blossom'd, tufted thick around.
"See 'mid the plains the objects clear and small,
"Each line's a steeple and each spot a hall."
Delighted much I look (for sure the eye
Sees landscapes lovelier when a lady 's by.)
Yet o'er the whole methought a mist was spread,
My eyes were dim, and dizzy was my head,
There in a nook, with straggling shrubs o'ergrown,
We sat in converse on a mossy stone.
And many a frolic sweetly pass'd, to prove
The childish playfulness of youthful love.
With beating heart my trembling fingers bore
A tender tribute of poetic lore,
Penn'd in the hour of absence and despair,
Address'd "to Clara, fairest of the fair."
There for her lips the Muse had roses given,
And for her eyes two twinkling stars of heaven;
Had tun'd her voice to sweet Thalia's hand,
And stol'n her teeth from pearls of Samarcande;
Had sworn her breath surpass'd Arabia's grove,
With all the pretty perjuries of love.
This oft to read with fault'ring lips I try'd,
My fault'ring lips as oft to read deny'd.
And tho' my heart with thrilling raptures rung,
A dizzy darkness o'er my eyelids hung,
And lab'ring accents trembled on my tongue.
Yet while my longing eyes her beauties saw,
Her looks were eloquence—her wishes law.
Thus long in silent converse did we dwell,
When from my careless hand the paper fell.
She snatch'd it quick and o'er the hillocks flew,
The flying maid did I as quick pursue.
From brake to brake she laughing led the chace,
I laughing lab'ring still pursu'd apace:
Like sportive lambs, when daisies dot the dale,
Round tufts and trees the birth of April hail.
Still did she laughing fly, and I pursue,
When heavy clouds lowr'd dark'ning to my view;
And here and there big drops of sudden rain
Fell frequent, as we gain'd the lofty plain.
Far off I saw the driving storm extend,
And wat'ry beams from the dim sun ascend.
I heard the distant thunder rumbling low,
And call'd to Clara to make haste to go.
Just then I saw the cliff on which she stood
Crack—and slip awful in the foaming flood.
"O God (I cry'd) oh spare my lovely one."
But ah—my Clara was for ever gone.
Then mad with frenzy to the cliff I flew,
Resolv'd in death my Clara to pursue.
"For thou, O God (I cried) with all thy host,
"Can'st not restore the happiness I 've lost!"
Yet starting (shock'd the power of God to chide),
I woke—and found my Clara by my side.

Inner-Temple. MUSIPHILUS.

INSPIRATION.

O'er hill and valley, o'er the barren heath,
Or soil matur'd by every art of man,
Breathing the incense of its various fruits
And flowers all beauteous, still thy voice is heard.
But oh! most awful, most sublime thou reign'st
O'er the tall cliff, the rugged precipice,
The roaring cataract, and rolling wave
Dashing its foam against the rock,
Repelling all its fury—there on high,
O'er Appenine, or o'er the tow'ring Alps,
Wrapt in a misty cloud, thou sitt'st enshrin'd

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In majesty supreme. The wand'ring bard,
Struck by the magic wand, arrested stands
To contemplate their greatness, full of thee,
O'er all his form a heavenly radiance shines,
As wrapt in thought sublime, he feels thy breath
Sweep gently o'er his lyre, and wake to life
The song immortal; then to rapture rising,
As o'er the soft'ning view the sun declines,
He sings the wonders of the scenes around him
In all their wild sublimity, till fir'd
To nobler daring, his mellifluous strains,
Wound to a higher pitch, accord the praise
Of their great architect, and to the soul
Of philosophic piety present
The noblest picture—*Man, the Child of Heaven*,
Singing, thro' all his works, his Maker's praise.

THE LARK.

With earliest Spring, while yet the wheaten blade
Scarce shoots above the new-fallen shower of snow,
The skylark's note, in short excursion, warbles:
Yes! even amid the day-obscuring fall,
I've marked his wing winnowing the feathery flakes,
In widely-circling horizontal flight.
But, when the season genial smiles, he towers
In loftier poise, with sweeter fuller pipe,
Chearing the ploughman at his furrow end,—
The while he clears the share, or, listening, leans
Upon his paddle-staff, and, with raised hand,
Shadows his half-shut eyes, striving to scan
The songster melting in the flood of light.

On tree, or bush, no Lark was ever seen:
The dasied lea he loves, where tufts of grass
Luxuriant crown the ridge; there, with his mate,
He founds their lowly house, of withered bents,
And coarsest speargrass; next, the inner-work
With finer, and still finer fibres lays,
Rounding it curious with his speckled breast.
How strange this untaught art! it is the gift,
The gift innate of Him, without whose will
Not even a sparrow falleth to the ground.

And now the assiduous dam her red-specked treasure
From day to day increases, till complete
The wonted number, blythe, beneath her breast,
She cherishes from morn to eve—from eve
To morn shields from the dew, that globuled lies
Upon her mottled plumes: then with the dawn
Upsprings her mate, and wakes her with his song.
His song full-well she knows, even when the sun,
High in his morning course is hailed at once
By all the lofty warblers of the sky:
But most his downward-veering song she loves;
Slow the descent at first, then, by degrees,
Quick, and more quick, till suddenly the note
Ceases; and, like an arrow-sledge, he darts,
And, softly lighting, perches, by her side.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS
FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1806.
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

IN the present situation of the country, cut off from all hopes of alliance, with Russia, after having raised our hopes by a shew of firmness in maintaining the posts in Dalmatia, resigning them at length to France, and courting a retreat from Europe; with Prussia so evidently governed by French influence, that all we can expect of her is, that she may not prove an enemy; and with Austria so crippled, and destitute of all external aid, that the very first break of the billow must bring her upon her beams;—in a word, with all Europe that was for us, subdued and disheartened, and all that is against, multiplying every day in strength and power, nothing remains for this country but a system of conciliation.

It is indeed, abundantly clear, that the state of our affairs, domestic as well as foreign, enjoins a strict regard to the conciliatory system in general, and prepares us more especially to expect in such a peace as may be consistent with our real honour, the highest advantages both to our own interests and those of Europe at large. With regard to the Continent, it is sufficiently evident that nothing but mischief can possibly accrue from a renewal of the late unhappy war. What then is likely to result from things remaining in their present unsettled state? Will the enemy, so long as we refuse to give him peace, so long as we prevent our allies from treating, so long as we do not use our influence to bring about a negotiation—will he abstain from reaping the thousand advantages of his present situation? Will he submit to all the evils of warfare and forego all its gains? Will he unite in his plan all the losses of war and all the constraints of peace? This would be too close an imitation of own conduct with regard to Spain. Unhappily we cannot expect to be imitated in our European tactics. Our East Indian policy

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will suit him better. He will go on conquering such of our allies as continue hostile; uniting with those whom he may intimidate, or allure to share in the plunder of the rest; stretching his creations of kings over the north of Germany; aggrandizing those whom he has made in the south: extending his dominion in Italy over the islands, and from Italy striding onwards to the east.

To all this prospect of loss, from a senseless prolongation of a war which has unfortunately reached its natural conclusion, the enemies of peace can only oppose certain vague, indefinite fears, of the dangers with which they conceive a peace to be pregnant. First they imagine that good or even fair terms cannot be expected; then they think the enemy will not be sincere; next, they dread his taking the opportunity of recruiting his resources, and especially of restoring his navy; lastly, they expect that he will take us by surprize, and attack us when he is sure to succeed. In all these apprehensions, however, there is a great deal of misconception, and no small inconsistency. As to the terms, we must first see what he offers. It is indeed very evident, that we cannot expect such favourable conditions for the Continent, as if we had not plunged it into the late war, and occasioned the ruin of Austria, the conquest of Naples, and the aggrandisement of France and her dependencies. We cannot hope such terms as the present administration would have gained, had it been formed two years ago. But it is equally clear, that if the enemy finds his advantage in peace (and if he does not, we need neither expect it nor desire it) and if he estimates, as he must, the high spirit and unconquerable valour of this country, he will make no proposals which can dishonour us. He will even tempt us to overcome our repugnance towards him, and our contempt of his new authority, by some favourable concessions. Then, with regard to his sincerity, we may safely conclude that the same motive which leads him to think of making a peace, will induce him to keep it—the motive of interest—for what can he gain by a transient peace except the paltry cession of a few islands, which we shall always be able to retake, with the troops and shipping he may send thither, so long as our marine is superior to his. Next, as to his recruiting his resources, and particularly his navy, this he most undoubtedly will attempt to do. We must lay our account with it. We mean to recruit our own army, and he must lay his account with that. But does it follow, that he will be able to acquire a navy equal to ours during the peace? Where are his seamen? Where are his officers and pilots? Where are his Nelsons? Should the peace last for ten years, which is unfortunately a high estimate, how much would England gain in her commerce, her finances, her colonial and domestic economy, her military system, her foreign policy! And France too, would gain somewhat in several of these particulars. Her trade would increase, and she would acquire colonial establishments. Would not this make her much less warlike? Would it not be utterly incompatible with the military conscription, the most formidable feature in her present aspect? Would it not render her less military in peace, and more averse to war, the greatest of evils to a mercantile and colonial nation? But could her navy in ten, or even twenty years of peace, possibly grow up so as to match our own? Should we not at the end of such a happy period, enter upon the war with our commerce augmented, our finances cleared from debt, our wealth more able to supply our necessities, our navy more numerous? And would not this be the very same thing with beginning a new series of brilliant victories over the navy of our enemies? Besides, with the restoration of our continental relations and the improvement of our army, might we not fairly expect even success on shore, as well as at sea? Why is not France averse to peace from her fears of our commerce encreasing, and our army being established on a new system? Why then should we, who are as courageous as herself, dread the progress of her trade and the re-establishment of her marine? But to all such fears one answer may be given—they prove too much—they prove that peace can never be made, if they dissuade us from making it now; they have no application to this particular time, they are apprehensions of all times, and they go to involve the world in one eternal war.

Let us hope that the wise men who are now happily placed at the head of the state, will judge better, as they see more clearly than such desponding and narrow views permit the multitude to do; that they will justly estimate the sum of affairs, not timidly shut their eyes to the misfortunes in which they have found the country; that with all their efforts to carry on a vigorous war, they will keep in mind how peculiarly the great end of all warfare is desirable at the present crisis, for our allies as well as for ourselves; that without abandoning one point which the honour of England requires them to maintain, they will abjure all those false notions of honour, by which nothing but eternal hostility with all the world can ever be obtained; and that, whether we are to be blessed with peace, or compelled to prepare for new battles, they will pursue those plans of moderate and salutary reform in the various branches of our national policy, without which no glory, no safety, not even the inheritance of a name will remain for England.

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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MAY.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Friday April 9th, a new tragedy, called *Edgar, or Caledonian Feuds*, was performed for the first time at this theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edgar, - -	Miss SMITH.
Baron, - -	Mr. POPE.
Osbert, - -	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Malcolm, - -	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Morton, - -	Mr. CRESWELL.
Count Zulmio, -	Mr. CLAREMONT.
Officer, - -	Mr. KLANERT.
Soldiers, Attendants, &c.	
Emma, - -	Miss BRUNTON.
Countess, - -	Mrs. HUMPHRIES.
Matilda, - -	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.

THE FABLE.

Osbert, the young Earl of Morven, resolving to avenge the death of his father, who had been treacherously murdered by *Malcolm*, a neighbouring Chieftain, is taken prisoner in the attempt, together with *Edgar*, a young peasant, whose gallantry had attached the Earl to him. *Edgar* escapes from his dungeon, and in his passage through the vaults discovers the rightful Baron of Glendore, the brother of *Malcolm*, by whom he had been confined, and reported dead. They quit the Castle of Glendore together, and arrive at Morven Castle, where they find the Countess and *Matilda* overwhelmed with grief. While they are consulting with him on the means of liberating *Osbert*, a herald arrives from Glendore, with a note, informing the Countess that *Malcolm* will spare the life of her son on no other terms than receiving the hand of *Matilda*, who, after a severe conflict, nobly consents to sacrifice herself to redeem her brother *Edgar* who is tenderly attached to her, endeavours to dissuade her from becoming the wife of her father's murderer, and, in a fit of despair, vows either to destroy *Malcolm* or perish. The attempt is, however, rendered unnecessary by *Osbert's* entrance, whose escape had been facilitated by *Emma*, the daughter of the rightful Baron, who, like her father, was imprisoned in Glendore Castle. *Osbert* discovering the attachment between his sister and *Edgar*, harshly upbraided him with ingratitude, and he indignantly quits Morven Castle, which greatly distresses the Baron, who is warmly attached to his deliverer. *Osbert* having challenged *Malcolm* to single combat, is way-laid by him, and his party overpowered by superior numbers. At the moment *Malcolm* is prepared to kill him, *Edgar* enters with a party of soldiers, rescues him, and retires unseen.—*Malcolm* falls by *Osbert's* hand, but, ere he dies, reveals to *Emma* that she had a brother whom *Morton* had disposed of, but could not tell how. *Matilda* is carried off by *Count Zulmio*, a noble Sicilian, who was shipwrecked, and hospitably received into Morven Castle. Taking refuge in a ruined abbey from a violent storm of thunder and lightning, they are discovered by *Edgar*, who flies to the ruins for shelter, and happily rescues his beloved *Matilda*. *Osbert*, who had pursued the ruffians, entering at the moment, suspects *Edgar*, and attacks him. *Matilda* throws herself between their swords, and *Zulmio*, touched with remorse, discovers himself, and acquits *Edgar*, to whom *Osbert* is reconciled. *Edgar* is proved by *Morton*, to be the son of the *Baron*, and the piece concludes with the union of *Edgar* and *Matilda*, and *Osbert* and *Emma*.

The play, which was throughout of the tragic cast, reminded us of several popular Scottish Dramas. It was very ably represented; Pope, H. Johnston, Chapman, Miss Smith, Mrs. H. Johnston and Miss Brunton did great justice to their parts. The performance was received, throughout, with very warm applause, and without the slightest sign of disapprobation, by one of the most full and elegant audiences of the season; the house was crowded in all parts, and with ladies particularly. It was as well received as any new play which has been brought forward for many years.

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The prevailing Spring Fashions for 1806.

Drawn by Davis, from the Elegant designs of Madame Lanchester, & Engraved by Milan, expressly for La Belle Assemblée.

Published as the Act Directs for J. Bell Weekly Messenger Office June 22 1806.

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Correct Sketches of

Kensington Garden Promenade Dresses taken from the most Fashionable

Costumes & Engraved expressly for La Belle Assemblée.

Published as the Act Directs for J Bell, Weekly Messenger Office, Southampton Street, Strand, June 1, 1806.

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FASHIONS

For JUNE, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

PLATE I. FIG. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

Round gown of fine cambric muslin, with long sleeves, and trimmed round the bottom with double muslin. A cloak of fine clear muslin, bound round with white satin ribband. A white sarsnet bonnet, ornamented with white satin puffing. Grey kid gloves and shoes.

FIG. 2.—HALF-DRESS.

Round dress of white sarsnet ornamented with crape rush. A mantle of pale-yellow sarsnet with four tassels. A cap of yellow crape to match, ornamented with a green wreath. White kid shoes and gloves. Pearl necklace and ear-rings.

PLATE II.—FIG. 1.

A round dress of plain India muslin, with a long train, chemise front, with short sleeves; a yellow sarsnet mantle over the right shoulder, fastened with a loop on the left, bound round with blue ribband; a turban straw hat, with a white lace veil thrown carelessly over. Yellow kid gloves and shoes; blue parasol.

FIG. 2.

Blue crape dress hat with a black feather across the front. A round pelise short dress, with a very deep black lace at the bottom. Blue and white striped kid shoes, yellow gloves, blue silk handkerchief tied loosely round the neck; brown parasol.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Walking dress pantaloons of corded cambric, trimmed round the bottom with lace or fine muslin; a smooth frock dress of the same material is much admired; the novelty of this dress (though several made their appearance in the Gardens last Sunday) was not so conspicuous, as trains of thin muslin were worn over to disguise, in some measure, the singularity of its effect.

Equal striped cambric muslins are coming into fashion for morning dresses, which are made high in the neck, with elastic fronts, long sleeves, no train but fluted round the bottom. It is no longer considered *mauvais ton* to dress in the forenoon; our *élégantes* appear as much so at that time as they formerly did at Ranelagh.

Mantles of various shapes and forms still continue the rage, but the most prevalent are those with hoods trimmed with coloured ribbands.—Spensers of straw coloured and pale pink in the Turkish style are much worn, and have a very graceful appearance.

Pale blue, yellow, and lilac muslin scarfs, with black Egyptian borders, are much in fashion.

The peasant bonnet of figured silk, with an heron plume, and shaded mistake ribbands. A spenser *à l'Espagnole*, and shaded silks, sprig lenon, or spider-web, trimmed with shaded mistake ribband. A barouche hat of diamond or split straw, trimmed with extreme broad ribband. Never were straw hats so much in vogue as at this moment, it would be impossible to describe their various forms; every *élégante* wishes to have a straw hat according to her own *gout*; the mob straw hat, tied under the chin, and ornamented with a lace trimming, is a very novel straw hat, and appears to be confined to the higher classes of *élégantes*. The trencher hat is much approved of, and will become very fashionable. Yeoman, or doom crowns, may also be classed amongst the most novel fashions.

Sarsnet bonnets of every description are now more worn than ever by our most elegant females; amongst the variety of shapes we have recently observed several in the style of Mary Queen of Scots, they are particularly becoming.

Silk caps ornamented with flowers, and trimmed

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with fine lace, are worn by many ladies of fashion instead of hats, a large veil is worn over them, which serves as a drapery for the whole figure; fancy hats and bonnets are not so genteel as plain.

Lace caps are also as much worn as ever, trimmed with flowers, or silk handkerchiefs, but ribbands, are not so much in use for them as last month.

The variety of colours worn at this moment renders it impossible to say which are the most fashionable, but the most prevailing are straw, pink, lemon, and lavender.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Straw hats are in the highest degree of favour: they wear yellow straw hats without any ornament whatever, but a bunch of lilac or a ribbon of pink or white, which flows loosely. Hats of white chip are sometimes interwoven with silk—for example, a rim of chip, then one of silk or ribband; this variation is pretty, but above all new. Such is the enormous front of a straw hat, that the two extremities of the edge can meet, and fasten under the chin; but the most fashionable of all are the poke (those English poke bonnets, that were formerly so much ridiculed by the French Ladies), with huge square fronts, and tassels of exact proportion on either side: as these projecting fronts are so large, to prevent the wind from deranging them, sometimes they add besides the parallel tassels, silk cord crossed several times over the front from side to side, which sufficiently confines it.

For Half Dress—A crape cap is sometimes worn, bordered all round with a wreath of large roses; at the Opera, white and pink hats very small are worn, bordered with pearls, and ornamented with feathers. Every dress has a scarf to suit, but this scarf is not always made to serve for a sash as well; it is sometimes tied in a knot at the side, with two long ends. The sleeves are worn short and full, and composed of ribband and muslin mixed.

Instead of a watch, the gentlemen wear a *fausse montre*, formed of a serpent, which bites its tail, which thus makes a circle. Sometimes there are four little serpents, whose tails are contrived to tie in the form of a ring, while their breasts meet, and their heads are erect, which forms a broach at present the most fashionable. Often, instead of a watch chain, the dashing gentlemen wear a large twisted serpent, which holds within the pocket (instead of a watch), five little twisted serpents disposed in a circle.

They dance with pleasure the country dance, particularly the English, the Gavotte tolerably, L'Allemande carelessly, but the Venetian is the dance most in vogue, and which fills both actors and spectators with enthusiasm.

HYDE PARK & KENSINGTON-GARDENS.

The same genial temperature of May which has induced nature to assume her gaudiest tints, and dressed the vegetable tribes in the richest attire of verdure and blossoms, has also banished from fashionable dress every vestige of that character termed *demi-saison*, and introduced the light and airy robes of summer. The grand parade of fashion, Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, displayed, on Sunday last, the most crowded assemblage of beauty and *haut-ton* that have as yet appeared this season; and the principal novelties of dress which attracted observation were mantles of the Egyptian stile, of various colours and materials; some of purple sarsnet or taffeta, covered by a transparent veil of white lace, or thin tambour'd muslin, and trimmed with broad rich lace; others of saffron, or primrose sarsnet, or taffeta, covered in like manner, or tastefully worked in sprigs of tambour or embroidery, and trimmed with lace, which had an effect truly elegant. Mantles entirely of black or purple lace were also much worn; but the spenser *Espagnol* and Spanish cloak seemed to have considerably lost ground in the regions of taste. Hats and tiaras of white satin and various coloured silks were also much worn; but the simple elegance of straw hats, turbans, and bonnets still maintains its claim to fashionable choice; and consequently they continue to be much worn, of various forms; and for the greater part, tastefully ornamented with wreaths or sprigs of artificial shrubs or flowers; the most prevalent rose, lilac, hyacinth, and auricula; but the most elegant in appearance were wreaths and demi-wreaths of convolvolus, jessamine, or myrtle. Rich Indian shawls too were much worn, but in a style of easy grace that has much removed our objection to that favourable and fashionable appendage. Underdresses were universally of white japan, and other muslins, with very long trains. Spensers of royal purple, or light-blue taffeta, were always general, but very few pelices even of the lightest materials appeared. Green, purple, and party-coloured silk parasols, richly fringed with gold or saffron-coloured silk, were very generally in use, and buskins of fawn-coloured velvet, or plain nankin laced up in front, completed the *costume* of the promenade.

But the dress which appeared *tout ensemble* the most novel, tasteful, attractive, and truly elegant, was worn by a lady whose majestic mien and stature, combined with every charming beauty and feminine sweetness, forcibly personified Milton's description of our first parent:—

"*Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her looks*
"*In every motion dignity and love.*"

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The dress to which we allude was a *coiffure* of white satin, formed exactly like the trencher caps of our Westminster students. The tassel at top was a rich bunch of small strung pearls, and it was tastefully looped up on the left side by a festoon of the same precious materials. An Egyptian mantle of white transparent lace, lined with royal purple sarsnet, elegantly but simply trimmed with a broad rich lace, descended from her shoulders behind, and a long train of Japan muslin swept the verdant turf o'er which she moved with a grace angelic, that attracted every eye, and won universal admiration; we understood this fascinating personage was a Lady of rank recently married; but whom it would perhaps be impolitic to name after a description so particular.

We have received several letters from correspondents with very serious complaints against the enormous length of our fashionable women's trains. They state, that in all our parties, and places of public amusement, it is almost impossible to stir without treading on a lady's train. We are convinced that nothing adds more to a noble and majestic demeanour, but still it is by no means necessary to interrupt the public way by a pompous display of graces. If we were to calculate the extent of the fashionable promenades by the space which one of our *élégantes* occupies in walking there, it would be absolutely necessary to call in the aid of a little practical geometry, and we are afraid, in consequence of this, some of our *beaux* would be compelled to return to their studies, and attend a course of lectures in that science. What an alteration would not this make in the *beau-monde?* The simpering fops would become geometricians, their minds bent on calculation.

It would be pleasant enough to see the newly created students with rules in their hands measuring the length and breadth of their fair ones' trains, and this operation finished, methodically demonstrating with mathematical precision the extent of the promenade; or, that the graces of Lady D— exceeded those of Lady P— by two or three feet. This would not be the first time merit has been measured by the ell.

According to the history of trains it appears, that in former ages their length determined the greater or less eminent degree of power and rank. In some ancient prints the trains which, on days of ceremony, our magistrates wore, lay on the ground at least three yards.

Were it to become fashionable among our *élégantes* in this manner to establish the rank they should hold in society, heaven knows how far vanity would enlarge the volume of the graces. At the theatre we should see Mrs. —— enter a box, while her train was on the stairs, and in going out it would be in the lobby when she would be stepping into her carriage. Let us not anticipate futurity, nor suppose the evil greater than it is at present The trains, such as they now are, are hurtful to public salubrity. In summer what raises those clouds of dust of an evening in St. James's and the Green Park? The trains. What, consequently, renders the air breathed there so fatal to delicate lungs, and causes so many colds, sore throats, and consumptions? The trains,—the unfortunate trains. The greater part of mankind go there to exhale the pure and uncontaminated air, but return suffocated. They must necessarily remain at home, or fly into a desert. In winter, at all our balls and routs, the evil is increased rather than diminished. It would be an insult to the host to appear at one of them without a train, or having one to hold it up, and it is impossible to describe the consequences which must result from a carpet badly brushed, or an ill chalked floor.

Sometimes, to oblige the ladies to take up these instruments of death, we have seen mischievous coxcombs set their foot on that part which lay on the ground. The lady, wishing to disengage her train, seizes its undulations, and cautiously shaking it, a cloud of dust arises from its folds, and obliges the unwary coxcomb to retire immediately for fear of suffocation.

For pity's sake, ladies, no longer, then, permit your dress to be a public calamity; diminish the volume of your graces, consider the narrow bounds of our public places, and the still more limited extent of the houses of our fashionables, compared with the space which you severally occupy; suffer us to approach you, and breathe the same atmosphere without injuring our health, no longer be inaccessible but at one side or the other, but, above all, consider the delicacy of our lungs; the goodness of your hearts convinces us that you will take some interest in our welfare, and endeavour to diminish the evils of which you are the cause.

To the EDITOR *of* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

As your work is likely to become popular among the ladies, none can be better adapted as a vehicle to useful hints for their reformation, either in morals, manners, or customs. In this our day, the little regard paid by females of the middle ranks to habitual neatness of apparel, has irresistibly attracted the observation even of such a harmless, abstracted animal as myself; far enough removed (God knows!) from refined taste, but as anxious for the honor of my countrywomen in maintaining their national character

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for cleanliness, simplicity, and elegance of dress, as the most skillful Abigail possibly can be for the superiority of her lady on a birth-night. Probably my remarks may be stigmatized as captious, impertinent, if not false; and while the wives and daughters of tradesmen have from generation to generation endeavoured to vie with the wives and daughters of the nobility in external appearance, it may be asserted (not without truth) that they never succeeded so well as at this present time; but should the young citizen or yeoman, struck with the dazzling display of his partner's person at a subscription dance, just call unexpectedly the next morning to enquire after healths, &c. and take a peep at these attractions by day-light, what might not be his surprise? Ten to one, if the fair object chance to be in the passage at his entrance, but he passes on to the parlour door, mistaking her for the cook or the housemaid; when, instead of the glossy braid and sparkling comb, he might see the hair *en papillotes*, and a cap thrown on *à la Cuisiniere*, with unaffected negligence, instead of the three yard train, a flounce in every part, of dingy hue, save where the quick-discarded apron spreads its protecting mantle; and altogether he would vainly seek the easy agreeable companion of the preceding evening, in the embarrassed air, and hurried aspect of the morning slattern. Now I would not have you suppose, Sir, by all this, that I consider it either possible, or politic, for a young woman occupied in household concerns to be always decked out as if in a ball-room; in fact, it is the only plea urged by this species of inattention, "that it is impossible to be precise and exact when one's busy." Grant me pardon for contradiction, but she may be tidy though immersed to the elbows in pastry, or seated at the ironing-board; which tidiness consists not so much in the quality or materials of dress, as in the methods of arranging it. I have no objection to curl-papers, because I think them best taken out after breakfast; nor to a morning-cap, or an apron, because I prefer them clean and in their proper positions, but surely were it not better for city and country belles to attire themselves at once, for a domestic day, in the charming simplicity of a lively young quaker (sprinkling as much of the mode as convenient), to substract somewhat from their public *éclat*, and place it to their private account; especially when we reflect, that in bestowing no pains on themselves at home, they pay a most lamentable compliment to the small circle of their nearest connections; or if this be ineffectual, let a laudable pride whisper to the slovenly fashionable, that her choosing to copy scullions and dairy-maids in negligence of garb, justifies their folly and assurance in taking pattern of a pretty cap, or a well-made gown, belonging to their young mistress.

In short, Sir, though it seems to me no disgrace for a tradesman's daughters to have lace of less value, or fewer new bonnets than my Lady Charlotte, or my Lady Sophia, I see no reason why the gentlewoman and the house-wife should be for ever at variance.

Yours, &c.

Staines, May, 1806. G. A. G.

MRS. SHERIDAN'S FETE.

A grand *Fete*, given by Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, on Monday, at their house in Somerset-place, was marked by peculiar elegance. It was intended as a house-warming, and likewise to celebrate the christening of the infant son of Mr. T. Sheridan, and the infant daughter of Mr. Scott, who is married to a sister of Mrs. Sheridan. The Prince of Wales and the Countess of Westmoreland were sponsors to Master Sheridan.—Mr. Sheridan was the proxy for his Royal Highness. The entrance-hall and the apartments were fitted up with great taste and magnificence. The former was converted into an elegant conservatory. The middle drawing-room was appropriated for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his party; the third room was in a corresponding style of elegance, and led to a beautiful Turkish tent, which was erected in the grand gallery over the arch; here a table was laid for thirty-six for supper; and when the whole of this elegant suite of apartments was thrown open, it formed a most beautiful and elegant promenade. Two other rooms were set out for supper, and tables for 100 were also laid, after the ball, in the front drawing-rooms. The grand library was appropriated for dancing; the floor was tastefully chalked with the Prince's plume in the centre, and an Etruscan border, with laurel branches at the angles.

The entertainment commenced about eleven, with a masque, by characters in appropriate dresses, representing aerial spirits, Venetian gondoliers, and a group of the witches in *Macbeth*. Dancing began about one, and continued till a late hour. The Prince of Wales arrived about twelve. The Dukes of Cambridge and Somerset were also present.

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June 1. 1806 La Belle Ass

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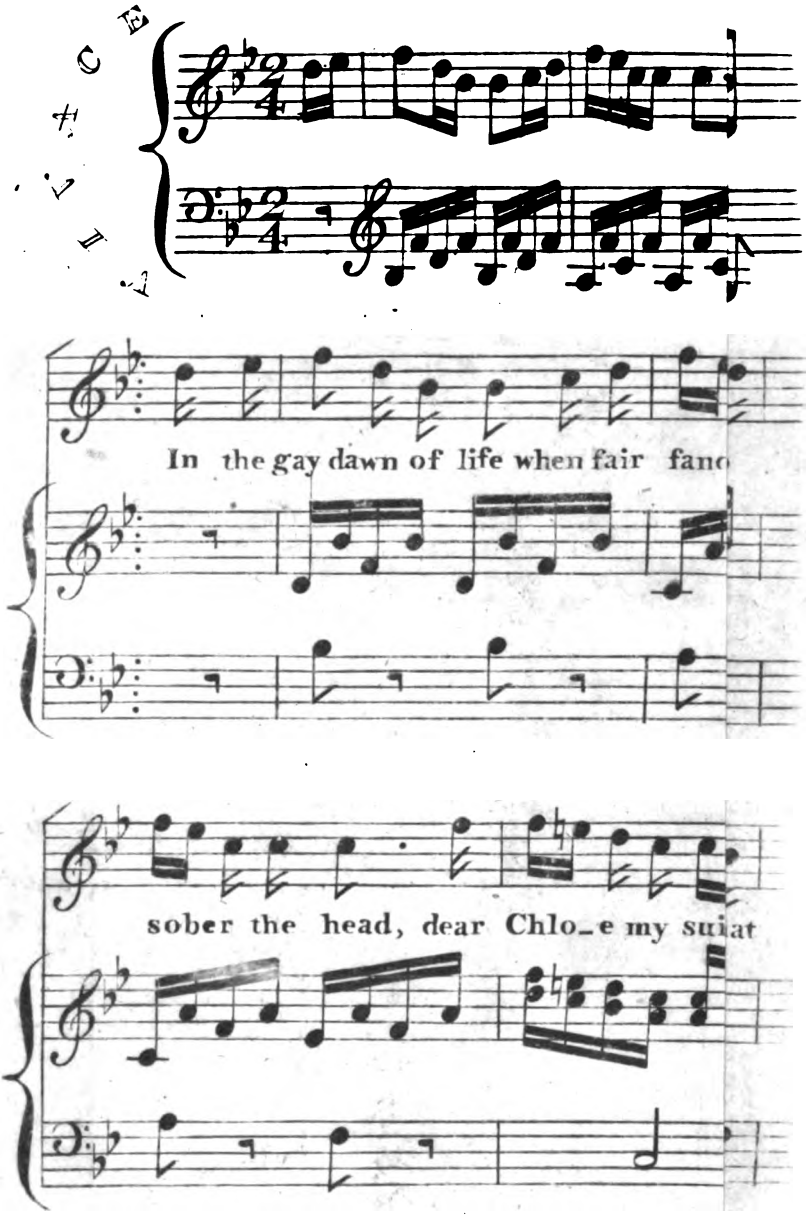
Composed by Mr KELLY expressly.



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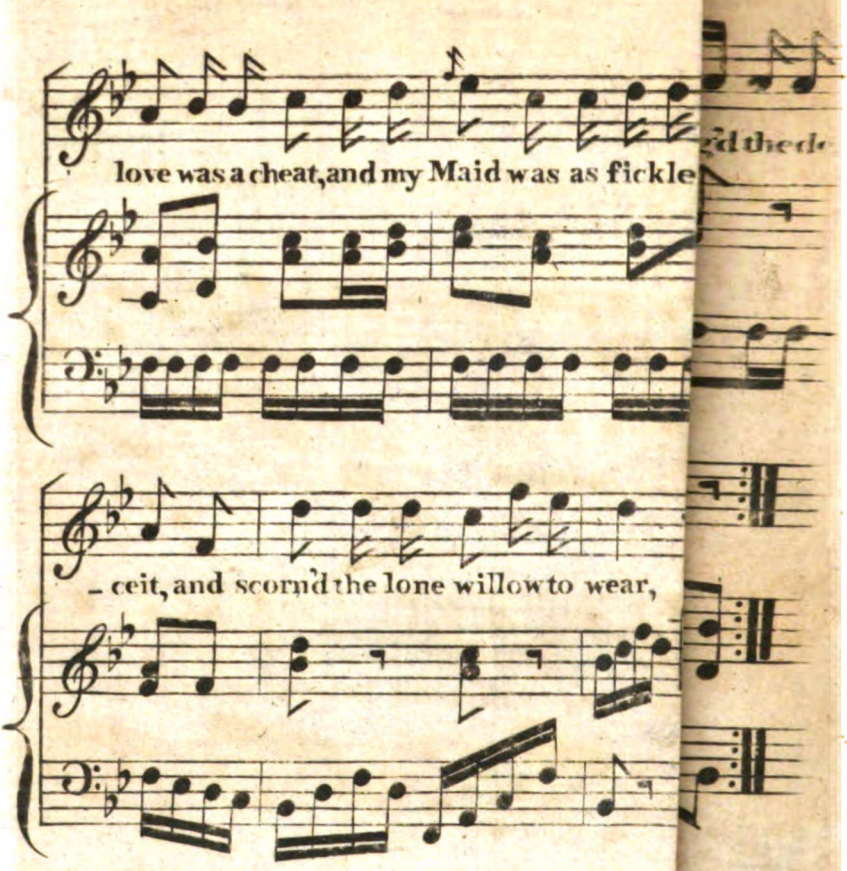

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When under the Hawthorn beside the
To the Zephyrs that scent the ga
My freedom fond Fool, once again I
And told to fair Phillis my tale
But I soon found the Nymph was to lo
Than to taste the soft incense o
So the vows that I pledg'd her I gave
And scorn'd the lone willow to

London Publish'd as the Act directs June 1.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An admirable Portrait Likeness of Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta, engraved by Scriven, after the Original Picture painted by Sir William Beechey.
2. Four whole length Portraits of Fashionable Walking, Opera, and Full Dresses, for July, 1806.
3. An Original Song, set to Music, expressly for this Work, by Mr. M. P. King.
4. Three different Original Patterns for Needle-Work.

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Supplementary Advertisements for the Month.

London: Printed by and for J. Bell, *Southampton Street, Strand. July* 1, 1806.

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On the First of August, with the next succeeding Number of this Magazine (being the SIXTH), *will be published, a*

SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,

WHICH WILL COMPLETE THE FIRST VOLUME.

IN order to render this Work as perfect as possible, it has been suggested to the Proprietors, that a REVIEW and CRITICAL ACCOUNT of the Literature of the day was necessary, as well from the want of a Work of this kind upon a principle of selection and elegance, as from the necessity of supplying the Subscribers of this Magazine with an Account of NEW BOOKS, which they would otherwise have to seek in the common Reviews.—The Proprietors, therefore, have been induced to offer to the Public a SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER, to be published Half Yearly, which will be delivered with every SIX Numbers of the Magazine, and conclude the Volume to which it is attached.—This SUPPLEMENT will contain a Review of Literature for the previous six months, and will proceed upon the plan which has been so deservedly popular in the Edinburgh Reviews.—Its general principle will be the selection of such Books as, from their pretensions, the novelty of their subjects, and the reputation of their Authors, are most likely to interest the Public.—As the Works selected will be most conspicuous for Literature, so the method of the Review, it is trusted, will be equally conspicuous for its candour and impartiality.—The extracts from Books will be very sparing indeed, never more than will be sufficient to give a general sample of their character and style, as the object of the Editors is to confine their Criticisms chiefly to ORIGINAL DISCUSSION, and to trespass as little as possible upon the ordinary functions of a Review.

As the SUPPLEMENT will always conclude the Volume to which it is appended, it will, of consequence contain a PREFACE and general INDEX to the previous Numbers; and the Decorative Parts will be of a character and quality far superior to what has hitherto appeared in any periodical Works, and which, when considered with a reference to the Ornaments of the other Numbers, will uniformly render the SUPPLEMENT more estimable than any of the preceding.

In the SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER, to be published with the Sixth Number, on the first of August next, will be given a FRONTISPIECE, characteristic of the Work, and a suitable appendage to the Volume.—The most EMINENT ARTIST of the modern age, the man to whom the British School is chiefly indebted for the present renown and lustre of its character, has presented the Proprietors of this Work with a DESIGN for the FRONTISPIECE, which will be engraven in a stile of excellence correspondent with its merits.—The Subscribers are therefore requested to give early orders for this Number, as they will thus be enabled to ensure the best impressions.—A greater quantity of the Supplemental Number will be published than of any of the preceding, in order that the Public in general may be supplied, as well as the Subscribers.

N. B. The Subscribers will give orders for the SUPPLEMENT to be sent with their regular Number for August next, in order that they may complete their Volume immediately.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN influx of matter which we were obliged to admit, has laid us under the unpleasant necessity of postponing many favours which were destined for insertion in the present Number.—Our Correspondents are requested to receive this apology, and not to imagine, because their communications are delayed, that they are therefore slighted and rejected.—It is one of the difficulties of our situation frequently to be compelled to promise (upon good grounds indeed, and the fairest intentions,) what subsequent circumstances render it almost impossible to perform. We shall hasten, however, to redeem every pledge we have given, and, after this confession, we deprecate all asperity, and construction of neglect, upon the part of those FRIENDS *whom our duty, inclination, and interest, equally lead us to oblige.*

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For JUNE 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Fifth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS SOPHIA AUGUSTA.

SOPHIA AUGUSTA, the second daughter of our most gracious Sovereign, George the Third, and Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain, was born November 8, 1768.

Our readers are already aware of the narrow limits to which our biographical sketches are confined; and they become yet more restricted when the subject is placed upon that elevation which precludes a near and familiar survey. The privacy of domestic life affords very little incident for biography; nor are the materials much augmented when the mention is even that of a princess. Notwithstanding the amiable and useful virtues are always most successfully cultivated at home, in that sphere which comprehends, if not the most splendid, yet certainly the most beneficial portion of life.

It is the just pride of the female branch of the Royal Family of England to court this privacy and seclusion, which affords full scope for the practice of the amiable and benevolent qualities of their nature, and, at the same time, does not confine their examples to themselves; they cultivate the virtues, and practise the duties of retirement, but, nevertheless, do not withhold their influence from society.

Her Royal Highness Sophia Augusta is universally allowed by all who have had the honour to approach her, to be one of the most accomplished women of the age; her manners are courtly and polished, without affectation and insincerity; and her demeanour is that of a princess, with all the condescension of the most humble subject; her mind is highly cultivated, and she is mistress of several languages, but the art in which she is most accomplished is music; her preference of this delightful study has been prosecuted to that degree of excellence which entitles her to rank as a complete mistress of the science. It is unnecessary to say more.

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BATHMENDI:

A PERSIAN TALE.

UNDER the reign of one of the Monarchs of Persia, a merchant of Balsora, by some unfortunate speculations, was nearly ruined. He gathered the wreck of his fortune, and retired to the province of Kousistan. There he purchased an humble cottage, and a small tract of land, which he but ill cultivated, because he still regretted the time when all his wishes were amply gratified, without the aid of labour. Grief shortened the tide of life, he felt the last ebb fast approaching, and calling his four sons around him, he said to them, "My children, I have nothing to bestow on you but this cottage, and the knowledge of a secret which, till the present moment, I would not reveal. In the time of my prosperity the genius Abzim was my friend; he gave me his promise that when I was no more he would be your protector, and share amongst you a treasure. This genius inhabits the great forest of Kom. Go seek him; remind him of his promise, but be far from believing——." Death would not allow him to conclude.

The merchant's four sons, after having wept and buried their father, journeyed towards the forest of Kom. When arrived, they enquired for Abzim's residence, and were soon directed to it, as he was generally known; all those that went to him met with a kind reception, he listened to their complaints, consoled them, and lent them money when they needed it. But his kindness was bestowed only on one condition—what he advised must be blindly followed. This was his command, and no one was admitted into his palace before having vowed implicit obedience.

This oath did not intimidate the three elder brothers; but the fourth, who was named Selim, conceived this ceremony very ridiculous. Still he must enter to receive the treasure; he swore as his brothers did; but reflecting on the dangerous consequences which might attend this indiscreet vow, and remembering that his father, whose life had been a series of follies, often visited Abzim's palace, he wished, without violating his oath, to guard against all danger; and to effect this, while he was conducted to the genius, he stopped both his ears with odoriferous wax; armed with this precaution he knelt before the throne of Abzim.

Abzim raised the four sons of his late friend, embraced them, spoke to them of their father, and while shedding tears to his memory, ordered a large coffer to be brought to him, which, upon being opened, was discovered to be filled with dariques. "This," said he, "is the treasure which I have destined for you; I am going to divide it into four equal parts, and then I will tell each of you the road he must pursue to attain the summit of happiness.

Selim heard nothing; but he observed the genius with attention, and thought he discovered in his eyes and countenance an expression of cunning and malignity that gave him much suspicion. However he received with gratitude his share of the treasure. Abzim, after having thus enriched them, assuming an affectionate air, said, "My dear children, your happiness or misery depend on your meeting, sooner or later, a certain being named Bathmendi, of whom every one speaks, but very few are acquainted with." All unhappy mortals slowly seek him; I am your sincere friend, and will whisper in the ear of each of you where he will be able to find Bathmendi." At these words Abzim took Bekir, the eldest of the brothers, apart; "My son," said he, "nature has endowed you with courage, and great warlike talents; the King of Persia is sending an army against the Turks; join this army. It is in the Persian camp where you may find Bathmendi." Bekir thanked the genius, and was impatient to depart.

Abzim beckoned the second son to approach; it was Mesrou: "You have wit," said he, "dexterity, and a great disposition to tell lies; take the road to Ispahan, it is at Court you should seek Bathmendi."

He called the third brother, who was named Omir: "You," said he, "are endowed with a teeming and lively imagination, you regard objects, not as they really are, but as you wish them to be; you have often genius, but seldom common sense; you will become a poet; take the road to Agra; it is among the wits and beauties of that town that you may find Bathmendi."

Selim advanced in his turn, and thanks to the wax in his ears, heard not a word of what Abzim said. It has been since known that he advised him to become a Dervise.

The four brothers, after thanking the beneficent genius, returned to their habitation. The three eldest dreamed but of Bathmendi; Selim took the wax from his ears, and heard them arrange their departure, and propose selling their little house to the first bidder, that they might share the profit arising from it. Selim asked to become the purchaser; this they readily agreed

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to: the house and field were valued, and he paid what was coming to each of his brothers, wished them much prosperity, embraced them tenderly, and remained alone under the paternal roof.

It was then he wished to execute a project he had long thought of. He loved the young Amina, daughter of a neighbouring peasant. Beauty and wisdom had lavished their choicest gifts upon Amina. She took care of her father's house, watched attentively over his declining years, and only asked of God two things—that her father might long be spared, and that she might become the wife of Selim. Her wishes were granted. Selim asked her hand, and obtained it. Amina's father consented to live with his beloved child, and taught Selim how to cultivate the land to advantage. Selim had still a little gold remaining, which was employed in improving his estate, and purchasing a flock of sheep; the fields were soon doubled in value; the sheep paid their tribute of wool, abundance reigned in his house, and as he was laborious, and his wife economical, each year augmented their revenue. Amina annually presented him with a pledge of their mutual love; children who impoverish the wealthy sons of idleness, enrich the industrious cultivator of the fields. In seven years Selim was the father of seven blooming children, blessed with an amiable and virtuous wife, a wise and affectionate father-in-law, master of numerous slaves, and possessor of two flocks, he was the happiest and wealthiest farmer of all Kousistan.

Meanwhile his three brothers were running after Bathmendi. Bekir, on arriving at the Persian camp, had presented himself before the Grand Vizir, and begged to be enrolled in the corps most exposed to danger.

His figure and courage pleased the Vizir, who admitted him into a troop of cavalry. A few days after the battle took place; it was bloody. Bekir wrought miracles, he saved the life of his general, and took prisoner the enemy's chief. Every one echoed Bekir's praises; each soldier called him the hero of Persia; and the grateful Vizir raised him to the rank of Officer General. "Abzim was right," thought Bekir, "it was here that fortune awaited me; all foretels that I shall soon meet Bathmendi."

Bekir's success, and particularly his elevation, excited in the breasts of the Satrapes envy and murmuring. Some came to ask news of his father, and complained of having their debts compromised in his bankruptcy; others pretended that his mother had been their slave; and all refused to serve under him, because they were his seniors.

Bekir, unhappy even by his successes, lived solitary, always on his guard, always expecting some outrage, which he could avenge, but not prevent; he regretted the time when he was only a simple soldier, and waited with impatience for the termination of the war, when the Turks, with a fresh reinforcements, and commanded by a new general, came and attacked Bekir's division.

The Satrapes had long wished for this opportunity, and employed a hundred times more skill to have their general defeated, than they had in the whole course of their lives displayed to defend themselves. Bekir fought like a lion, but he was neither obeyed nor seconded. The Persian soldiers vainly resisted, their officers guided, and only prompted them to flight. The brave Bakir, abandoned, covered with wounds, sunk under the weight of them, and was taken by the Janissaries. The Turkish general was base enough to have him loaded with irons, as soon as he could bear them, and sent him to Constantinople, where he was thrown into a dungeon.

"Alas!" exclaimed he, "I begin to fear that Abzim has deceived me, for I cannot hope here to meet Bathmendi."

The war lasted fifteen years, and the Satrapes always prevented Bekir's being exchanged.—Peace at length restored him his liberty; he immediately returned to Ispahan, and sought his friend the Vizier, whose life he had saved. It was three weeks before he could gain access to him; at the expiration of this time he obtained an audience. Fifteen years imprisonment had greatly altered a very handsome young man. Bekir was scarcely to be recognized, and the Vizir did not remember him; at last, on recalling the many glorious epochs of his life, he remembered that Bekir had formerly rendered him a trifling service. "Yes, yes, my friend," said he, "I remember you; you are a brave fellow; but the state is loaded with debts, a long war and great festivals have exhausted our finances; however, call again, I will try, I will see, I will see." "But I am in want of bread, and for three weeks have sought the opportunity of speaking to your Highness. I should have died with hunger, if an old soldier, my former comrade, had not shared with me his pay." "This soldier's conduct is much to be commended," answered the Vizir, "it is truly affecting; I will relate it to the King; return to see me, you know I esteem you." Saying these words he turned his back on Bekir, who called the next day, but could not obtain an audience; in despair he quitted the palace, resolving never to enter it again.

He travelled on till he came to the river Zondron; overcome with fatigue, he fell at the foot of a tree; there he reflected on the ingratitude

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of Vizirs, and on all the troubles he had experienced, on those which still menaced him, and being no longer able to support his wretched existence, he arose with the intention of precipitating himself into the river. But just as he had reached it, he found himself closely encircled in the arms of a mendicant, who bathed his face with tears, and sobbing cried, "It is my brother, it is my brother Bekir!" Bekir looked, and recognized Mesrou.

Doubtless every man feels pleasure in meeting a long lost brother; but a wretched being without resources, without friends, and in despair on the point of hastening his fate, thinks he beholds an angel descending from heaven, in seeing a beloved brother. These were the sentiments Bekir and Mesrou experienced; they clasped each other in their arms, and melted into tears; and after having given a few moments to affection, they regarded each other with looks of surprise and affliction. "You are then as miserable as myself," cried Bekir, "This is the first moment of happiness I have felt," answered Mesrou, "since we separated." At these words the unfortunate brothers again embraced; and Mesrou, seated beside Bekir, thus commenced his history:—

You remember the fatal day in which we visited Abzim. This perfidious genius told me I might find Bathmendi, whom we all wished so much to meet, at Court. I followed his fatal advice, and soon arrived at Ispahan. There I became acquainted with a young slave, who belonged to the mistress of the first secretary of the Grand Vizir. This slave loved me, and presented me to her mistress, who, finding me handsomer and younger than her lover, invited me to her house, and made me pass for her brother. She soon introduced me to the Vizir, and in a few days I obtained an employment in the palace.

I had only to pursue the path that had led me so high; and as the Sultan's mother was old and ugly, but enjoyed absolute sway, I took care assiduously to pay her my court. She distinguished me, and displayed as much friendship towards me as the slave and her mistress had formerly done. From this instant honour and riches rained down upon me. The Sultana obliged the Sophi to give me all the gold of the treasury; all the dignities of the state. The monarch himself was graciously disposed towards me; he loved to converse with me, because I flattered with address, and my counsels were always in unison with his desires—These were the means I employed to make him do what I wished, which did not fail to happen. At the expiration of three years I was at the same time first minister and favourite of the King, beloved by his mother, and had the power of naming and changing the Vizirs. Nothing was decided without the sanction of my authority. Every morning all the nobility of the empire attended my levee to obtain from me a smile of protection.

In the midst of my glory and success I was astonished at not finding Bathmendi. This idea, and the hurried life I led, poisoned all my pleasures. The Sultana grew every day more capricious as she descended into the vale of years.—She often burst forth, without cause, into violent fits of jealousy, loaded me with reproaches, and finished with caresses still more fatiguing than her injuries. On the other side, my elevation drew around me a crowd of tiresome courtiers, and awoke enmity in the minds of thousands. For every favour I granted, one single mouth scarcely offered me thanks, while I was cursed by thousands. The generals I appointed were defeated, and I bore the blame of their disasters. The King's good actions were solely his; but all his evil ones were placed to my account. I was detested by the people; all the Court held me in abhorrence; numerous libels attacked my fame; my master often frowned on me; the Sultana incessantly tormented me, and Bathmendi seemed to be still further than ever from my grasp.

The King's passion for a young Mingrilian completed my misfortune. All the court looked up to her, hoping the mistress might by her influence turn out the minister. I parried this blow by uniting with her, and in flattering the King. But this passion became so violent, that he decided to espouse his mistress, and asked my advice. For some days my answers were evasive. The Sultana, fearing her power would end with her son's marriage, came and declared to me, that if I did not prevent their nuptials, she would have me murdered on the day of their celebration. An hour after the Mingrilian came, and swore that if I did not oblige the King to marry her I should be strangled the next day. My situation was truly embarrassing; I must chuse the dagger, the rope, or flight; I embraced the latter. Disguised as you see I escaped from the palace, with a few diamonds in my pocket, which will purchase me ease and convenience with you in some retired part of Indostan, far from Sultanas, Mingrilian favourites, and the splendid vanity of courts.

After this, Bekir related his adventures to Mesrou. They both agreed that it would have been as well if they had not entered the many paths of a capricious world, and that the wisest thing they could do would be to return to their brother Selim, at Koussistan; where Mesrou's diamonds would ensure them a comfortable subsistence. After this resolution they began their

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journey, and travelled several days without meeting any adventure.

As they were traversing the province of Kousistan, they arrived at a little village, where they proposed to pass the night. It was a day of festivity; on entering the village they observed a number of rustic children walking, conducted by a schoolmaster of a very shabby appearance, and who, with his eyes bent to the ground, seemed wrapped in thought. On approaching and examining his features, what was their surprise? It was Omir, their brother, whom they embraced. "What, my friend," exclaimed Bekir, "Oh, is it thus genius is recompenced!" "You see," replied Omir, "valour meets with much the same reward; but the philosopher finds great subject for reflection, and that is some consolation." Saying this, he conducted the children home to their parents, and then led Bekir and Mesrou into his little cottage, and prepared with his own hands some rice for their supper; and after having listened to his brothers' adventures, he related his own in the following words:—

The genius Abzim, who I very much suspect to delight in mischief, advised me to seek this yet unfound Bathmendi among the wits and beauties, in the splendid city of Agra. I arrived there, and before I made myself known I wished to complete a work that might make me enter the literary world with *eclat*. At the end of a month my book appeared, it was a complete description of all human sciences, in a little volume, in 18mo, of sixty pages, divided into chapters; each chapter contained a tale, and each tale taught a science.

My work met with prodigious success. Some critics, indeed, chose to say it was rather tedious, but all the first people purchased it, and this consoled me for what they had pleased to advance. I was sought after, and invited by all who thought themselves learned; all I did was admirable; none was spoken of but Omir; I was courted by every body; and the favourite Sultana wrote me a note, without orthography, to beg I would visit the court.

Courage, thought I; Abzim has not deceived me, my fame is at its height, I will support myself by means more secure than intrigue; I will please, I will charm, and I shall find Bathmendi.

I met with a very gracious reception in the palace of the Great Mogul; the favourite Sultana publicly declared herself my protectress, presented me to the Emperor, desired me to write verses, gave me a pension, admitted me to her supper parties, and swore to me a hundred times a day sentiments of friendship. On my side, I devoted my heart to unbounded gratitude, and promised to consecrate my days to sing and celebrate my benefactress. I composed a poem in her praise, in which the sun was but a false gem compared to her eyes; where the ivory, the coral, the finest pearls were nothing beside her face, her lips, and her teeth. These crafty and delicate praises ensured me her support.

I fancied I almost beheld Bathmendi, when my protectress quarrelled with the Vizir, because he refused to give the government of a province to the son of her confectioner. Enraged at his audacity she asked the Emperor to banish the insolent minister, but the Emperor esteemed his Vizir, and refused his favourite. Then it was necessary to form a regular plan of intrigue to overthrow the Vizir. I was of the plot, and received orders to compose an acrimonious satyr. It is not difficult to write a satire, mine was soon completed, and tolerably good; it was read with avidity, which is always the case.

The Vizir soon discovered the author, he sought the favourite, presented her the government he had refused, and an order to receive a hundred thousand dariques from the Royal treasury; and for all this only asked her permission to condemn me to a death by hunger in a dungeon. It is a trifle, answered the favourite, I am too happy in being able to oblige you. I will, if you wish, immediately send for that insolent wretch, who has dared to insult you, notwithstanding my express orders to the contrary, and I will deliver him into your hands." Happily a slave who was present came and apprized me of my danger, I had only time to escape. Since that period I have traversed Indostan, scarcely gaining a subsistence by writing romances and verses for booksellers, who cheated me, and were more severe on my talents than their own consciences, and even would not allow that my style possessed merit; when I had money, my writings were sublime, no sooner was I in poverty, than I wrote nothing but nonsense. At last, disgusted and tired of enlightening the world, I have preferred teaching peasants to read; I established myself in this village, where I eat brown-bread without any hope of finding Bathmendi.

"Leaving it, and returning with us to our native village depends entirely upon you," said Mesrou, "where some diamonds I take with me will ensure ease and comfort." They easily prevailed on Omir to accompany them, and the next day the three brothers left the village, and took the road of Kousistan.

After journeying for a few days they approached the habitation of Selim: the idea of seeing him gave them hope, but that hope was not unmixed with fear.

"Shall we find our brother, we left him very

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poor; how could he have met with Bathmendi, since he did not seek him?" said Omir; "I have deeply reflected on that Bathmendi whom Abzin mentioned to us, and truly I suspect the genius only meant to laugh at us. Bathmendi does not exist, and has never existed; for since B kir did not find him when he commanded the Persian army; since Mesrou never heard of him when he was the favourite of the great king; since I could not even guess who he was, when fortune and glory showered down their favours upon me, it is plain that Bathmendi is an imaginary being, a chimera, after which all men run, because they are all fond of running."

He was going to prove that Bathmendi was not an inhabitant of this world, when suddenly a band of robbers rushed from the rocks, surrounded the travellers, and commanded them to give up all they had. Bekir wished to resist, but four of the villains presented their daggers, and took every thing from him, scarcely leaving enough of clothes to cover him, while their comrades did the same to Mesrou. After this ceremony, which was the affair of a moment, the chief wished them a good journey, and departed.

"This proves the truth of my reasoning," said Omir," looking at his brothers. "Ah! the villains," exclaimed Bekir, "they have torn my sword from me." "Ah! my poor diamonds," sighed Mesrou.

It was now night, and the unfortunate brothers hastened to g in Selim's house; they soon arrived, and the sight of it filled their eyes with tears; all their fears recommenced and they dared not knock. While they were balancing, Bekir perceived a hole in the window-shutter, and got upon a large stone and looked in. In a room very neatly furnished he discovered Selim, seated at table, surrounded by twelve children, who were eating, laughing, and chattering; on his right sat Amina, who was cutting the food of her youngest child; and on his left was a little old man of a very mild and pleasing countenance, who was filling a glass for Selim. At this spectacle Bekir joyfully leaped from the stone, and clasping his brothers in his arms, knocked loudly at the door. A servant opened, who, seeing three men of their strange appearance, uttered a loud scream. Selim advanced, and found himself encircled in the warm embraces of his long-lost brothers. He was at first astonished, but soon recognized Bekir, Mesrou, and Omir, returned their embraces, and presented them to Amina, his children, and the little old man, who still remained at table; he then brought them three suits of his own clothes to replace their tattered rags.

"Alas!" said the affected Bekir, "your fate recompences us for all we have suffered; since the instant of our separation, our lives have been a continued chain of misfortunes, and we have not even caught a glimpse of that Bathmendi." "I readily believe you," said the little old man, "for I have not stirred from hence."

"What!" cried Mesrou, "you are——."

"I am Bathmendi," rejoined he. "It is perfectly natural you should not know me, since you never before beheld me; but ask Selim, ask the good Amina, and all these little children; there is not one but can lisp my name. I have lived here fifteen years, and in that time have only left my friends one day, and that was the one on which Amina lost her father; but I returned, and have promised myself never to withdraw again. It depends upon you, gentlemen adventurers, to make my acquaintance, if it pleases you I shall be very glad; if you do not care, I can do without you. I am not troublesome; I remain in my corner, never dispute, and detest noise."

The three brothers, who during this speech had been gazing on him with admiration, now wished to embrace him. "Softly," cried he, "I do not like these violent emotions. I am extremely delicate, and pressing stifles me. We must also be friends before we caress. If you wish to become mine, you must not trouble yourselves too much about me. I prefer ease to politeness, and all that is not moderate is my aversion." Saying these words he arose, kissed each of the children, bowed to the brothers, and smiling at Selim and Amina, left the room. Selim ordered beds to be prepared for his brothers and resumed his seat at the table; after having heartily supped they all retired to rest.

The next morning Selim showed them his fields, his flocks, and his oxen, and described all the pleasures he enjoyed. Bekir resolved to till the ground immediately, and he soon became the friend of Bathmendi; Mesrou who had been first minister, turned first shepherd of the farm; the poet took upon him the charge of going to town to sell the corn, wool, and milk, which was sent to market; his eloquence attracted custom, and he was as useful as the rest. At the end of six months Bathmendi was perfectly pleased with them, and their days gently glided on in the bosom of happiness.

E. R.

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THE HISTORY OF A MAN OF THE MODE;

OR,

A SKETCH OF REAL LIFE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAMES.

SIR ROBERT ——, the father of the present Sir ——, was a man of mean birth, mean fortune, and a still meaner soul; being successful, however, in his trade, he amassed immense wealth. His former meanness was now forgotten; he purchased a baronetage, and to give it greater weight, a borough. His services to the ministry rendered him a favourite at court; and he now acted that part of servility in a more splendid scene which he had formerly exhibited in his shop. The most singular trait in his character was a peculiar shrewdness of remark; and I remember one of his maxims, which is still repeated with praise, "Nothing is lost," he would say, "in the purchase of promotion, by general flattery, the only current coin of courts: it is buying a commodity with bad money; the seller is indeed a dupe, but the buyer is certainly a gainer." With this species of Scotch morality, it is no reasonable subject of surprise that Sir Robert was the favourite of a court.

There was something, however, still wanting to Sir Robert. His baronetage, his seat in parliament, and his court favour had indeed advanced his consequence. He had been appointed chairman of many petty societies; and where the business was not of too great importance, had appeared in the list of a Select Committee. He had ventured to propose several new turnpikes; and, to the astonishment of his warmest friends, once defended the utility of a navigable canal, even in a full house. Something, however, was still wanting to inspire him with greater confidence. His former occupation, in a low and menial trade, was not so wholly forgotten, but that the rival candidate of his borough interest would sometimes recall it to his memory; he was even fearful of giving his silent *aye* with too much warmth of gesture, lest the Opposition should level a jest at so respectable an associate of their adversaries.

To guard against these inconveniences, nothing could be fully effectual but to increase his consequence to a point which must awe them to respect. He had recourse to the usual means—a matrimonial alliance. His friends procured him a wife to his wishes, one who as heartily despised him as she loved his wealth. Sir Robert, however, according to his own expression, was here even with her; for he hated her person as much as he admired her quality. This mutual hatred and mutual attachment, however, are the usual foundation of a fashionable union; Sir Robert therefore received the hand of the lady as the patent of a new title. The present Sir —— was the only issue of this marriage; and became so strong a cement, that the subsequent affection of Sir Robert and his Lady could only be equalled by their former contempt—an effect of matrimony more usual than credible.

Sir Robert was resolved that his son should enjoy those advantages of which the narrow circumstances of his early life had deprived himself. "I tremble," said Sir Robert, "when I rise to propose a turnpike; but it shall not be so with my son, he shall propose a budget without a blush. I hesitate when I fix a parish-rate; it shall not be so with my son, he shall tax a nation with a confidence as unblushing as the Premier himself; he shall stand unmoved amidst contending benches, and command order with the dignity and authority of the Chair himself." Such were the resolutions of Sir Robert, and such his rule of education for his only son and heir.

Nor was the care of the lady less occupied upon the future figure of her son. About a year before her union with Sir Robert, she had been addressed by a libertine of fashion; but as her lover had started a better fortune, he had not hesitated to desert his former pursuit, and hunt his new game. He had married this his second mistress but a few months before the lady herself accepted the hand of Sir Robert; and it was to resentment of this infidelity, perhaps, that Sir Robert owed the rapid success of his solicitation. She had not as yet forgotten this injury, and the first wish of her heart was revenge upon her faithless lover. I relate these circumstances, because they are necessary to the narrative, and will furnish a singular example as well of the permanence, as of the long reach and persevering progress of female vengeance. In one word, the lady was resolved to employ her son as the instrument of her revenge upon her lover, and determined to educate him upon a system suited to this purpose.

"The manly and regular features of my son," said she, "resemble those of my lover. His manners and accomplishments shall have the same similitude. He shall be the same seductive libertine, have the same brilliancy of fashion, contempt of morals, and gay indifference to every

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thing which the more vulgar part of his species esteem of importance; by this means will he become an effectual means of my vengeance. The daughters of my lover shall be his first attempt; he shall return upon them the injury I have received from their father; my vengeance may perhaps still be complete. The wife of my perjured lover may be the victim of my son's seduction. Glorious vengeance! I will hesitate no longer!"

Such was the purpose of this lady in the education of her son; and so lively and durable was her resolution, that she persevered in this system from the earliest years of her son's youth to the final accomplishment of her purpose. Such was the origin of the character of Sir ——; and you will find the harvest has not disappointed the hopes of the cultivators.

At the proper age he was sent to Westminster School; his father and mother very properly considered this as the *menage* of his future life and character. They did not fail, therefore, to accompany their adieus upon his departure with suitable advice.

"Remember boy," said Sir Robert, "the sole end of your life is promotion, and that of your education the talents to attain it. Be it your's therefore, to acquire these means of your elevation—a never-blushing confidence and a command of face. Be it your's to obtain that constancy of purpose, that obstinacy of resolution, that the hiss of the united nation shall in vain assail your resolved mind. Remember that worth is utility with another name."

Thus spoke the father, nor did the lady address her son with less earnestness or less effect: she presented him with a splendid edition of Chesterfield; and with a parting embrace, commanded him, as he valued her parental blessing, to study it, and resemble its all-accomplished author. "Remember," said she, "that the true end of your life is pleasure, and that fortune and honour are to be sought but as the means of its attainment. Where is the value of the Ribbon, but that it recommends you with more effect to your mistress? Where is the value of wealth, but that it supplies you with the sources of pleasure? Be it your's, therefore, to unite the talents of pleasure with those less necessary qualities of business—remember the Graces."

With such advice was the young Sir —— dismissed to the scene of a public school; nor was it long before he began to fulfil the hopes of his parents: his expences were so far beyond his allowance, that it became necessary to double the original appointment: every post brought a complaint of the irregularity and contempt of discipline of the young Sir ——. The father began at length to be somewhat alarmed; but as the vacation approached, he waited with patience to judge with his own eyes.

The young Sir —— at length arrived; his voice was manly, his air confident, and his deportment haughty. Sir Robert was satisfied. "This boy will do," exclaimed he; "he will not blush at an Income tax!"

Sir Robert, upon this reflection, embraced him with new rapture; and as he threw his eyes upon his features, already fancied himself in the presence of a future Premier. Nor did the mother regard him with less interest or less satisfaction: his person was well composed, and his features marked with the characters of manliness; his conversation was not without gaiety; in one word, his whole air was that of a youthful libertine. His mother could scarcely contain her rapture as she made this observation.

Having thus run his course through Westminster, he was sent to college for the finish of his education. His talents, and the happiness of his nature, were equally conspicuous upon this as upon his former stage; his fame was soon spread through the University; and the heart of his mother beat with rapture when she found him to have become a too fashionable libertine for the sobriety of collegiate discipline. An allowance liberal to excess at once excited and gratified his most turbulent passions. The gay propensities of his nature were still further encouraged by the praises and example of his companions: it was true that his irregularities would sometimes reach the ear of his tutor; but as Sir —— drank claret, the tutor had the prudence to overlook any deficiency in his conduct, in the redundance of his table. The young Sir ——, indeed, would sometimes conceal a mistress in his chamber; the matter would become whispered in the Hall, and the tutor would pronounce a public remonstrance. A tutor, however, is not a Cato; though the son of Sir Robert, "*dando et largiundo*," appeared to emulate a Cæsar.

In this manner was performed the collegiate course of the young Sir ——, and in the same manner, with equal splendor and equal profit, is performed that of a thousand others. His mother no sooner beheld him upon the conclusion of this second act of his education, than she exclaimed in a rapture, that he had exceeded her fondest hopes: she even uttered an apostrophe to the long departed spirit of the bearded Alfred, by whose pious care and munificent protection the collegiate towers had raised their lofty heads. "Let the blockheads who mistake the spirit of these courtly institutions, let them," exclaimed she, "drone away their lives in the pursuit of science; it has been your's, my son, to avail yourself of their real utility: from a constrained

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attendance upon their chapels, you have contracted a wise indifference to all religions; from an unconstrained indulgence in every pleasure, you have formed yourself by habit to pursue it as the only end of life!"

Nor was the satisfaction of his father less than that of the lady herself: as he regarded the *arca frons*, the haughty air of defiance, and the countenance which was never disgraced by a blush, of this his only son and future hope and representative, he found it equally difficult to contain his paternal satisfaction. "This boy will do," said he: "a Premier himself would not blush to acknowledge him for his own: what, indeed, may I not expect from him! he may suspend the Habeas Corpus act, and double a national debt!"

Such were the mutual congratulations of Sir Robert and his Lady upon their survey of the qualities of their hopeful heir. The last act, however, of fashionable education still remained, and the son of Sir Robert was sent upon his grand tour. But previous to his departure his father and mother had been equally anxious to provide him with proper companions, nor was this anxiety fruitless; they had procured a Scotch tutor, with the morality and happy dexterity which, to do them justice, is not uncommon with this class of the learned. This gentleman was not without learning; but he had what recommended him with more force, a spirit of servility and of the most courtly compliance: he was a declared infidel, and as such, Sir Robert observed, could not fill the head of his son with those prejudices of conscience which might be a check to him in his progress to future dignity—the sole end of all Sir Robert's aims and hopes:—he had been expelled the kirk for blasphemy; but blasphemy, as Sir Robert well observed, was no small argument of confidence; and who could deny that confidence was a talent of value to a minister? He had, moreover, been kicked; but patience, according to the opinion of Sir Robert, was equally ministerial with confidence:—he finished this remark by engaging the tutor at a salary of five hundred a year. Nor did his mother delay to add another member to his travelling suite—this was a French dancing-master: but as this fellow had formerly been a corporal in one of the regiments of Calais, and deserted from it to seek a fortune upon the opposite shore, it was arranged that he should not join our traveller till his entrance into Italy. The young gentleman himself added the third, and perhaps most necessary of all his suite—an Italian opera-dancer. You must not, however, suppose that this was without the knowledge of the good lady, his mother; for, to do justice to her tender affection to her son, she no sooner learned this addition to his party, than she prevailed upon his father to add another five hundred to his appointment, for the support of Signora in all due splendour. Sir Robert, indeed, was somewhat inclined to hold out against this new demand; but as the lady happened fortunately to observe that intrigue was a ministerial talent, Sir Robert, without further hesitation, nodded, and signed.

You now, therefore, behold the young Sir —— on his travels in the style, suite, and equipage of an English gentleman;—a Scotch tutor, an infidel and an apostate, a disciple of Hume, and an *elève* of Smith—a French dancing-master—and an Italian mistress!—Add to this, an allowance of two thousand a year, and such a confidence in the blind indulgence of his father, that he would not hesitate, upon occasion, to draw upon him to one half of the amount of his estate; and you have a finished image of the young Sir —— upon his grand tour: nor indeed of him alone—*ex uno disce omnes*; he may stand for the whole class of his country—our young travelling Nobles.

The travels of our hero were not without their full fruit and effect; he had indeed too much spirit and too much money not to reap the usual benefits of the grand tour. With the happy industry of the bee, he collected something upon every ground; and with so much ardour did he apply himself to these attainments, that he was soon celebrated in every country as one who possessed, in the highest degree, what was considered as their peculiar vice, and as it were characteristic disgrace. Thus, whilst in France, he outdid the court itself in a studied inconsistency of his performance with his professions; he no sooner obtained an introduction into a family, than, remembering his favourite and model, Chesterfield, he cultivated the good graces of the females, and repaid the kindness of his host with seduction or adultery. An affair of this nature occasioned a challenge:—our traveller had something of our national courage; he delayed not, therefore, to meet the injured husband, and, to use his own expression, being a tolerable marksman, shot him through the head! the guilty wife, the cause of this rather unlucky adventure, had traced the combatants to the spot; she arrived in the moment in which her injured husband received the ball of his adversary, and her arms grasped his dying body. The young Sir ——, with his usual courtly politeness, advanced to conduct her to a more pleasing scene; but though the approach was made with all his usual grace, and according to the strict rules of Chesterfield, the lady repulsed him with a look of horror, and still further increased his astonishment by a torrent of the most passionate reproach. She accused him of having availed

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himself of one of her unguarded moments—one of her moments of levity and irregular passion, and thus betrayed her into this crime against her husband—a husband whom she loved in the same degree in which she had ever despised, and now abhorred his murderer!

The young Sir —— was aghast with astonishment:—he doubted, however, the sincerity of this address; and to put it to the proof, again renewed his entreaties. The lady, however, again repelled him; and perceiving a brace of pistols yet undischarged laying upon the ground, she seized them, and presenting one towards the breast of her seducer—

"But we will not die unrevenged!" exclaimed she, "nor shalt thou survive to triumph!"

Saying this, she discharged the pistol, and the young Sir —— fell to all appearance dead. The remaining pistol she presented, and discharged into her own bosom. Its effect, as may well be supposed, was immediate: she fell upon the body of her husband, threw her arms around his neck, and pressing him to her heart, now in the convulsions of death, breathed her last sigh in his arms!

You will now, perhaps, enquire what was the situation of our traveller, who had fallen to every appearance breathless, from the ball of the repentant subject of his seduction: the ball, indeed, had entered his body, and the future premier had never revived to open a budget, had not the happy fate of the nation, or of himself, brought his Scotch tutor to the spot of combat. This gentleman had too much philosophy to be extravagantly agitated by any thing; he could not, however, survey the field and the three bodies without some emotion both of surprise and alarm. As he was of that Scotch philosophy which considers self-love as the centre of all moral motion, his first resolution was to return to his apartments, and leave every thing as he had found it upon his arrival. He had not time, however, to execute this resolution; for our young traveller happened in this moment to open his eyes, and to recognise his friend and tutor. He was immediately conveyed to his lodgings, and his wound was found to be less dangerous than was imagined In a word, the strength of his constitution, and, to do him justice, the fortitude with which he supported a most painful operation, at length succeeded; and in a few weeks after his confinement, his health was fully restored.

You may think, perhaps, that an affair of a nature so fatal might have produced a reformation in his manners and pursuits; but our traveller was too much a man of fashion to be long affected by what he considered as an accident of fortune.—"As to the husband, I shot him fairly," said he, "as he would have wished to have shot me:—as to the wife, plague take her for a fool, she shot herself!—In what have I offended?"

In this manner did he reconcile himself to the fatal effects of his duel and amour; nor did his tutor hesitate to give his assent to this logic. Our traveller, therefore, was restored to peace as to health.

From Paris he departed towards Italy, and Rome soon became the scene of his pleasures, and the admiring spectatress of his folly. A daughter of one of the most noble families had taken the vows but a few weeks previous to his arrival; her beauty was the subject of general conversation, and her voluntary desertion from a world whose pleasures she appeared so formed to taste, was equally the subject of surprise and applause. Our travellers had undertaken their tour for no other purpose than to see in every country what was most singular;—could any thing, therefore, be more natural than their anxiety to behold this female miracle?

It was thus that the Scotch tutor encouraged the desire which his pupil expressed to gratify this laudable curiosity. This gentleman, indeed, like many others of the same class, was one of the most complaisant of men, and had such a laudable regard to the pleasures and even the caprices of his young companion, that, whatever might be the profligacy or wickedness of any of his proposals, it was sufficient for him that it was proposed; he delayed not to lend his heart and hand to its accomplishment:—such was this worthy tutor!

Our young traveller, therefore, whom I shall hereafter call by the name of the *Man of the Mode*, for you must acknowledge that he has well merited this appellation, had no sooner expressed his desire to rally the nun, than his tutor contrived the means of their first interview. In a word, the Man of the Mode scaled the walls of the convent garden, and appeared, to her surprise and terror, at the feet of the lady: she had the spirit, however, to repulse him with merited disdain.

The Man of the Mode was too accustomed to these first defences to be thus diverted from his pursuit: he had recourse to other means—he bribed her attendants, her companions, and even her confessor. By the perfidy of her confidant, he at length concealed himself in her dormitory. The nun had no sooner retired to her bed, than he appeared upon his knees at her side; his tears, his oaths, his tender and passionate address at length excited her pity, and she suffered herself to be persuaded not to summon the convent to her assistance. As the portress, however, according to the rules of the house, had

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locked on the outside the door of the dormitory, it was impossible he should retreat; the nun was therefore contented with commanding him to the furthest part of her chamber. The Man of the Mode obeyed; his feelings, however, were too great to be restrained; he burst into tears, and took care that he should not be unheard. The nun endeavoured to console him; in a word, her heart was softened, her vows forgotten, and she fell a victim to his seduction! The intercourse continued for some months; when, to their mutual terror, the unhappy nun became pregnant!

The laws of the Holy See condemn to the most cruel death the breach of chastity; nor was our traveller himself exempt from the same penalty. It is impossible, therefore, to describe the mutual terror of the parties upon this discovery of the consequences of their amour. There appeared, however, but one means of escape—that of flight: upon this, therefore, they mutually resolved; and it was agreed that it should be put in execution the same evening:—the nun was to be in the gardens of the convent at an appointed time; her lover was to scale the walls, and receiving her in his arms, break open a gate, and depart for England. By this expectation the fears of the lady were in some degree softened; and after a repeated flood of tears, as if divining what was to happen, suffered her lover to depart.

The Man of the Mode had no sooner left the convent, than he went in search of his tutor, and without further delay informed him of his difficulty, and his proposed method of escape. The gentleman heard him with his usual attention and complaisance, but at length interrupted him.

"Is the lady to accompany us in our flight?" said he.

"Doubtless," replied the Man of the Mode, and with a look of some astonishment; "but why that question?"

"Do you still love her?" rejoined the tutor.

The Man of the Mode replied with a gay negative; adding, that he had started new game.

"Then the nun must not accompany us," returned the tutor; "it will only occasion a pursuit from which it will be impossible for us to escape. Our lives are at stake; let us not lose a moment. If we fly before your crime is known, we shall gain such ground, that we may defy them; but if we take the nun, we are lost."

This argument was decisive:—horses were ordered; and the Man of the Mode and his worthy tutor departed, leaving the nun to her fate!—They arrived at the seaport without obstacle or pursuit.

You will enquire, perhaps, what was the fate of the nun. The travellers, as I have said, gained the coast without interruption: here, however, they could find no vessel, and therefore were compelled to wait for their passage. This time, as I have heard from the travellers themselves, passed very heavily—from remorse perhaps?—not at all; but the opera had been suspended from some mismanagement of its conductors.

One day, however, they happened to enter a coffee-house, and to take up a newspaper. The first paragraph was as follows:—

"They write from Rome that a most melancholy occurrence has become the subject of conversation and curiosity throughout the court and city:"—here the name of the nun was mentioned.—"A daughter of the house of Colonna, and a nun of the convent of St. ——, after some days of insanity, of which no cause is known, had at length disappeared. All efforts to recover her have hitherto been fruitless; it is generally believed she has drowned herself in one of the numerous lakes with which the neighbourhood of the city abounds. The cause of this melancholy event is totally unknown."

"What can have become of her?" said the Man of the Mode as he read this.

His companion and tutor had no time to answer this demand; for the attention both of the enquirer and himself was in the same instant called off by a crowd collected opposite to the windows of the tavern; the hoots and laughter of the mob attracted the Man of the Mode and his tutor to the window, to know the subject of their unusual merriment. The first object which saluted their eyes was that of a lunatic, whose dishevelled hair, and wildness of look and gesture, excited alternately the tears and involuntary laughter of the surrounding mob. She at length turned her eyes towards the window, and the Man of the Mode recognised the nun!—The Man of the Mode blushed!

Seeing, however, that the shattered reason of his mistress left her no recollection of him, he regained his composure, and consulted with his tutor in what manner to act. It was at length resolved that the landlord of the house should conduct her, as an unknown patient, to the public receptacle of lunatics, and should pay the usual fee for her admission. This was accordingly executed; and the whole town commended the charity of the English gentlemen, who could thus feel and pay for unhappy strangers.

The Man of the Mode, indeed, was at first inclined to inform her relations of her situation; but, as the tutor observed that this might perhaps enable them to trace their acquaintance with her, and thus might lead to some suspicion

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of what had hitherto so wholly escaped them, the design was laid aside. A few days afterwards they departed from the city, and returned to England.

Such was the Man of the Mode upon his entrance on his grand tour, and such were the advantages which, in common with many others of his countrymen, he derived from it. With these improvements did he return to the expecting arms of his mother. His father was no more:—I had forgotten to mention this incident in the period in which it happened—that is to say, whilst our travellers were upon their tour. His mother, however, received him with a transport of maternal affection, and regarded with equal wonder and rapture the indeed visible change in his person and manners.

Being thus in every respect completed, and by a fashionable education adapted to her long-retained purpose, nothing further remained but to unfold it, and excite him to its immediate execution. She did not long delay this avowal; and the Man of the Mode adopted her revenge, and approved of the means with a piety truly filial:—not a moment was lost; a new equipage was ordered, and upon its completion, the Man of the Mode, without further delay, departed for the scene of action.

The faithless lover of his mother had married, as we have already mentioned, a woman of no less virtue than more brilliant accomplishments. A daughter was the only fruit of this union; and at the period of this first visit of the Man of the Mode, she had entered her seventeenth year. She possessed the beauty and merit of her mother; her character, however, perhaps from an uninterrupted residence in the country, and a fondness for books of imagination, had something of a dangerous sensibility, and an excess of warmth and confidence, which made her a too easy victim to the hand which was now preparing for her sacrifice. Upon this his first interview, he could not fail to see the foible of his mistress;—upon this foible he built as upon a foundation.

As he returned home from his visit, he revolved in his mind the means of success.—"Her virtue," said he, "to which she is attached with all the passionate ardour of her nature, is too well founded to be shaken by an immediate attack upon itself: there are no means of betraying her, but by making this virtue itself the instrument of its own ruin; her sensibility, her enthusiasm, the romance and sickly delicacy of her mind must be in the same moment my aim and instruments—by these I cannot fail."

He had no sooner resolved upon this plan of conduct, than with a persevering industry, which is not unfrequently found in Men of the Mode in the pursuit of any extraordinary mischief, he followed it without weariness or deviation through its minutest steps. His advantages of travel, and a brilliancy of address, were too successful in the attacks upon the heart of the inexperienced girl; her age was that of love—that season of life when the soul is alive to every impression of tenderness. The Man of the Mode, however, was not without those talents of eloquence which enabled him to improve and advance this prejudice. To adapt himself more to the foibles of his mistress, and to represent in his own that image of excellence with which her favourite romances had furnished the mind of the unsuspecting girl, he hesitated not to adopt the style, and even the manners of her most adored heroes. In a word, these arts had so well succeeded, that he was loved with a warmth and sincerity which could only be equalled by his own hypocrisy: he saw his advantage, and resolved, without further delay, to avail himself of what he too justly considered as signs of weakness.

During all this time he had said nothing of marriage; the equality of their rank and even fortune had, doubtless, rendered this the understood motive of his visits and attention: he had hitherto, however, avoided every mention of this subject;—though the modesty of his mistress would not admit her to appear to notice this silence, the increasing tenderness of her affection could not but feel its cruelty. She would sometimes steal a look of languor, and when his eyes happened to meet her own, would withdraw them with confusion. The Man of the Mode saw his time: the affection of his mistress was now at its full height. He hesitated not, therefore, to fix the day; but upon one of those excuses so ready to men of intrigue, he insisted that the ceremony should be performed privately, and without the knowledge of any one but themselves. This proposal appeared extraordinary: he demanded her consent, however, as a proof of her love and confidence, and she hesitated not to comply.

The unhappy girl was thus put off her guard. The nuptials were to take place within a fortnight after the day on which it was thus appointed; this time, therefore, appeared to her fixed beyond recal; her love, her confidence were thus raised to their full height. Unsuspicious of any thing, unconscious of her own weakness, and not doubting the intention of her lover, she hesitated not to grant him a private meeting. The Man of the Mode was too versed in intrigue to seek to avail himself of this first imprudence. A second and a third interview passed without any consequence. Her confidence thus increased; a fourth was demanded, and granted;—it is needless to add that her virtue submitted.

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The Man of the Mode no sooner left the scene of his triumph, than he flew to the arms of his mother, and proclaimed his success.—It is difficult to describe the rapture of her joy upon this conclusion of her revenge.

The Man of the Mode, to dissolve his connection with the unhappy victim of his seduction with perfect honour, wrote to her father, demanding her in marriage, with a portion double to what he knew it was either in his intention or even power to give her:—the proposal was of consequence rejected, and the Man of the Mode, with every suitable formality, declined his visits.

The young lady was for some days astonished at the absence, and still more at the unusual silence of her lover. Perceiving the impression that the young Sir —— had made upon the mind of her daughter, her mother had the prudence to endeavour to conceal this termination. The secret, however, could not long escape.

It is needless to add what were the emotions of this victim of fashionable seduction upon the full knowledge of her misfortune: it will be sufficient to say that another patient was added to the justly celebrated Dr. W——. Her madness, however, was not without those lucid intervals which are, perhaps, more wretched than the disease itself. In one of those intervals she was seized with the pains of childbirth: her sense of the infamy of her situation occasioned the immediate return of a more furious insanity: her keepers were unable to retain her. With a convulsive strength she broke from their grasp; and throwing herself headlong against an opposite wall, scattered her brains on the floor.—Thus ends the history of the hitherto course of the Man of the Mode.

Your's, &c. R H—.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

DEDICATION OF THE CHINESE TRANSLATOR TO THE EMPEROR TAI-TSU.

Most gracious Son of Heaven!

It is your Majesty's most ardent desire to see your people happy. This alone is the aim of your unwearied endeavours; the grand object of your deliberations, the substance of your laws and commands, the soul of all the laudable undertakings which you commence and accomplish, and that which preserves you from harm, which you, after the example of other great men, might do, and do not.

How happy would you be yourself, O! best of kings! if it were alike easy to wish a nation happy, and to make them so! if, like the King of Heaven, you need only to will, in order to perform, only to speak and see your sentiments converted into actions!

But, how unhappy would you probably be, were you to know, at how remote a distance, with all your endeavours, the execution remains behind your wishes. The numberless assistants, of such various classes, orders, and species, amongst whom you are obliged to divide your power, since nature sets bounds even to the most unlimited monarch; the necessity you are under of relying in almost all things on the instruments of your benevolent intentions, renders you—be not alarmed at the disagreeable but salutary truth—the most dependent of all the inhabitants of your immense domain. It is but too often in the power of an ambitious, an hypocritical, a vindictive, a rapacious,—yet, why accumulate the names of the passions and vices, when I may comprise them all in one word—a man doing in your sacred name exactly the reverse of what you intend. Each day, each hour, I may even say in every moment of your reign, in the wide circuit of your numerous provinces, some injustice is practised, some law perverted, some order exceeded, some other unobserved; some innocent man oppressed, some orphan robbed, some worthless wretch promoted, a villain protected, virtue disheartened, vice encouraged.

What expressions of rage would flash on me from the eyes of your courtiers, if they heard me unfold these honours! How is it possible, that under so good a prince vice can so boldly raise her head, and dare commit such wickedness with impunity? The bare supposal seems injurious to your glory, and disgraceful to the honours of your reign. Pardon me, O, gracious sovereign! unpunished, but not openly and triumphantly does vice raise her head; for the face she shews is not her own; it assumes the features of justice, of grace, of zeal for religion and morals, of loyalty to the prince and to the state; in short, the semblance of every virtue whereof she is the eternal enemy and destroyer. Her dexterity in

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this black art is inexhaustible; and it is scarcely possible, that the wisdom of the best of princes should be able at all times to secure him from her impostures. He thinks, perhaps, he is signing the sentence of a malefactor, while he is sanctioning the ruin of a virtuous character, whose merit was his only crime. They imagine they are promoting a worthy man, while they are conferring promotion on a vile impostor. Yet these are truths of which they are but too well convinced. They lament the unhappiness of their station. Whom can one trust? Virtue and vice, truth and deceit, have the same countenance, speak the same language, wear the same colour; nay, the cunning impostor (the most noxious of all noxious creatures) knows better how to maintain the outward appearance of sound principles and blameless manners than the honest man. The former is expert in the art of confining his passions in the secret recesses of his black heart, knows best how to flatter, and how most fitly to employ every advantage which the weak side of his object presents. His complaisance, his self-denial, his virtue, his religion, cost him nothing, as they are only on his lips and in the outward movements which conceal his inward designs; and he is richly repaid for his disguises, in gratifying, under this mask, each inordinate passion, in accomplishing every base design, and with a brazen front can still demand a reward for his crimes. Is it to be wondered at, O, Son of Heaven! that there should be such numbers, who neglect all other talents, pass by all the lawful generous ways to respect and fortune, and bend all their faculties to arrive at perfection in the arts of deceit?

But how? Must the Prince, who is fond of truth, though surrounded on all sides with masks and false colours, despair of ever being able to distinguish the undisguised countenance from the varnished impostor? Forbid it, Heaven! He who sincerely loves the truth (and what can be amiable without it?) who even loves her when she does not flatter, he has only need of practised eyes for distinguishing her more delicate features, which can but rarely be counterfeited so well, that the artifice is not betrayed. And for acquiring these practised eyes—without which the best heart only so much the surer and oftener gives us a prey to the arts of imposture—no better means can be had than by perusing the history of wisdom and folly, of opinions and passions, of truth and imposture in the annals of the human race. In this faithful mirror we perceive men, manners, and times, divested of all that is wont to mislead our judgment, even though we are entangled in the intricate web of the present comedy. Or, even though simplicity or artifice, passion or prejudice, have been employed to impose on us, yet nothing is easier than to wipe off the false varnish which has been laid on the true colour of the object. The most genuine sources of the history of human follies are the writings of those who were the most zealous promoters of those follies. The abuse they make of the signification of the words does not deceive our judgment; though they relate the absurdest matters with the most earnest composure, are even firmly convinced of them, or seem to be convinced of them; yet this will not prevent us from finding ridiculous what common sense must ascribe to fools. A self-deceived enthusiast may pervert the nature of moral objects, and pronounce vicious, unjust, inhuman actions, laudable, heroic, divine; and, on the other hand, give the most odious names to such as are lawful, generous, honourable: after the lapse of a few centuries the world has no trouble to see through the magic cloud that deluded the fanatic. Confucius might have called him an impostor, and Lao-kiun have deemed him a sage: their judgment would not alter the nature of the case, and the impression which it should make on the unbiassed mind; the character and the actions of these men would teach us what we were to think of them.

For this reason, the venerable teachers of our nation recommend to us the history of antient times as the best school of morality and politics, as the purest source of that sublime philosophy which renders its disciples wise and independent, and by teaching them to discriminate between what things appear and what they are, between their imaginary and their real value, between their relations to the general good and of individuals, to the interest or passions, and affords an infallible preservative against self-deceit and infection from the folly of others; a philosophy to which no one can be an utter stranger without loss, but which, in the most exalted sense, is the philosophy of kings.

Persuaded of this truth, devote, O, best of kings! a portion of those hours which the immediate exercise of your venerable office leaves at your own disposal, to the profitable and delightful employment of making yourself acquainted with the memorable occurrences of former times, to explore the revolution of states in mankind, to study men in their actions, in their opinions and passions, and in the combination of all these causes to find the reasons of the prosperity and the misery of the human race.

If I mistake not, the history of the Kings of Sheshian, which I lay at your majesty's feet, is not totally unworthy of being admitted amongst the serious recreations, in which your never inactive mind is used to relieve itself from the fa-

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tigue of higher concerns. Great truths, interesting to the whole human race, remarkable periods, instructive examples, and a faithful delineation of the mistakes and excesses of the human understanding and heart, seem to distinguish this history from many others of its species, and to give it a claim to the title with which it has been honoured by the chief judicature of police of China; a mirror within the natural consequences of wisdom and of folly are represented in so strong a light, with such plain strokes and warm colours, that he must be wise and good, or foolish and corrupt, to an extraordinary degree, who may not become wiser and better by the use of it.

Captivated with the desire of marking the moment of existence which nature has allotted us on this scene of things, at least with one token of the good will I bear to my fellow-creatures, I have taken the trouble to translate this remarkable piece of antient history from the Indian language into our own; and, wrapped up in the consciousness of an honest intention, I resign this book and myself to fate, which, in its unavoidableness, has more comfort than terror to the sage; tranquil under the protection of a king who loves truth, and honours virtue; happy in the friendship of the worthiest of my cotemporaries, and as indifferent as a mortal can be, to* — — — —

INTRODUCTION.

All the world knows the famous Sultan of India, Shah-Kiar, who, from a wonderful jealousy of the negroes of his court, took every night a consort, and every morning caused her to be strangled; and who was so fond of hearing tales, that in a thousand and one nights, it never once came into his head to interrupt the inexhaustible Sheherezade by any exclamation, question, or caresses, whatever pains she took to give him an opportunity for it.

A disposition so unconquerably phlegmatic was not the virtue of his descendant Shah Baham, who (as every one knows), by the wise and acute remarks with which he was wont to season the stories of his Vizir, is become incomparably more famous in history than his illustrious grandfather by his silence and inactivity. Shah-Kiar gave his courtiers reason to entertain a great opinion of what he might have said if he had not held his tongue; but his descendant left behind him the fame, that it is impossible, and will remain impossible for ever to make such remarks or reflections (as he was pleased to call them) as Shah Baham.

We have taken all possible pains to discover the reason why the author, to whom we are indebted for the life and exploits of these two sultans, has omitted to mention a word concerning the son of the former and the father of the latter: but we have not been so happy as to find any other reason for it, than because in reality there was nothing to be said of him. The only chronicler who takes any notice of him, does it in this manner:—"Sultan Lolo," says he, "vegetated one-and-sixty years. He eat four times every day, with an amazing appetite, and besides that, and the love which he bore to his cats, no particular inclination towards any thing was ever perceivable in him. The dervises and the cats are the only creatures in the world that have reason to bless his memory. For he caused, without ever rightly knowing why, two thousand six hundred and thirty-six new derviseries, each for sixty men, to be erected in his dominions; and, in all the cities and large towns of the empire of Indostan he founded institutions where a certain number of cats were obliged to be kept; and it must be confessed, that he provided so well for both of them, that in all Asia no fatter dervises and cats were to be seen than those of his foundations.† He, moreover, begat, between waking and sleeping, a son, who succeeded him in the government, under the name of Shah Baham, and died of an indigestion." Thus far this chronicler, the only one who makes mention of Sultan Lolo; and indeed we are afraid that what he says of him is still worse than nothing at all.

* Here I am obliged to leave a chasm, which though only accidentally left in my Chinese copy, I am utterly unable to supply for want of another. In all probability what Hiang-Fu-Tsen had farther to say, was a rhodomontade against the Zoilnses, of whom the Chinese authors any more than ours seldom fail to make mention; the reader therefore loses nothing by this defect.—Remark of the Latin translator.

† A certain Persian author, at the mention of these foundations, breaks out into the following singular exclamation: "Could it ever enter into a man's head, even but in a dream, to establish such foundations! It is an essential part of a public institution that it should be useful to the state. But Sultan Lolo's institutions must have had a directly contrary effect. Had he left his dervises and his cats to their fate, it is a hundred to one that the former must have worked, and the latter have caught rats for their livelihood. Thus both would have been serviceable to the state. What a conceit! to make them fat, that they might grow lazy! However, as to the cats, that might be suffered to pass; their fat may be turned to some use. But dervise fat! What can be done with dervise fat?"—Sheik Seif al Horam, Hist. of Folly, vol. cccIxiv. p. 538.

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His son, Shah Baham, had the good fortune to be brought up till his fourteenth year by a nurse, whose mother had the same honourable employment about the inimitable Sheherezade.

There must have been a general concurrence of circumstances for making this prince the most intemperate lover of stories that ever was known. It was not enough that he drew in this taste with his first nourishment, and the ground-work of his education laid in the tales of his grandmother, celebrated throughout the world: his destiny also provided him with a preceptor, who had taken it into his head that all the wisdom of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Greeks, were wrapped up in tales.

It was at that time the laudable custom in India to imagine that the son of a sultan, a rajah, an omrah, or any other noble personage, could be educated by none but a fakir. Wherever a young man of birth was seen, a man might reckon upon it that a fakir was dangling after him, whose business it was to watch all his steps, words, looks, and gestures, and to take especial care that the young gentleman did not become too wise. For it was an universal received opinion, that to a strong bodily frame, a good digestion, and the capacity of making his fortune, nothing was so prejudicial as much thought and much knowledge; and it must be said, to the honour of the dervises, fakirs, santons, bramins, bonzes, and talapoins of those times, that they neglected nothing to preserve the nations of the Indus and the Ganges from so pernicious a superfluity. It was one of their maxims, against which it was dangerous to raise a doubt, that, "Nobody should pretend to be wiser than his grandmother."

It will now be comprehended, that Shah Baham, under such circumstances, must be just such a man as he was. It has hitherto been thought, the ingenious considerations, the abrupt and pleasant sayings, accompanied with significant looks: "I thought so too." "I say nothing, but I know what I know;" or, "What do I care about that?" and other like wise sentences, of which he had as great a profusion as Sancho Pansa had of proverbs, with his repugnance to all that he termed spinning of morality and sentiment, were merely the effects of his genius. But *suum cuique!* We may safely assure ourselves, that the fakir, his preceptor, had no small share in it.

The son and heir of this worthy sultan, Shah Dolka, resembled his father in capacity and disposition in all respects, only one excepted. He was the declared foe to every thing that looked like a story; and he set the less bounds to this aversion, as he had been obliged, during the lifetime of the sultan, his father, to conceal it with the utmost care. After the example of several celebrated authors, we should be very much astonished at this degeneracy, if we did not think that it happened quite naturally. Sultan Dolka, from his very infancy had been forced to hear so many tales in the apartment of the sultaness, his mamma, where Shah Baham used to pass the evenings in cutting out paper, and hearing instructive stories of animated sophas, political balls, and sentimental goslings in rose coloured dominos, that he had at last got a disgust to them. Here was the whole of the mystery; and we humbly conceive that there is nothing in it at which there is any great reason to be surprised.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSAZIONE.—CHARACTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

LETTER I.

SIR,

AMONG all the complaints which we are daily doomed to hear from the old and the fretful, among all the comparisons between times present and time past, which are universally made to the discredit of our own cotemporaries, it must be owned that there are one or two instances in which our ancestors had not so decided an advantage over us, as in general we are apt to believe they possessed. Setting aside the more ponderous matters of philosophy, religion, and morality, I will say a few words about manners, about the enjoyment of social pleasures, and the cultivation of agreeable talents; things which may be much more easily estimated than virtues and vices, and which are always more interesting, for this reason, that a man's morals are a matter between him and his conscience, but his manners are a matter between him and his acquaintance. Now, Sir, I must say, notwithstanding the partialities for old times, which one picks up from one's nurse or one's grandmamma, that, in social parties for the purposes of elegant relaxation and rational chat, we have very much improved upon the customs of our fathers. Formerly, if society was to be brought together, it must be collected by dinners of great trouble and expence. To some of the parties concerned, it must be acknowledged that a considerable share of pleasure was communicated by the vast ex-

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panse of napkin, and the ample colonnade of dishes: but, alas! dinner could not be prolonged to a period of more than an hour, or at most an hour and a half; and then a listless despondency succeeded, which was by no means alleviated by the abrupt departure of that portion of the company, the sanction of whose smiles ought to have dissipated the vapours of soups, of sweetbreads, and of syllabubs. But the time must be got rid of, and what was to be done? As to any serious conversation, much more as to mental exertion, the effort of the knife and fork had quite cut up all connexion of thought, or readiness of wit: our stomachs had received that load which, as the prince of *bonvivans*, Horace, truly declares,

——Animum quoque prægravat una
Atque affligit humum divinæ particulum auræ.

The hampered intellect was now therefore to be set a going by the assistance of copious libations; as naturalists tell us, certain sea-monsters that have been basking on the shore, are unable to extricate themselves from the mire in which they have been wallowing, till the tide comes up and floats them again. Those who drank paid next day for their intemperance. Those who did not drink were stigmatised as milk-sops On the one side pleaded only reason; on the other fought appetite and false shame. This for the time was an affair of mere manners; but its consequences affected morals. Well, Sir, ten o'clock arrived, and of course, you know, tea was announced. Some who were sufficiently sober finished their cup, and went home to bed; others, who were not so cool, spilt the tea which they could not drink, and fell asleep upon the sofa. The ladies rang for their carriages, and the mistress bade them all a glad farewell. This is a full, true, and particular account of the visiting system, as it was conducted a few years ago.

But now, Sir, fortunately, "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" We will not dwell on concerts, which, however, are scientific and reasonable assemblies; nor even on balls, which are of all amusements the most delightful to us at our entrance into life, nay, which are, as a witty friend of mine was saying to me a few days ago, a compendium of practical philosophy, containing all the charms of the table, of music, of conversation, and of love, besides operating with as powerful an effect in matrimonial consolidation among the higher classes, as nutting and bull-baiting do among the vulgar. No, Sir; we will pass by all these seducing pleasures, which have of late years so much increased; and we will speak of *petit-soupers*, those parties which, though the seeds of them were early sown, have been almost entirely the growth of the present day. By these happy inventions, at a period of the day when business and study may be fairly supposed at an end, and when relaxation becomes in some degree necessary as well as luxurious, the literary, the gay, the brilliant, and the beautiful, assemble to exercise the information which they have acquired, to let loose the spirits of the heart, to glitter with the coruscations of wit, and to enchant with the magic of the eyes. Why have the learned been accused of barbarisms in manners? Because men, whose habits will not allow them to participate in the giddy and thoughtless amusements of mere idleness, had not, till these parties were contrived, the means of polishing away the roughness of which we complain. Why were men of fashion and fortune disregarded by the scholar and the philosopher? Because they, whose modes of life did not lead them to converse with books, and who had no opportunities of conversing with men of letters, could by no possibility be possessed of the information which some might expect from them. Why have the witty been overbearing and conceited? Because the mixture of a graver talent had never tempered the edge of their blades. Why were the fair the playthings, or the idols of men? Because education and society had not adapted them to hold that rank in the creation, which alone is desirable to a woman of sense. Thus have these assemblies had the happy effect of averaging the advantages of nature and fortune; of giving to each some portion of that which he may receive from his neighbours without impoverishing them. A mellowing and harmonious tint is thus thrown upon society. Society should never be composed exclusively of one class of men: above all, it should be an object of care to produce a due proportion of talkers and hearers. A preponderance of talkers dazzles instead of illuminating; and among men of silent habits we are left totally in the dark. Brandy alone is overpowering—mere water is insipid—but the two liquors mixed are a pleasing beverage.

Mr. Editor, I am a member of the Inner Temple, and engaged in the study of the law; a study to which information is always conducive, and to which a knowledge of society is particularly instrumental. It has therefore been a principal object with me, to associate with men whose natural talents, or situation in life, might bestow instruction, or reflect honour upon me. Such society was to be met with chiefly in the parties of which I have been speaking, where the conversation is the material of pleasure, and the supper no more than the cement. Nor have I been often disappointed in my researches for improvement, I have listened to and joined in conversations highly interesting and entertaining; and from time to time, when any general topic

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shall have been started, I will communicate to you such remarks of the company as may appear to be worth repetition.

On a Sunday evening covers are always laid for a select party, at the house of the Hon. Mrs. Meade. She is the widow of an Irish officer of rank, and an intimate friend and warm partisan of most of the leading men who were the ornaments of Irish eloquence, while the Irish constitution existed. To a great knowledge of the world, and an acute and irresistible wit, she unites the most fashionable manners, and the greatest benevolence of heart. Though past that buoyant time of life when cheerfulness is but a physical effect, she has the gaiety of a mind, not soured by misfortunes, but accustomed to the company of persons of rank and talents; and completely enjoys that state not only of poetical bliss but of real comfort, the *Otium cum dignitate.*

The company who generally assemble at her house are, Lord and Lady Belmont, Mr. Conolly, Captain Colclough, Mr. and Mrs. Ovey, Mr. Frederick, Sir Henry Rushwood, Dr. and Miss Abington, Colonel Fairfax, Miss Mordaunt, and Lady Caroline Howard.

Lord Belmont is Mrs. Meade's nephew, an Irish nobleman of fortune; his manners are quiet and unassuming, though his capacity is naturally strong, and his information extremely extensive. Lady Belmont was the daughter of a gentleman in the county of Wexford, and he married her a few months ago for love rather than interest.

Mr. Conolly is a man advanced in life. He was formerly a member of the Irish Parliament, where he distinguished himself not more by the vigour and imagination of his style, than by the purity and incorruptibility of his political principles. His manner in conversation is grave and impressive, always conveying an idea of undisturbed power and placid extent of mind, like the sea in a calm: but, said an old friend of his to me a few days ago, had you known him in his youth, you would have said he resembled the sea in a storm.

Captain Colclough is one of the most fashionable men about town. He is seen at every ball and masquerade; not only seen, he is generally liked and often admired. His form is of the most perfect strength and symmetry; and these natural advantages he has improved by the cultivation of almost every manly exercise. He excels in boxing, jumping, and dancing; he possesses considerable powers of mimicry; and having also inexhaustible vivacity and good humour, is one of the most entertaining men one knows.

Among the amateurs of the fine arts, one of the most conspicuous is Mr. Ovey. He is an artist for his amusement, and a humourist because he cannot help it. On subjects of taste he is thoroughly informed, and possesses a fund of anecdote by which he has a very agreeable mode of illustrating the general principles that he lays down. Mrs. Ovey, who first introduced me to Mrs. Meade, has signalized herself among her acquaintance by a few simple stories which she has written, and in which she has displayed so powerful an invention, and so exquisite a sensibility, that all who have had opportunities of judging of her, acknowledge her to be one of those few women who are well acquainted with the heart.

Mr. Frederick was the only son of a Northumbrian 'squire, who indulged and flattered him when a boy to such a pitch, that, in a phrentic fit, he decided on a pursuit of the theatrical profession, and accordingly deserted his father to enlist in a company of strollers. His whole soul was devoted to the science of the stage; and he shortly made himself acquainted with all the antiquities, curiosities, and collateral incidents of his new science. He had fagged himself into considerable provincial celebrity, when his father died, leaving him all his estates on condition of his abandoning the stage. This stipulation, though not without considerable regret, he acceded to; and that learning, which he had acquired for professional purposes, became a source of amusement and honour to him in his leisure. His manner is cold and forbidding; but his reserve is, on some occasions, with some particular friends, completely laid aside. His countenance is interesting, and perhaps handsome; while he glittered in the theatre, his dark expressive eyes and elegant person procured for him the smiles of many an enthusiastic fair one. But now he has abandoned his youthful eccentricities, and bears on his brow the solemnity of one who knows men to be knaves or fools, although he is himself too wise to say so.

The next of our party is Sir Henry Rushwood, a younger son, who was bred to the bar, but left that profession in consequence of his elder brother's death, when a large estate and the title of a baronet devolved to him. His style in conversation is rapid and brilliant; he has many quaintnesses and conceits, but his arguments are generally weak, and his reasoning sophistical. The unhesitating fluency of his manner deceives a stranger into an opinion of his logical subtlety; but his discourses are always sophistical; and he takes great pride in applying to himself that line of Paradise Lost, in which one of the fallen angels is described as able by the manna of his tongue,

"To make the worse appear the better reason."

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Dr. Abington is a physician, who has retired from an extensive practice to enjoy a considerable fortune in the pleasures of solitude and study. He seldom emerges from his classic retreat, except on a Sunday evening, when he comes to diffuse the knowledge which during the week he has collected. The gravity of the Doctor is scarcely ever known to relax into a smile, even at the whimsical pranks of Colclough, or the entertaining fopperies of Fairfax; on the contrary, he is often considerably annoyed, in the midst of some serious dissertation, by the extraordinary and sudden freaks of these gentlemen. Miss Abington is very pretty, and very agreeable; she has all those qualities which make a young lady interesting in company, though very few of the qualities which raise astonishment. She is among many people what green is among colours, an object on which the eye may repose after the fatigue of what is glittering and gaudy.

There are some men whom one can laugh at, without despising; and such a man is Colonel Fairfax. He is a sort of Will Honeycombe, a man who knows the town, and has been particularly versed in the study of the female character; yet at fifty-five, for I am sure he cannot be less, though he owns to only six-and-forty, he has the blindness to suppose himself a favourite among women. His person is well formed, and always attired with the closest precision; and to do him justice he is a well-informed being for a fine gentleman.

Anna Mordaunt is the niece and ward of Mrs. Meade, in whose house she lives. Without the affectation and pedantry of learning, she has a very tolerable acquaintance with literature; without the pretensions of a regular beauty, she has a style of countenance particularly elegant and striking, very much the sort of face that one sees in old pictures of Lady Jane Gray; without having associated with any but the best company, she has, at twenty, a general knowledge, and an acuteness of discernment, beyond any thing that I ever remember to have seen in any woman of fifty. With all these advantages, it is not to be wondered at, if she now and then indulges herself in a vein of satire, which, though it excites admiration, detracts from the female softness that is so fascinating and amiable, particularly in youth. Lord Chesterfield doubted whether it were desirable that his son should have wit, for wit in a daughter, I am sure he would not have wished. Notwithstanding this, Miss Mordaunt has, when she pleases, a power of attraction beyond that of any other girl I know.

Lady Caroline Howard is a good-natured fashionable Miss, talkative when such subjects as dress or visiting are started, but on other occasions an excellent hearer.

And as for myself—no, Mr. Editor, I shall not describe that interesting personage, but in my future letters I will attempt to assume the manners of the people of whom I speak; and my real name shall be concealed that my strictures may be open, as a sharp-shooter clothes himself in the colour of the foliage, and fights from behind the bushes. I am then, Mr. Editor (or I chuse to call myself), yours, &c.

FRANCIS LANSDOWNE.

ON THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

Among those trifling casuists who love to moot a point, and to open a door for discussion on every subject, and particularly among those female debaters who, when love or marriage is the topic of discourse, display an ease of oratory, and a fund of information, which cannot be attained by the less eloquent sex; it has often been enquired, whether early or late marriages be the more conducive to comfort, and almost as often has it been decided, that late marriages are the more certain purveyors of happiness; yet, in the vast crowd of ladies who in theory favour this opinion, how few can be found who support it by practice, and who, if an early opportunity is offered of establishing themselves in life, can sacrifice the pleasure which appears within their grasp, for the chance of a more solid, though distant felicity; perhaps this inconsistency arises, in many cases, rather from necessity than choice, sometimes from deference to the customs or opinions of the world, and sometimes from parental coercion.

With respect to the former of these probable causes, namely, custom or opinion, it must be a source of regret to all that consider these matters, to observe how many impertinent, frothy coxcombs are swimming on the surface of fashion, fellows who, if I may be allowed to use their technical terms, suppose that young ladies come out merely for the purpose of being got off; who sneer at a girl after her second winter; and who take it into their heads, that a commodity which has so long been in the market unsold, must needs be of no value. It is much to be wished, that a few of those ladies whose example is respected, would disregard this idle and

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insolent fashion, and recollect that a father and mother are for the most part as indulgent as a husband; that, after their death and the dissolution of their establishment, it may possibly be as comfortable to live on a small income, single and uncontrouled, as to sacrifice independence for the chance of presiding at a more splendid dinner, for the privilege of changing a surname, and for the benefit of paying visits without a Chaperon. The prejudices against old maids are become in some degree obsolete; it is to be hoped they will soon be totally forgotten. Indeed it seems quite as respectable to have refused solicitations (for small indeed is the number of ladies who never had an offer) as to have snapped at the first bait that was held out, and accepted a husband in the way of a bargain.

With regard to the other cause of early marriages, parental coercion, it has been the subject of declamation and the source of regret, ever since novelists could scribble, papas bluster, or Misses complain. So many instances have been adduced of the fatal results which perpetually follow this ill-directed operation of authority, that it seems almost superfluous to add another tale to the files that already occupy the closet and the circulating library; but the story I am going to relate is one so full of extraordinary incidents, and so illustrative of the absurdity against which I have been speaking, that I know not how to conclude my observations with more advantage, than by giving you my tale. It was related to me a few days ago, by a gentleman who resided in the West Indies, where the event happened, and though a number of years have elapsed since its occurrence, the singularity of the facts even now preserves them from oblivion.

The scene of the following story was the island of St. Vincents. There, in the interior of the country, lived Mr. M. an Englishman of fortune. He had accumulated his wealth in a traffic, of all others the most completely calculated to steel the heart against the feelings of humanity, and inspire it with contempt for the outcries of justice. At the age of forty he married an amiable woman, who died in the moment of giving birth to a daughter; and the young Maria was brought up by a relation of Mr. M. her father being generally occupied at a distance from home in disturbing the quiet of men whose colour had condemned them to ignominy.

During Maria's residence with her cousin, she had met with Captain T. a young officer in the British service stationed off St. Vincents, and as his stay in the West Indies was of considerable duration, he had frequent opportunities of seeing and admiring Miss M. By the flattering attentions which he constantly paid her, by the suavity of his manners, the abilities of his mind, and the reputation of his courage, he in no very long space made a considerable impression on her heart. His fortune, though not large, was independent; and his prospects in life were, from connexion as well as merit, so exceedingly agreeable, that Mrs. M. was induced to encourage his addresses to Maria.

Their union was determined, and every arrangement complete, when a sudden communication from the commanding officer of the station, rendered it necessary for Captain T. to leave St. Vincents for several weeks. A few days after his departure, an old Spaniard, of immense fortune, who had purchased an extensive property in the neighbourhood of Mr. M., came to settle on his estate; and being struck by the charms, which his age did not prevent him from discerning in Maria, he called upon her father with a written matrimonial proposal containing the most liberal offers. An advance of such a nature was highly agreeable to Mr. M.; and he instantly sent for Maria, to inform her that sterling reasons had induced him to resolve on a speedy termination of the Captain's views; that she must forget as soon as possible his former reception, nay even his very name; and, that in six weeks time she must be ready to espouse the Don.

Now Maria was a girl, in general, perfectly obedient to her father; but a taste for novels, and other valuable and instructive works, had endowed her with a portion of fortitude and romantic sensibility, by no means conducive to that state of mind into which her father required her to bring herself. She told him that she never would abandon the vows of fidelity which she had plighted to her former lover; that she considered a marriage, where the heart had not its share, in every way void and nugatory; and that even were she compelled to unite herself with the Spaniard, she should certainly seize upon the first opportunity of quitting him.

Mr. M. for a few moments was petrified, but presently waking from his trance, he exhibited every symptom of madness; he foamed at the mouth, stamped with both his feet, and when his fury had sufficiently subsided to give utterance for his indignation, he addressed himself to Maria, who, having expended almost all the ammunition of her courage, stood trembling, with her hands resting on the back of a chair.

"And so you pretend to argue, do you?" said Mr. M. "you! a child! a brat! curse me if ever I could find out what women have to do with reason, and such nonsense. And you will not marry the man whom I have chosen to make you happy. But harkee, Miss Maria, either you resolve at once upon marrying him

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this day se'nnight, or by G— you don't stir out of your chamber till you do!"

"Well, Sir," said the young lady, collecting her spirits to a focus, "if it be your will to confine me, I have no alternative; and a thousand times rather would I allow my person to be fettered than my mind."

"This comes of your novel-reading," exclaimed her father. "It is there you learn your fine doctrines about bearing imprisonment for love, and leaving your husband in the lurch. But you shall marry Don Pedro; in the mean time you may amuse yourself with your own agreeable thoughts; and, when you have determined quietly to obey my will, you will be let out of your room: till then, hell shall not move you the breadth of a finger."

So he very politely took her by the arm, and led her, unresisting, into her chamber. An old female servant, on whom he could depend, was employed to supply her with every thing she wanted, except pens, ink, and paper; and, contenting himself with the accounts which this domestic used to give him, he spared himself the trouble of visiting his daughter's apartment. For three or four days Maria consoled herself, with a number of soothing reflections, and did not know whether, upon the whole, her confinement was not a matter rather pleasing than vexatious; for she thought she had now a most delightful opportunity of displaying romantic heroism, and made sure that her inflexible constancy would shortly subdue her terrific papa. But when five weeks had elapsed, and no appearance was discernible in that papa of the least approximation to her wishes, she began to imagine that there was not so much sport in a lonely confinement, as at first she had been willing to believe. For a fortnight afterwards she grew gradually more and more gloomy; and at last, thinking any conditions advantageous which afforded her the liberty of departing from her bed-room, she was prevailed upon, at the expiration of two months imprisonment, to join her hand with the skinny palm of Don Pedro. The ceremony was performed in the house of Mr. M.; and Maria, the moment it was over, fainted in her husband's arms. She continued for some days extremely indisposed; but when she was deemed sufficiently strong for the jaunt, her new master transferred her from her father's habitation to his own, and she gradually but slowly recovered her health, though not her cheerfulness.

As soon as she had so far emerged from the troubles that had overwhelmed her, as to reflect upon circumstances foreign to her own immediate misery, she felt a strange curiosity, mixed with uneasiness, for the loss of a favourite companion, who had now been for some months missing. This girl, whose name was Ellen, was the daughter of a naval officer, and had been left, at the age of eleven years, destitute of parents and of fortune. In this deserted situation she was found by Mr. M.'s female relation, who had educated Maria, and was received as a sort of companion to that young lady. They became exceedingly attached to one another, and Ellen, who was naturally of a tender and susceptible disposition, imbibed, by imperceptible degrees, her friend's passion for novels, romances, and sentimental tales. Her heart was in this state of training, when Captain T. commenced his visits at the house. The same accomplishments and virtues which recommended him to Maria, recommended him to her less fortunate friend; and a sentiment was gradually gaining ground in the bosom of Ellen, which was productive of consequences the most fatal to her peace. When she found that the Captain regarded her only as a quiet amiable girl, who could give him neither pleasure nor anxiety, and directed his attentions to Maria alone, her principle of honour forbade her to attempt the conquest of a heart, which was already devoted to her dearest friend. It is true that his coldness and indifference occasioned her a deep and durable sorrow; but she struggled with her feelings till principle and reason so far got the better of passion, as to allow her a perfect command of her countenance and action, even before the lovers. The absence of hope enabled her to overcome so powerful a feeling, more easily than she otherwise could have done; for love, without hope, though among novelists it be a favourite topic of condolence, and a perpetual spring to awaken sympathy, is, in real life, but seldom of long duration. The brightest flame must perish, when deprived of the nourishing air. But, in the bosom of Ellen, though the fires were almost subdued, the embers still were warm, and a breath could have kindled them in a moment to their original ardour. With collected resignation she had witnessed the arrangements which were made for the union of her beloved Charles with Maria, the friend of her youth, and patroness of her indigence. She had confined the secret of her love, with sacred caution, to her own bosom; and a tear never strayed along her cheek, to betray the emotions of her soul. Yet her passion was not so completely subdued, as to leave no vestiges of silent sorrow: her eyes were paler, and her form became less round; while her dark eyes gave, to her delicate complexion, an expression of settled melancholy, the most beautiful and interesting. What must then have been her feelings, when she learnt that Don Pedro had gained the approbation of Mr. M. and that Maria was about to renounce for ever the possibility of uniting herself with Charles!

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In a state of the cruelest anxiety did she pass the time of Maria's imprisonment, but the instant the latter had resolved on the acceptance of Don Pedro, she felt herself no longer restrained from following the dictates of her heart. Her fancy had long been fired by accounts of female heroism; Maria's inconstancy surprised, while it rejoiced her, and she longed to give Charles some proof of her affection, which should render it impossible for him to withstand the pleadings of her humble though honourable attachment.

She accordingly procured for herself the habiliments of a common sailor, and privately escaped from the house of Mr M. to that part of the island where it was understood that Captain T. must in a short time land. She concealed herself for several days in a small inn frequented by nautical people; and the Captain, as she expected, came on shore near the house, about dusk in the evening. The landlord of this house had been formerly a servant of Mr. M.'s, but as Maria and Ellen had not been educated at home, the person of our fair adventurer was not known to her host, and the disguise of naval attire preserved her from detection, though inquiries were made, and advertisements published in every quarter by Mr. M.

When Ellen saw the Captain enter the house, her heart beat so violently as almost to deprive her of breath; but she knew that her opportunity was now arrived, and, mustering all her courage, she requested the landlady to inform him, that a young sailor was in the house, who wished to have a few moment's conversation with him. The Captain desired the sailor to be admitted. Ellen entered, but trembled so that she could scarcely stand. The Captain perceived her agitation, and enquired the cause. She sunk upon a chair, and burst into tears.

"Unfortunate youth!" exclaimed Charles, "what would you have with me? Can I be of service in relieving your distress?"

"Sir," said Ellen, "I am resolved on a seafaring life. My parents are dead, I am thrown upon the wide world without friends or fortune, nay, almost without hope." And as she spoke the last words she blushed deeply.

"Without hope," said Charles, smiling; "perhaps you are in love."

Ellen hid her face with her hands.

"Come, my brave lad, be not ashamed of that, I know myself the pleasures of this delightful passion."

"Perhaps," said Ellen, softly, "you never knew the pains of it."

"Nor ever shall, I hope," said Charles, gaily; "for in two or three days I shall be married, and then farewell to doubt and fear. You shall be of my crew; I like your appearance, and if I find you an honest and well disposed lad, I will keep you about my person. When I marry, I will bring you all on shore, and give you a dance on Mr. M.'s green. My Maria shall welcome you all, and then——"

"Miss Maria M." interrupted Ellen, "your Maria—ah!"

"What do you mean," cried Charles.

Ellen gasped for breath; she wished to relate the facts which were happiness to her; but her joy was mixed with sorrow, when she reflected on the pain that her intelligence would give to Charles. She hesitated, and again, but in vain, attempted to speak.

"For heaven's sake, keep me no longer in suspense," he exclaimed; "I cannot endure this agony of doubt."

"Do you not know then," said Ellen, "that this morning was appointed for her wedding, and that she by this time is the wife of Don Pedro de G——; I am just arrived from that part of the island, and have witnessed the marriage preparations."

"It is false—it cannot, shall not be!" cried Charles; and rushing down the stairs, he seized upon the landlord. "Williams," asked he, "have you heard of a wedding to-day upon the island?"

"Oh yes, Sir," answered he, "I am this moment come from it. It would have done your heart good to see the fine set out of ladies, and beef, and tables, and fiddles, and ale, in the good old English style, with seats in the garden, and coloured lamps, and I do not know what all."

"Whose wedding, whose wedding?" said the breathless Charles.

"Lord bless your soul, Sir, why, Miss Maria M.'s to be sure (she is not Miss M. now), to Don Pedro de G. I was an old servant of Squire M.'s and came over with him from England; and so he gave me an invitation for the dinner and ball, you see."

"Enough, enough," said the Captain; and clasping his hands together, he called to Ellen to follow him. She was down the stairs in an instant.

"I shall not sleep here to-night, Williams," said Captain T.

"Why sure, Sir, you will not go back to the ship now in the dark," observed Williams.

"I have business," returned the Captain; and followed by Ellen, he walked to the water side. He loosened a skiff that lay tied to the shore, and both, without uttering a syllable, seated themselves within it.

[*To be continued.*]

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ADVANTAGES OF GOOD SENSE.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be reputed a woman of sense; which, though in the days of my namesake, Queen Bess, might possess its advantages, has in these times quite a contrary effect; and I (who am not half so wise as report gives me credit for) have yet discernment enough to perceive that were I less intellectual I should be more happy. Perhaps this may strike you as a little wonderful; but only investigate the case, Sir, and I am inclined to think you will be of my opinion.

In the first place, a reputed woman of sense is not allowed an excuse for trifling, and perhaps unavoidable, errors.

The flippant of her own sex fancy her a spy and a reproach on their follies; consequently she has no very cordial reception amongst them; and as to yours, Sir, although you do talk very feelingly on the beauties of the mind, I really find the generality of you infinitely more attracted by the lustre of an eye, than either the brilliancy of the head or the virtues of the heart. There may possibly be a few *rare aves* among you which might form an exception to what I advance, but they are so very thinly scattered that I cannot reasonably hope for the good fortune of calling them my friends.

The following is part of a conversation which I overheard about a week since, amidst a party of fashionables, who had met at that enervating and insipid amusement called a rout. The subject ran on some indiscretion committed by one of these reputed women of sense; and which was retailed in style, with all that embellishment which the eloquence of envy, calumny, and detraction so liberally bestows.

"Only think," half whispered an upright sober looking woman to her partner, just as she had taken up the odd trick, "only think of the sage and moral Mrs. So-and-so, being guilty of such a gross absurdity."

"Why it was Mrs. Such-a-one, my poor dear Papa's Lady Paragon, and my approved Chaperon," loudly bawled a dashing looking girl, who, with her self-satisfied swain, was seated on a vacant Ottoman, evidently arrived at the third stage of fashionable flirtation.

"Well, if these be your women of sense," cried Colonel Simple with a loud laugh, "give me the woman who uses her hands rather than her head."

"Why upon my soul, my dear fellow," replied a loose booted Bond-street lounger, "were it not for the danger of our eyes, I should be decidedly of your opinion; a sensible woman is certainly rather a troublesome article; never gives up a point; pesters you into a rage with her prudent advice; and deals out her maxims of virtue in such a wholesale city-like manner, that an innocent little retail customer is frightened to death at the importance of the undertaking."

"Yes," weased out a decrepid old beau, "and then so annoyingly officious too, always marring our schemes. Why, gentlemen, do you know that, owing to one of those pests of society, I lost the ultimatum of the most dreadful flirtation I ever recollect to have planned. The commencement was favourable, things were *entraine*, when one evening, my charmer having consented to meet me in the shrubbery, I was sick with tender expectation, and anxiously waiting the arrival of the sweetest girl in the world, my eyes fell on an ill-looking fellow in a livery, who presented me with a letter brim-full of sentimental quotations and moral reflections, informing me that from a conversation which had passed that afternoon with her friend Mrs. D——, (whom every one allowed to be a sensible woman), she had been induced to consider the step she was about to take as disgraceful in its present point of view, and fatal in its issue. That owing to the arguments and advice of this invaluable friend she was preserved to herself, and must beg leave to decline all conversation with me in future. Now, gentlemen, if you will believe me, from that moment the very naming of a sensible woman, immediately brings on my spasms."

"Why, I own," rejoined Miss Lightfoot (with a simper which she thought vastly becoming), "that though good sense, as it is termed, is very useful upon some occasions, yet in general such women as are distinguished for this quality are not so pleasant as others of more moderate abilities; and indeed, my lord Duke, I do not see that you male characters like us one bit the better for it. I remember well, that my first lover used frequently to tell me, that I owed my power over him to a fascinating indescribable weakness, and that the amiable helplessness of the generality of women constituted their chief attraction. However this may be, I certainly do think that these reputed women of sense are rather disagreeable than otherwise, and generally so very

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self-sufficient and arrogant—don't you think so, my lord Duke?"

"Oh! insufferably so."

"And confident."

"Oh! intolerable, madam; my dear madam, if you go on defining the animal, you positively will throw the gout into my stomach."

Chagrined, and disgusted with what I had heard, I hastened home, out of humour with myself and the world; I grieved to find that the few advantages which I had obtained from a moral education and rational observation (by which I had hoped to become less burthensome to myself and others), was not likely to produce the salutary effects which my imagination had fondly indulged. Having heard, Sir, of your fame as well for depth of penetration as philanthropy of disposition, I determined to lay my case before you, trusting that your wonted kindness will afford me such consolation as the nature of my situation demands. For my part I see no end to my regret, no avenue which leads to that popularity I had once expected to obtain; for till dashing men become rational, and fashionable men reasonable, good sense must remain in obscurity lamenting the evils she cannot cure. If, therefore, it is not in your power to point out some plan by which she may acquire the applause and admiration of your sex, and become the ornament and pursuit of ours, I must ever most sincerely mourn the reputation I have acquired, as a totally unnecessary appendage, utterly disadvantageous; and, in short, Sir, I sigh incessantly for the period, circumstance, or event, that shall give me the enviable titles of a simple, innocent, weak young woman.

Yours, &c.

ELIZ. CELEST. MISANTHROPIA.

GENIUS TRIUMPHANT.

AN ALLEGORY.

ABELLENZA was the son of Melchia, prince of the island of Cyrrha; he was the favourite child of Genius. She presided at his birth, animated his infancy, and attended him through every gradation, from youth to manhood. Inspired by her precepts and practised in her various enchantments, the soul of the youth sprung forward, to catch the golden prize pointed out by his preceptress as the reward of superior talents and worth.

Plumed with the wings of virtue, assisted by industry, and led on by love and duty, he took his flight towards the regions of glory; the trumpet of Fame arrested his progress; the sound vibrated on his ear, it reached his heart, and his soul swelled with the tumultuous transports of coming renown. The trumpet ceased as the goddess advanced; she took the hand of the youth, and smiled. Abellenza listened with eager attention as she spoke. "Stay, aspiring youth," said the goddess, "and animate for a while by thy talents and example this nether sphere; receive the suffrages of thy fellow mortals, the reward of thy eminent abilities, and the applauses of an admiring world; erect thy temple on the highest summit of Parnassus; let thy parent necessity be the whetstone of thy powers, and let thy sisters, Clio and Thalia, chronicle thy fame; but remember, genius must be accompanied by activity and patience, and be content to seek its laurels through briars and thorns; fight on, therefore, aspiring youth! so shall thy shrine be enriched with emblems of thy merits. Thy beloved kindred shall repose in splendid security; my trumpet shall swell with the sound of universal applause, and gild the young laurels already bound round thy brow."

Abellenza was a youth of graceful mien, and the milk of human kindness flowed in his veins; his breast beat high with virtuous emulation, his heart panted with the rich emotions of benevolence, and his soul thirsted after immortality.

Already had the public voice paid tribute to his transcendent talents, already had envy reared high her snaky crest, and darted her venomed shaft; he had paid the tax which inferiority, prosperous ignorance, and the crafty worldling exacts from the sons and daughters of genius.

Chicanery and fraud had taken advantage of his virtuous necessities; had profited by the mild ingenuousness of his nature, and the noble exercise of his talents. Love! sweet, and enchanting—love, pure and spotless, had found an entrance to his susceptible heart; alas! it was love pale and dejected—resting only on hope; but nought could shake the firm and virtuous soul of Abellenza! The arts of the unprincipled had urged, and pleasure lured, but could not tarnish the lustre of his talents, nor sully the noble qualities of his heart.

Such was Abellenza! when the rays of his genius ascended to distant regions; and the renowned prince Zonotasque, celebrated for magnanimity and valour, and for his liberal encouragement of the arts, sent emissaries with

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splendid offers to the youth, and an invitation of courtesy to his palace.

Abellenza's heart expanded at the call of glory, and the ardour of youth and hope sprung fresh within him; but the thought of his beloved kindred, the parent who protected his infancy, his virtuous sisters pining for his loss, and the soul of the youth was sad.

He wandered towards the Lake of Arsulah; he reclined on its velvet banks, branching limes shaded his form, zephyrs wantoned in his soft brown hair, his breast responsed to the sighing foliage, for the soul of the youth was sad.

He mused on the words of Fame, and the lustre of Hope brightened the pale beam of his eye; he remembered the words of the goddess, "Genius must seek its laurels through briars and thorns." Calm flowed the Lake of Arsulah, bright glowed the sun on its light blue waves; calm was the breast of the youth, and bright were the hopes of his soul. "I will go," instinctively he repeated, "I will accept the noble offers of this illustrious prince. Dear to my soul is my native soil, fast round my heart cling the chords of nature; but the claims of duty are sacred, her reward is sure. My countrymen have forgotten to be just, they eat up the labour of my hands; I will sojourn for a while on a foreign shore; I will improve the gracious gift of heaven by activity and perseverance, so shall the predictions of the goddess be fulfilled; my beloved kindred shall repose in splendid security; and the maid of my love, the bright-eyed daughter of Lebnor shall glad the arms of Abellenza."

Firm were the resolves of the youth, when his soul was fired with virtuous sacrifice; prompt was his execution, for his decisions were just. He quitted the hall of his kindred, and fast flew the bark on the waves, the wind was in her sails; fast flew the bark on the waves, and fast fell the tears of Lebnor's daughter; silence reigned in the hall of his kindred, and pale was the cheek of his love!

Peace to thy soul, daughter of Lebnor! repose on thy strength virtuous kindred of Abellenza! Bright in his fame shall the youth return; enriched with imperial honours, endowed with wealth and power shall return the youth of the secret sigh; envy shall expire at his feet, injustice hide her head, and fraud sue for mercy. The virtuous kindred of Abellenza shall repose in splendid security; the white-bosomed Zelmah shall bless the arms of the youth; Genius shall triumph in her son, and joy shall reign in the hall of Lebnor.

E. G. B.

THE PREDICTION.

AN AUTHENTIC TALE.

An Austrian officer, the Baron von W——, who served in the Szekler, in the last war with the Turks, lived a few years since at B——. He was fond of relating the different extraordinary events of his campaigns. From the number we select the following anecdote, which is given in the Baron's own words:

In the spring of the year 1788, I set out from Miclosvar in Transylvania, to conduct a number of recruits to my regiment, which then lay in the vicinity of Orsowa. In a village near the army lived a gipsy who carried on the trade of a suttler. My new soldiers, who were extremely superstitious, asked her to tell their fortune. I laughed at them, and at the same time held my hand to the gipsy.

"The 20th of August," said she, with a very significant air, and without adding another syllable. I wished to obtain some explanation, but she repeated the same words; and as I was going away she called out to me in the same tone,—"the 20th of August." It may easily be supposed that this date remained impressed upon my memory.

We joined the army, and shared its fatigues and dangers. It is well known that in this war the Turks gave no quarter. Their chiefs offered a premium of a ducat for every head that should be brought into the camp, and neither Janissaries nor Saphies neglected any opportunity of earning this reward. This arrangement was particularly fatal to our advanced posts. There was scarcely a night but what the Turks came in superior numbers to seek for heads, and at day-break, it was often found that part of the camp had been guarded only by decapitated trunks. The prince of Coburg resolved to send every night strong piquets of cavalry beyond the chain of videts, for the purpose of protecting them; these piquets were composed of one or two hundred men; but the Turkish generals finding their troops disturbed in their retail trade, sent still more numerous detachments against our piquets, which procured them a still more considerable profit. The service of the piquets was consequently of such a nature, that those who were appointed to perform it, always put their affairs in order previous to their departure.

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Things were in this state in the month of August. Several battles had not changed the position of the army. A week before the 20th, my fortune-teller, of whom I had frequently purchased provisions, again made her appearance. She entered my tent, requested me to leave her a legacy, in case I should die on the day she had predicted, and offered, in case I did not, to make me a present of a hamper of Tokay. This wine was a rarity in the army; the gipsy appeared to me not to have common sense; in the situation in which I then was, a speedy death was not improbable, but I had no reason to expect it precisely on the 20th of August. I acceded to the proposal, staking two horses and 50 ducats against the old woman's Tokay; and the auditor of the regiment took down our agreement in writing, but not without laughing.

The 20th of August came. There was no probability of an engagement. It was indeed the turn of our regiment to furnish a piquet for the night; but two of my comrades were to go out before me. In the evening, as the hussars were preparing to set off, the surgeon of the regiment came to inform the commandant that the officer named for the piquet was taken dangerously ill. The one next to him, and who preceded me, received orders to take his place; he dressed himself in haste and was proceeding to join his men; but his horse, a gentle, quiet creature, suddenly began to prance and caper in such a manner, that he at last threw his rider, who broke his leg in the fall. It was now my turn. I set off, but I must confess not in my ordinary humour.

I commanded eighty men, and was joined by 120 belonging to another regiment, making in the whole two hundred men. Our post was about a thousand paces in front of the line of the right wing, and we were supported by a marsh covered with very high reeds; we had no advanced sentinels; but not a man was suffered to leave the saddle; our orders were to remain with drawn sabres and loaded carbines till day-break. Every thing was quiet till a quarter before two o'clock; we then heard a noise, which was succeeded by loud shouts of *Allah!* and in a minute all the horses in the first rank were thrown to the ground either by the fire, or by the shock of seven or eight hundred Turks. An equal number fell on their side, from the impetuosity of their charge and the fire of our carbines. In the confusion which succeeded, I received eight sabre wounds, as well from friends as enemies; my horse was mortally wounded; he fell on my right leg and pinned me down to the ensanguined ground The flashes of pistols threw a light on this scene of carnage.

I raised my eyes and saw our men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible massacre of them. Very soon not a single Austrian was left standing. The victors seized the horses that were still fit for service, first pillaged the dead and wounded, and then began to cut off their heads and to put them into sacks which they had brought expressly for the purpose.—My situation was not very enviable. In the regiment of Szekler we in general understand the Turkish language. I heard them encourage each other to finish the business before any succours should arrive, and not to leave a single ducat behind, adding, that there ought to be two hundred. Hence it appears that their information must have been very accurate. While they were passing and repassing over me, while legs, arms, and balls were flying above my head, my horse received one which caused him to make a convulsive motion. My leg was disengaged, and I instantly conceived the idea of throwing myself, if possible, among the reeds of the morass. I had observed that several of our men who had attempted it were taken; but the firing had slackened, and the darkness inspired me with hope. I had only twenty yards to go, but had reason to apprehend that I should sink in the morass. I nevertheless leaped over men and horses, knocking down more than one of the Turks, who extended their arms to catch me, and made several blows at me with their sabres; but my good fortune and my agility enabled me to reach the marsh. I sunk at first no higher than my knees; in this manner I proceeded about twenty paces among the reeds, and there stopped exhausted with fatigue. I heard a Turk exclaim, "An Infidel has escaped; let us look for him!"—"It is impossible he can be in the morass," replied others. I know not whether they continued their conversation, but I heard nothing more. I fainted away with the loss of blood, and in this state I remained several hours; for when I came to myself, the sun was already high.

I had sunk into the morass up to the waist. My hair stood erect when I recollected the images of the night, and the 20th of August was one of my first ideas. I counted my wounds, which were eight in number, but none of them dangerous; they were given with sabres on the arms, the breast, and the back. As the nights are very cool in that country, I wore a very thick pelisse, which had deadened the blows. I was, however, extremely weak: I listened; the Turks had been long gone. From time to time I heard the groans of wounded horses on the field of battle; as to the men, the Turks had taken pretty good care of them.

I attempted to extricate myself from the place in which I was, and this I accomplished in about an hour. The footsteps I had left behind me on

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entering guided me out again. Though a war with the Turks blunts the edge of sensibility, I felt an emotion of fear, lonely as I was, when I cast my eyes beyond the reeds. I advanced; my eyes were directed towards the scene of massacre, but words are inadequate to express my terror on feeling myself suddenly seized by the arm. I turned my head and beheld an Arnaut, six feet high, who had undoubtedly come back to see if he could pick up any thing more. Never was hope more cruelly disappointed. I addressed him in the Turkish language, "Take my watch, my money, my uniform," said I, "but spare my life!"—"All those belong to me," said he, "and your head into the bargain." He immediately untied the string of my hussar cap, and then my cravat. I was unarmed and incapable of defending myself; at the slightest movement he would have plunged his large cutlass into my bosom. I threw my arms round his body, supplicating his compassion, while he endeavoured to uncover my neck. "Have compassion on me," said I; "my family is rich, make me your prisoner, and you shall have a large ransom."—"It will be too long to wait for that," replied he; "only hold yourself still a moment, that I may cut—" and he was already taking out my shirt-pin. Meanwhile I still clung round him; he did not prevent me, undoubtedly because he relied on his strength and his weapons, and even perhaps from a motive of compassion, which indeed was not strong enough to counterbalance the hope of a ducat. While he was disengaging my shirt pin, I felt something hard at his girdle. It was an iron hammer. He again repeated, "Hold yourself still!" and without doubt these would have been the last words I should ever have heard, had not the horror of such a death inspired me with the idea of seizing his hammer. He did not perceive what I was doing, and already held my head with one hand and his cutlass in the other, when disengaging myself by a sudden movement, I gave him a blow on his face with the hammer with all my strength. The hammer was heavy; the Arnaut staggered; I repeated my blow, and he fell, at the same time dropping his weapon. It is unnecessary to add that I seized it, and plunged it several times into his body. I ran towards our advanced posts, whose arms I perceived glistening in the sun, and at length reached the camp. Our people shunned me as they would a spectre. The same day I was attacked with a violent fever, and conveyed to the hospital.

In six weeks I recovered from my fever and my wounds, and rejoined the army. On my arrival the gipsy brought me her Tokay; and I was informed by others that, during my absence, different circumstances had come to pass exactly as she had foretold, and had procured many consultations and many legacies. All this was very extraordinary.

Not long afterwards two deserters from the enemy came over to us. They were two Christians of Servia, who had been employed about the baggage of the Turkish army, and deserted to avoid a punishment they had incurred. They no sooner saw our prophetess than they knew her, and declared that she frequently went at night to the Turkish camp to give the enemy an account of our movements. This astonished us greatly; for the woman had performed for us various services, and we had even admired the address with which she executed the most perilous commissions. The deserters, however, persisted in their testimony, adding, that they had several times been present when this woman described our positions to the Turks, disclosed to them our projects, and encouraged them to make attacks which had actually taken place. A Turkish cypher served for her passport. This convincing proof being found upon her, she was sentenced to suffer death as a spy. Before her execution, I again questioned her on her prediction relative to me. She acknowledged that by acting as a spy to both parties, which procured her double profit, she had often learned the designs of both; that those who secretly consulted her on their future fortune had made her acquainted with many circumstances, and that she was likewise under some obligation to accident. As to what regarded me in particular, she had selected me to make of me a great example capable of confirming her credit, by fixing so long before hand the fatal moment. At its approach she had instigated the enemy to make an attack in the night of the 20th on the post of our regiment. From the intercourse which she had with the officers, she learned that there were two to go before me; to one she sold adulterated wine, which had made him ill; and as for the other, at the moment of his departure, she went up to him, as if to sell him something, and found means, unperceived, to introduce very high into the nostrils of his horse a piece of burning tinder.

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PRINCIPLE AND SENTIMENT.

T. N.'s *Enquiry concerning Principle and Sentiment briefly considered.*

MR. EDITOR,

THE Reply of T. N. which appeared in the last number of *La Belle Assemblée*, to "The Distinction between Principle and Sentiment considered," which was submitted to the eye of the public in the preceding number of the same work, demands much serious attention. And the candour, the modesty, the talents, the ingenuity, and the intention with which it is written, entitles the author to every mark of respect and attention; and strongly induces me to pursue, however feebly and unsuccessfully, the subject in question somewhat further than I originally intended to have done.

In metaphysical disquisitions of every description, the difficulties that oppose themselves to our view, it is neither in our power accurately to enumerate, satisfactorily to explain, nor faithfully to describe. Here the nicest possible attention to a clear definition of words, and the minutest adherence to appropriate and precise application of terms, will neither prevent doubts, solve difficulties, nor establish conviction. And much of the knowledge that is to be acquired by the truly "abstruse, yet interesting study of the soul," must derive its origin more from an attentive observation of the intellectual faculties operating, by known and admitted fixed principles on all the variously combined effects of external and incidental circumstances and situations on the passions, the dispositions, the affections, and the sensations to which we are subject, than by the severest process of deep and critically rigid metaphysical investigations.

Too often in the study of the mind we omit the study of the man, and represent the object of our enquiry as a being superior to himself. Too often in delineating the character of man, his endowments and his capabilities, we represent him rather as what he ought to be than what he really is; and thus foil ourselves with our own weapons.

By principles, I do not mean *opinions* but *truths*. Truths are properties which invite enquiry and enforce conviction. Errors are chimeras of the imagination, which elude all pursuit and shrink from all enquiry. These have neither substance nor existence independent of what they receive from the resources of fancy, and from the indolence of opinion. Errors cannot emanate from principles. Of these there is but one description. In principles there are no deceptions. Principles are truths founded in the nature and in the constitution of things; and the faculties of the mind are peculiarly adapted, nicely fitted, and pre-eminently calculated to act in exact conformity to their influence, when by the energies of virtue, accompanied by a desire of improvement, we are wisely determined zealously and properly to apply them to the useful, the noble, and the laudable purposes of increasing our happiness by enlarging our knowledge and redoubling our usefulness.

Principles are incapable of change or alteration, of injury or improvement. They are not founded in knowledge, but are its basis, its support, and its perfection. They are anterior to knowledge. They are emanations of a wisdom that is supernatural. Every thing that can properly be called principle would be invariably the same was all knowledge instantaneously to cease.—Truth would continue to be truth, and virtue to be virtue, although man knew neither the nature, the property, the utility, nor even the name of either. Principles may be instilled into the mind by education; but neither ignorance nor learning, neither wisdom nor folly, can alter their properties, nor disprove their existence. They are emanations of a divinity which leaves not man to the mercy of chance, nor to the dominion of opinion. To these emanations erudition must bow with respect, and philosophy must submit without an alternative.

In the pursuit of all moral and religious knowledge, whatever is not founded in principle is not necessary to the promotion of goodness and of happiness. The Christian religion is founded on the principle of love. If it can be proved that no such principle exists, the Christian system must inevitably fall to the ground. That the professors of christianity do not act in conformity to the influence of this principle does not prove that the principle itself is either false or defective. Those opinions of love which are subject and conformable to its principle are pure, sincere, just, dignified, and powerfully instrumental in promoting universal harmony and happiness; while those opinions arising from the same affection that are casually, promiscuously, methodically, or systematically imbibed by education; influenced by the habits of society, and the customs and fashions of the age; or by the zealous and persevering exertions, entreaties, and persuasions of particular sects, descriptions and denominations of Christians; although they may be productive of some good, unless they are

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made referable to principles for the purposes of correction and modification, cannot be otherwise than calculated to produce much evil. But for such references sentiment originally founded in principle would be involved in the errors of opinion, and despoiled of her most salutary effects.

That there may be an *accidental* sense of good and beautiful, of evil and deformity, existing in the mind independent of instruction, I can easily conceive and readily grant; but that there should be a *natural* sense of those opposite qualities not only admits of doubt, but is incapable of demonstration. To the mind nothing is naturally right or wrong until it obtains an accidental, a revealed, or an acquired power of reasoning, comparing, and judging. For although we possess the faculty by which this power is applied to the purposes of want, yet the power itself is neither innate nor intuitive.

Errors never can become principles; for all principles are truths. And whatever wears the certain and unequivocal stamp of error ceases to be the effect of principle. False principles (improperly so called) are neither more nor less than unfounded opinions. They are opinions of an Utopian origin, and owe their birth to the fertile inventions, and their existence to the visionary delusions of an imagination uncorrected by sober investigation; or to the sudden impulse of conceptions or sensations, the causes of which we may feel ourselves unable to account for, or unwilling to enquire into.

Nothing can properly be denominated sentiment which does not in some way or another result from the operation of the reasoning faculties. Sentiment is therefore totally inapplicable to the brute creation. Nor in man can it be any otherwise pure, just, and acceptable to the great Creator of all things, than in proportion as it is the effect of, or conformable to, principles. We are not required to improve talents until they are actually put into our possession. Principles are talents provided for our use. We cannot possess them without knowing that we do so. We cannot alter them; we cannot change them; but we can use them; we can apply them for the benefit, the improvement, and the felicity of ourselves and our fellow-creatures. By such an use of them, we shall beget sentiments the most noble, the most generous, the most lovely, the most humane, and the most sublime that our present state of existence is capable of producing or enjoying. But if, instead of adverting to principles, we consult opinions, the justness of our inferences, and the purity of our intentions, will rest on no solid foundation; and the final result of our labours may be accompanied by sentiments in no respects favourable to the cause of religion, of morality, of knowledge, or of happiness.

A separation between *just* principles and *natural* sentiment is conspicuous in many instances; nor can it be denied that a separation between *just* principle and *pure* sentiment is not unfrequently to be ascertained by any one who attentively watches and carefully examines the progress of his own conduct, reasonings, feelings, enquiries, and determinations; and compares the result of his observations with the principles he professes to believe, adopt, and maintain.

If "sentiment is the organ of sympathy" and "the first spring of all the social affections," which are propositions I cannot admit, it is no less the organ of envy and malice, and the first spring of all the unsocial affections; by which our rank in nature, and our obligations to domestic and political institutions are in a very high and lamentable degree concealed from our view.

All the "deductions made by reason from the experience of our own sentiments, or received from the sentiments of others whom we respect," are referable to principles, and the truth or fallacy, the purity or feculency of them must be determined by such reference. False principles have no existence in nature. And that which has no prior existence cannot be created by false deductions. It is more easy to suppose a man may be destitute of principles altogether than it is to suppose he can be actuated by what does not exist. False principles are visionary offsprings of imaginary suppositions. We cannot embody them. They are ideal shadows to which no substances belong. They are inapplicable to all the useful purposes of moral, natural, and religious enquiries. They are mists floating in the atmosphere of ignorance, generated by a total perversion of talents, and supported by the ascendency of vice, which may for a while conceal the brilliancy of wisdom from the view, but which happily cannot prevent the influence of its operation on the heart.

Every thing that is not absolutely and in every respect consistent with principles, and strictly conformable to the plain, decided and requisite effects of their influence when the properties of them are properly applied, is altogether unfounded. The acquisition of knowledge implies certainty of principles Where no principles exist knowledge ceases to be progressive. There the superstructure of learning cannot be erected; for there no foundation can be found whereon to rear it. Vice and ignorance are equally destitute of all principles. Hence man in savage life lives and dies in a savage state: but, as in social life, he is not altogether vicious nor altogether ignorant, it is plain that he is capable of recognizing

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principles when they are once submitted to his consideration; and from that recognition he enjoys the power, and is invested with the privilege of applying them where it is his interest, his duty, his inclination, or his humour to do so.

The dissimilarity of "the characteristics assigned to sentiment" is warranted by experience; against which no arguments can countervail. Seeming inconsistencies of representation do not obviate the certainty of real absurdities in opinion, nor the visibility of palpable contradictions in practice.

The unerring purity of sentiment is incapable of being otherwise ascertained than by comparing its agreement or disagreement with the principles by which it should be governed and regulated.

If "every primitive sentiment must be necessarily virtuous," every principle from which such sentiment emanates must be necessarily good.

If there are some who "perceive misery, and desire to relieve it," there are others who perceive misery, and desire to increase it. Sentiment is under the dominion of the passions as well as the affections; but this is not the case with principle. "From our primitive sentiments," independent of the controul of fixed principles, no certain deductions can be made, no permanent uniformity of virtuous conduct can be inferred.

Principles are the grounds of knowledge underivable by the art of man. They are communications made to him, by the proper application of which knowledge is attainable by him. Natural conceptions add nothing to the strength of principles, and but little to the stock of knowledge. And knowledge, whether derived from education, from accident, from observation, from experience, or from study, is not a great support of principle, but is itself supported by principle. Principles are truths than which nothing can be more strong, nothing more useful, nothing more perfect, nothing more satisfactory. The emanations of science can neither add to, nor diminish ought of their intrinsic value.

Independent of sentiment, principles are anchors of hope, and of consolation sure and certain; on which we may always rely with confidence and security.

Were the legislation of principle and the precedents of experience to bow to the decisions of sentiment, the chancery of the mind would become despicable by its inconsistencies, and ridiculous by its determinations.

July 6, 1806. L. C.

ON THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

To those who are in the habit of employing their private resources, and availing themselves of public advantages, not as the mere engines for supplying immediate wants, but as a criterion from which they can estimate the progressive improvement of the human mind, and the consequent advances of civilization and refinement, every thing must be valuable and interesting that can tend to elucidate the original, or follow the early steps of those arts and sciences which, while they effect the desirable and ordinary purposes of life, for society at large, afford to enquiring and contemplative minds, a source of satisfaction infinitely superior to the comfort which they, in common with the rest of the world, derive from the accomplishment of those ordinary purposes. Among these resources and advantages, perhaps there is none which has tended, in so eminent and conspicuous a degree, to the diffusion of wisdom, and of course to the improvement of society, as the art of printing:—that

——"Magic skill,
"Which stamps, renews, and multiplies
"at will."

Which, while it enables us to stock our minds with all the produce of ancient research, to refine our taste by all the specimens of early art, and to trace the gradual advancement of knowledge even to the times in which we live, also gives us, in our turn, the facility of imparting in an instant the result of our enquiries, and the effusions of our fancy, to the remotest corners where the language of our country is admired or understood: so that not a ray of genius emanates from the human soul which may not be caught, as it were, in a prismatic glass, and reflected at once in innumerable directions. Yet, the source of this admirable invention, by which the regions of literature have been fertilized, and the fruits of genius matured, has, like the fountains of the Nile, for a succession of ages, defied the endeavours of every adventurer who has attempted, by tracing its current, to ascend to its primary streams. To say a few words on a subject so generally interesting, and convey, with as little heavy pedantry and dry chronology as possible, an understanding of the general documents which we have been able to procure, may perhaps be a labour not

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wholly unexceptionable to that part of our readers whom the privilege of the sex, and the triumphs of the toilette, withhold from the labours of ponderous literature. Knowledge will seldom be refused admittance into the mind, if amusement be the coin which it offers at the door.

The time when this art was discovered is (within a very few years) a matter of pretty general agreement; the difficulty is to ascertain, among a number of competitors for the credit of the invention, amidst the confusion (and probably the chicanery) of partnerships and improvements, the real author of the inestimable discovery: For partners claim equality of merit with original proprietors; and subsequent improvers arrogate to themselves the title of inventors. Printing, then, first became known in Europe about the year 1440. But the birth-place of Homer has scarcely given rise to discussions more various or more animated, than the town and the individual to whom the honour is to be attributed. It is true that in China the art of printing has been known certainly from the year 930, and as some think for a long succession of centuries. But in China the art is a totally different science from the European system, though the ground-work and first principle are the same: for the Chinese printers, having an incredible number of letters, could not, as the Europeans do, who have only twenty-four, perform all their objects with a few types repeatedly combined in various relations, but were obliged to employ an immense quantity of types; so that they found it the most convenient plan to cut in wood a block-type of every individual page in the books they had occasion to print, which type was of course totally useless to the artist for any other purpose than the re-printing of the same work. And though it be urged that Koster, of whom we must presently speak, printed two or three books from these wooden pages, yet it should be recollected, that at the time when Koster is said to have done this, the Chinese and Europeans had no medium of intercourse by which it was possible that such an invention could be communicated. When all these circumstances, the internal evidence of the manufacture, and the external evidence of dates, are considered with their due proportions, it will be pretty generally agreed that Germany, which, but for the priority of this Chinese claim, is acknowledged to have been the mother country of printing, has a fair title to the honour. Hence the old Latin lines:

" O Germania! Muneris Repertrix
" Quo nihil utilius dedit Vetustas!
" Libros scribere quæ doces premendo!"

Which may be rendered:

" An art did you, ye German States, explore,
" Which equalled all that skill had wrought before;
" You quickened Genius by the glaring hint,
" And taught to *write*, by teaching how to *print*."

But to have settled that the art is originally German, will by no means be found a solution of the problem which we wish to see solved. It is necessary for us also to enquire, which, among those numberless principalities, whose aggregate constitutes the German empire, has the greatest show of justice on its side. It seems indeed most fair to conclude, with a great majority of the learned men who have entered upon those investigations, the results of which we are now briefly relating, that Mentz was the horizon in which this new luminary dawned; though there are not wanting many respectable authorities who attribute the priority to Haarlem, and many who support the claims of Strasburgh. Other smaller towns there are, " nor nameless nor unsung;" but their defenders are not entitled to particular consideration in an abstract such as this, from either their number or their authority. In considering the question, we shall satisfy ourselves with giving an outline of the separate pretensions held forth by these three towns, without entering into any prolix detail of the proofs that support the respective arguments; and if any one shall wish to make a farther search, he will easily, by means of the authorities to which we shall refer, be enabled to fill up our general sketch.

The inhabitants, then, of Strasburgh contend, that the first printer was one Mantel, in their city; and this theory is supported by a physician of the same name at Paris, who declares that this Mantel, of Strasburgh, invented printing in 1442, and that, in consequence, he was presented by the Emperor, Frederick the Third, with a coat of arms, which had reference to his great discovery. But it may be urged, that a Sovereign's favour is by no means an irrefragable proof of merit or originality; nor, on the other hand, ought royal neglect to be considered as an argument of demerit or quackery. Christopher Columbus discovered the new world; but Americus Vesputius had the honour of giving it his name.

According to Junius Hadrianus, Haarlem was the native city of this young science. He maintains that it was invented by Lawrence John Koster, an eminent Burgher of that place, as early as the year 1430—that Koster " made letters first " of the bark of trees, which he set and ranked " in order, and put with their heels upwards " upon paper, and so made the first essay of " this art: at first he made but a line or two,

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" then whole pages, and then books, but printed " on one side only." The blank sides of the paper were then pasted together, and these rudiments of the art Junius Hadrianus says he actually saw in that very town. That, after some time, he discontinued the use of wood as his material for types, and " cut single letters in " steel, which he sunk into copper matrices, " and, fitting them into iron moulds, cast single " letters of metal into those matrices." Of these matrices the inventor appears (from a note written in a copy of Tully's Offices, which was printed in the year 1445, and which has been preserved in the Bodleian Library,) to have been Peter Schaeffer, or Schoeffer. Koster having made this progress in the art, (continue the Haarlemers), associated with himself John Fust Faustemberg, or Faustus, whom, by-the-bye, some accounts confound with John Guttenberg, another early printer; and this faithless associate, having thoroughly acquainted himself with the principles and the practice of the art, took advantage of a morning when Koster was piously employed at church, and, stealing his tools, set up a new printing house at Mentz, where he asserted his claim to the original merit, before Koster had thought proper to publish his own pretensions. Now the first book that Faustus printed, say they, was produced in 1440, being the Doctrinal of Alexander Gallus; and all that is alledged in favour of Koster, is a bare assertion of the Haarlemers, that the *Speculum Salutis*, which was printed in their town in Dutch and Latin, was the first book *ever* printed. But, unluckily, they do not inform us when this work appeared; so that Koster's title to priority rests only on vague affirmation, while that of Faustus is supported by the strongest of all testimony, the internal evidence of his date. Nor indeed can we easily conceive why Koster, who is stated to have made his discovery in 1430, should have kept his own secret so long as ten years, from all the world except Faustus, particularly if he were so shabby a fellow as the Haarlemers would make us believe. And it seems not more reasonable to think that Koster invented what Faustus made known, than in conversation, when one man has *uttered* a very witty observation, it would be just to give the credit of it to another, who should tell us that he had also *thought* of the same thing. However, the Haarlemers are so perfectly convinced of the soundness of their own pretensions, that, over the house of this Lawrence John Koster, in the Market-place at Haarlem, Hegenitz tells us these lines are written in golden letters:

Typographiæ Ars, Artium Conservatrix, hic
Primum Inventa, circa Ann. M,CCCC,XL.

The art of printing, the guardian of other arts,
Was here first invented about the year 1440.

Thus, by-the-bye, they shew that they themselves know not how to believe their own assertions, that the date of Koster's invention was 1430; and underneath the inscription which we have mentioned are these verses:

" Vana, quid Archetypos et Præla, Moguntia, jactas?
" Haarlemi Archetypos Prælaque nata scias.
" Extulit hic, monstrante Deo, Laurentius artem:
" Dissimulare virum hunc, dissimulare Deum est."

" Wherefore, vain Mentz, thy types and presses vaunt?
" At Haarlem born, those wonders went abroad.
" The secret *here* did God to Lawrence grant:
" Belying this man is belying God."

And now for the inhabtiants of Mentz. Faustus, whom the Haarlemers have called the disciple of Koster, and who is commonly known by the name of Dr. Faustus, appears in reality to have been the inventor of printing, about the year 1440; and the occasion of it was, like the occasions of many of our most useful and important discoveries, completely fortuitous. Some persons have supposed, that the idea was suggested by the mode in which playing-cards were engraved; but it is generally believed at Mentz, that he had been amusing himself one afternoon by cutting the letters that composed his name out of the bark of a young tree; these he laid upon his handkerchief, which was fine and white linen; so the bark, being green and full of sap, impressed on the clean surface the shapes into which it had itself been carved. This accident represented to him the practicability of making characters of metal, which, damped with a strong colour, would leave an impression upon paper. The citizens of Mentz, in support of this assertion of theirs, produce a copy of Tully's Offices, printed on parchment, and preserved in the library of Auxbourg, at the end of which is this memorandum:

" Præsens M. Tullii Opus clarissimum, Jo. Fust, moguntinus civis, non atramento, plumali cannâ, neque æreâ, sed arte quâdam perpulchâ, manu Petri Gersheim, pueri mei, feliciter effeci. Finitum Anno 1440, die quarto, mens Feb."

" This celebrated work of Marcus Tullius, I, John Fust, citizen of Mentz, have, not with ink, with a pen of quill, nor with one of brass, but by a certain admirable art, completed successfully, through the labour of Peter Gersheim, my servant-boy. Finished the fourth of February, in the year 1440."

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This refutes the Haarlem story about the publication of Gallus's Doctrinal.

This Fust has been, unfortunately, the subject of much misapprehension. Posterity itself, which does justice to the merits of most men, even of those who have suffered from envy, from prejudice, and from party, in their life-time, has failed to clear the memory of Fust, from imputations the most absurd, as well as unjust. During his life, he had the misfortune to separate from those whom he had chosen as the partners of his newly found art; and this seems to afford a clue, as well for the claims of the different towns which we have mentioned, and to which those partners probably migrated, as for the scandalous accusations which were thrown against him, of desertion from his employer, and felony in carrying off the tools. These were the inventions of the learned who envied, and of the partisans who opposed him, to deprecate his character with the higher orders of men; while, in order to impose upon the vulgar, those lies were propagated, which long tradition, and pantomimic spectacle have, in almost every country of Europe inseparably associated with the very name of Faustus. We are told of his compacts with the devil, and his skill in magic; we have seen him on the stage in the *infernal regions*, suffering punishment for having *on earth* been the benefactor of his fellow-creatures. And what was the cause of this popular belief in his necromancy? Why this: A number of copies were produced of Bibles printed by him, which, being compared together, was found exactly, even to the punctuation of a paragragh, even to the tittle of an iota correspondent, each with the other; and being avowedly too produced in a space of time in which they could not have been finished by the ordinary mode of manuscript, were positive evidence, in the eyes of the vulgar, that he, who could do more than man had ever done before, must possess means more powerful than man could command. Those means could be only diabolical; though it was certainly a strange freak of his subterranean Majesty, to select, for one of Faustus's earliest experiments in the new art, of all books in the world, the Bible!

In England printing first became known in the reign of Henry the Eighth, who sent messengers to Haarlem for the purpose of learning the art, and if possible, of bringing back with them some persons who should instruct the inhabitants of Great Britain in its exercise. Accordingly, Frederick Corseles, an under-workman, was prevailed on, for a considerable sum of money, to come over to England; and began at Oxford the exercise of that art, which has since been one of the most powerful engines in the hand of Providence for increasing our knowledge and improving our morals; since morality, though not in every individual, yet certainly in every age, increases with the increase of knowledge.—Who were the persons employed by the king, has been much disputed; but this is evident, that the deputies were fitted out and maintained at the charge of his majesty; and on that account printing, though it afterwards became a free trade, was many years thought as exclusively the king's prerogative, as coining. It was brought to London by William Caxton; and that, says Baker in his Chronicle, about the year 1471: but we have scarcely any copies of books printed in London earlier than 1480. The first printing-press was set up in Westminster Abbey, where Caxton worked; and this was the reason why all printing-offices were afterwards called *Chapels*.

To an invention so useful to mankind, it has since been thought proper to annex ornament; and modern times have proceeded upon this decorating principle to such extremes, that literature has been greatly enhanced in its price by its ornamental coadjutors. What was once cheap and simple paper, is now a manufacture approaching to vellum. The spaces, which were originally left at the ends of chapters, have been swelled for the introduction of expensive vignettes. Pages, which used to contain forty or fifty lines, now comprise only eighteen or twenty, and those lines of a larger type. Books formerly printed in octavo, are now become quartoes, past the purse of an ordinary reader, huge masses of literature, where, in the words of a witty and elegant writer, "a rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin."

H. T.

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BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS OF A TRAVELLER AT REST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CONJECTURE attributes this work to a gentleman of high birth, who, during his political career, attended embassies, frequented several European Courts, and collected in every place a variety of anecdotes, which he connected together into one story, assuming the fictitious name of Duchilleu. We will follow his course from the moment he embarks in English affairs, as it may prove gratifying to British readers to catch some glimpses of the light which he throws on the characters of some of their most distinguished countrymen.

PART II.—CHAP. I.

Arriving in London, I went to Mr. Upton, who told me all he had done to promote my interest. Though an heir to four thousand a year he was very poor, as an avaricious brother enjoyed all the fortune of the family; that circumstances had led him to accept of the office of Secretary to Lord Bute's brother who was sent to Turin as an Extraordinary Envoy; but he soon repented the sacrifice he had made of his liberty, and determined to break his engagement. In order to fulfil this intention without causing any trouble to the Minister, he thought of recommending me as a Chaplain, intending, when half way to the place of our destination, to excuse himself, as well as he could, from acting as a Secretary, and proposing me in his stead. It was necessary for me to enter the church; but, as he had often seen me study the Greek and Hebrew languages, and the sacred commentators, he had no doubt of my being able to pursue the clerical career. I thanked Mr. Upton for this proof of his friendship, and found no difficulty in the execution of his design. He presented me to Mr. Mackenzie, our principal; I was approved of, took orders, and in a fortnight entered on my employment, and was ready to depart.

It will not be improper, before I leave England, to inform my readers of the situation in which the persons stood with whom I was engaged.

Lord Bute's air was noble, his manners easy, his shape elegant; his capacious mind possessed the clear light of understanding, and the treasures of extensive knowledge; the elevation of his soul raised him above difficulties, and gave him the consciousness of being born for great enterprises. Free from ambition, he retired soon after his marriage to the island of Bute, which made part of his domains. There he tasted the sweets of varied study and the bliss of a peaceful life, divided between the cultivation of his lands, his books, and his family: and there he would have spent the whole of his existence, had not the descent of the Pretender in Scotland, in 1745, compelled him to change all his plans. At that period all the Scotch nobility attached to the reigning House of England, left their country to drive away every suspicion of treachery, and shew their love for the King. Lord Bute, although wearing the name of Stuart, and one of the heads of that illustrious family, repaired immedi tely to London, and tendered his services to his Sovereign; the Court was then divided in two parties, that of the King, and that of the Prince of Wales, who often opposed the measures of his royal father. The latter was pleased with his Lordship, and courted his friendship on so many occasions, by the flattering distinctions which he bestowed upon him, that the Earl soon renounced all other connections, and yielded willingly to his inclination for a prince who loaded him with honours and caresses. By degrees he became so necessary to the affairs and amusements of the Heir Apparent, that the Court could not support his absence. The death of that Prince, which happened a few years after, far from diminishing his credit, exalted it still higher than before. The Princess of Wales granted him entire confidence, and required his advice not only on her own affairs, but on the education of the Prince of Wales her son. She served him so warmly near the king, that he was named first gentleman of the bed-chamber; but that dawn of favour awoke the jealousy of several other courtiers, and fostered the germ of animosity which afterwards rose so high against him.

As George the Second advanced in age, the influence of the young Prince and Princess of Wales, the latter of whom had the ascendancy of a mother over him, increased. Ministers began to respect that court; and its great oracle, Lord Bute, enjoyed from it the largest share of credit.

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It was about this time that his brother, Stuart Mackenzie, was chosen for an Extraordinary Envoy to the Court of Turin.

Mr. Mackenzie was, of all the men I have known, the one who united the best qualities with the smallest defects. His prudence prevented him from venturing into wild probabilities of chance, and his wisdom threw a clear light upon the mazy paths of success. To do good was his delight, and to hide it his care; and if he was fond of distinctions, it was to make his friends enjoy the fruits of it, public credit. He had a fund of honour and veracity rarely found in the age in which he lived, and which never failed him in the most embarrassing circumstances. Humane, charitable, and generous, he united with learning, a noble and easy deportment with a cheerful temper in society; the noisy pleasures of the world, and numerous assemblies, had little interest for him who preferred to bend his mind to the study of the sciences, in which he made a rapid progress, especially in mathematics, algebra, and astronomy.

His wife, Lady Betty Mackenzie, was daughter to the well-known John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, who appeared for the space of thirty years with such distinction at the head of the British armies and in the high chamber of Parliament. She possessed an air of dignity and kindness which won universal respect and attachment, and it was easy to perceive in her a wish of pleasing, so natural and so true, that she would have delighted, had she not even attempted it by every possible means.

We left London in October 1758. England was then at war with France, and a numerous train of young gentlemen, who took advantage of the permission Mr. Mackenzie had obtained, to traverse the French dominions, attended the steps of the embassy. Our landing at Calais, after a long and violent gust of wind, offered a very ridiculous scene. The Prince de Croy, who commanded in Picardy, and was then stationed in Calais, willing to receive the English Minister with all the honours which his politeness could invent, waited in the harbour, with part of the garrison, to hand Lady Mackenzie out of the ship. We had been unluckily so much tossed during the night, that no one thought of dress, as it had been resolved, in consequence of present circumstances, to enter the town in private. Imagine, therefore, the Prince de Croy, frizzled and powdered at eight o'clock in the morning, giving his hand to Lady Mackenzie in her night cap, at the head of all the officers of his garrison. Mr. Mackenzie, confused at such a reception, following, his head bent down, enveloped in a large cloak, and his hat stuck at the top of his night-cap, accompanied by a dozen of English noblemen, pale and fatigued, their hair disordered, and their stockings upon their heels. It was in that state we traversed the town, drums beating, in the middle of the garrison, ranged in two lines, to the great satisfaction of some witty officers whom the contrast did not fail to strike. The Prince left the Lady at the gate of the inn, to give her time to rest, after having invited the company to dinner; but Mr. Mackenzie had suffered so much by the unpleasantness of his pompous reception, that he gave up his first intention, which was to have stopped a day at Calais, and hurried on his departure. I was sent to present his excuses to the Prince, and we set off immediately to avoid a dinner, a ball and a play, which French politeness had prepared for us. We pursued our journey through France and Savoy, and reached Turin without any other remarkable adventure.

CHAP. II.

The King of Sardinia* is the natural ally of the King of England; they have nothing to dread from each other, and their good intelligence is useful to both; an English Minister is therefore always seen with pleasure at this court, and finds no difficulty in being beloved. Mr. Mackenzie kept a large establishment at Turin, and his wife received company in a high style; they often had numerous assemblies, gave balls and public entertainments, so that their house soon became the rendezvous of the best of society. The Chevalier Ossorio was then first Minister, the Count de Mercy was the Plenipotentiary Minister of the Queen, M. de Chauvelin Ambassador from France, the Marquis de Carraccioli Extraordinary Envoy of the king of Naples, and the remainder of the diplomatic body, though inferior in rank, was not ill composed.

The Chevalier Ossorio was an Italian by birth; he had followed Victor when this sovereign gave up the title of King of Sicily, and after having been his minister, served his son, Charles Emanuel, in several courts, especially at that of London, where he remained fifteen years; he had been raised to the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which was looked upon at Turin as the first and most important station of the kingdom. The Chevalier had genius and talent, more even than was necessay for the government of an inferior state; his views extended too far for his court; but they were wisely restricted by Charles Emanuel. His two rivals in public credit were the Marquis de Breille, great Equerry, who had been governor to the Duke of Savoy, and the Comte de Bogin, Minister at war, who

* This was written in 1778.

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had become so useful in his department that he was absolutely necessary.

The Marquis Solar de Bruille was of noble birth, his titles to favour were his long services in the army and in the ministry, and the excellent education he had given to the Duke of Savoy, whom he rendered an accomplished prince. He enjoyed the full confidence of his pupil, and the esteem of the king, who did not like him, but acknowledged his merit. I never knew a nobleman who had seen more, and profited by what he had seen, as much as the Marquis; he had spent his infancy with his father, who then was resident in London as Sardinian ambassador; he had served under Prince Eugene, and had been successively minister of the king his master to Naples, Rome, Vienna, and had been employed in various negotiations. Wit, vivacity, and politeness were blended in him, and though eighty years old, his memory preserved all the treasures it had collected. In a word, the advantages he derived from an intimate acquaintance with the great men of his age, rendered his conversation interesting and instructive; I had the pleasure to enjoy it during my long abode at Turin; I was honoured with his friendship, and I often spent three hours with him which seemed to flee away like rapid moments.

He often related curious anecdotes, which served to correct the errors of the writers of his time. He had little estimation for Voltaire as an historian, and accused him of having sometimes followed his own ideas, and preferred doubtful appearances to real truth. Of this he gave me two instances which I cannot forbear quoting. Being once contradicted on some circumstances of the detention of Alexis, son to the Czar Peter, by a gentleman who brought forward Voltaire as an authority. "Allow me to know this point better than your Voltaire," exclaimed the Marquis with vivacity, "I was then the minister of my Sovereign at Naples, and it was I who was secretly charged to solicit the detention of that unfortunate Prince."

Speaking one day of the death of Peter the Great, I mentioned the will which had been brought before the Russian Senate, and the existence of which Voltaire denied in his history of Russia, "I have better authorities to give you," answered the Marquis, "than Voltaire and his history. When ambassador at Vienna, I was intimately connected with the Russian ambassador, who told me more than once that he was alone with the Empress Catherine in the room of the Czar when he died. Before she made his dissolution known she wished to ascertain whether he had made any will, and finding none in his bureau, they agreed together to compose one, which she dictated to that nobleman, who was entirely devoted to her interests, and it is the will which has since been printed. I had promised secrecy to the ambassador, and I mention it now because I know he died several years ago."

Another time, as we were talking of the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough, I said that I could not believe what was reported of him, that one night, in a *tête-a-tête*, he had put out one of the wax candles which lighted his room. "It is nevertheless true," said the Marquis quickly, "I was with him: Prince Eugene sent me one night to inform him of a disposition he had made for an attack the next morning. The Duke was in bed; being awakened, I was introduced to him, and a valet de chambre placed two wax-lights on a table by the side of the bed. At the beginning of the conversation, which seemed of a nature to last long, the Duke of Marlborough put the extinguisher on one of the wax candles, and continued to listen with deep attention."

The Marquis de Bruille might have been called with truth the living history of half an age; he was among the few who have observed for a long time the great springs of the balance of Europe, and was, more than any, able to judge of their energies.

The Comte de Bogin had ascended every step of the war office, and had at length reached the last. He was a man of a haughty spirit, of an unbending firmness in the exercise of his employment, who spared no one, and who, in all his measures, considered only the good of the thing, without any wish or apprehension of satisfying or offending any person in power; he was a man such as the King of Sardinia wanted. The revenues of this prince were not large enough to reward a numerous nobility, entirely devoted to his service, and being desirous of rendering them all contented, he made use of the authority of his minister to conciliate the impotence of his means with his inclination to bestow favours.

Charles Emanuel III. was undoubtedly one of the wisest and most just princes of Europe. He governed his kingdom as a father governs his family, and it may be said that he himself administered justice in his dominions. One of the means he took to insure its being scrupulously granted to every individual, was that of dedicating two hours, morning and evening, to private audiences. I have seen his anti-chamber crouded with merchants, mechanics and countrymen; every one was admitted and heard in his turn. If any complained of the iniquity of a judge, and brought proofs against him, the king quickly and impartially relieved his wrongs and punished the offender. I was myself witness to an instance of his equity, which I will relate.

[*To be continued.*]

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STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

MANNERS OF THE INDIANS.

SIR,

IN proportion to the progress of European commerce in Indostan, we have been enabled to correct or complete their narratives; for about half a century we have been familiarly acquainted with those institutions which for such a length of time have remained concealed.

It is my intention to give only a sketch of the manners of the Indians, otherwise I could fill several volumes on that subject. Not so much at a loss for materials as which to select, I have consulted men of abilities who have lived several years in Indostan; in giving the result of their observations, I shall confine myself principally to what has not hitherto been known. I shall take an Indian from his cradle and follow him through every circumstance of life to his death. I shall take one of the middling class, in which primitive purity of manners is always more accurately preserved. This class is seldom displaced by revolutions; it always remains the same, between the corruption which frequently sways the higher ranks, and the brutality of the vulgar, which is incessantly perverting the spirit of institutions.

The birth of a child amongst the Indians is a day of thanksgiving. They thank the Gods for this augmentation of their tribe or family; but childbed being considered a pollution, the father, attended by Bramins, purifies the house by sprinkling it several times with water. Every one is particularly careful to rub his head with oil, and to wash himself. The Indians are unacquainted with the use of the cradle, and swathing clothes, which only prevent the infant's powers from unfolding themselves, are utterly unknown on the shores of the Ganges. Immediately after their delivery, which the Indian women bear far better than those of Europe, and which is rendered less painful by the climate, a midwife carries the new-born infant to the river, or to a pond, to wash it. Its bed, from the very first day, is a carpet spread upon the ground, and it derives its constant support from the bosom that gave it life.

The 10th day after its birth, the relations and friends of the family assemble to give the child a name, which is commonly that of some God, who is to be its guardian angel whilst on earth. Before they give a new-born infant a name, the Bramins consult the planets; and if their influences appear unfavourable, they have recourse to various ceremonies to avert their effect. They invoke the God *Yamen*, offer sacrifices, pour on the child's head the sacred water of the Ganges; six months after, the relations are invited to assist at a ceremony which consists in giving the infant, for the first time, some rice prepared with milk and sugar to eat.

A child goes without any kind of clothing till the fourth or fifth year. He plays about the house with his brothers and sisters, entirely naked like himself. Thus their powers develope much earlier than amongst us. You see none of them carried about in their mothers arms after the sixth month. By crawling upon the ground, they learn at length to support themselves on their legs, and to walk without the assistance of leading-strings. Their understanding unfolds itself as early as their bodily powers. They are more forward at six than ours are sometimes at ten years of age.

The instruction of a boy consists only in learning reading, writing, and arithmetic; he is taken to a school, where, without either books or paper, he makes a surprising progress. The tutor assembles his pupils under the shade of a palm-tree before the door of his house, and places before each of them a small heap of sand; after having levelled it at top, he writes on it with his finger a letter of the alphabet. The child copies it; and when he has learnt its forms, he repeats his lesson during the day, always pronouncing what he traces in the sand. After learning the alphabet, the master teaches him how, by a slight alteration in the form of a letter, to compose a syllable from it; how by a like alteration, the gender, number, case or time of a radical word is determined, without being tormented with long rules of grammar, which the Indians have not in their language. When a child knows how to trace words in the sand, he learns to do the same with a bodkin on palm leaves, which the Indians use instead of paper. The same method is pursued in teaching children arithmetic in a very short time; and with the most simple rules they resolve the most difficult questions with wonderful facility. In merchants' counting-houses only two persons are employed in the most important accounts, the memory of the one serves as a table for the other; the former always repeating exactly the result of the calculations of the second, which he keeps setting down.—Besides this, boys are likewise instructed in the Persian language, which, throughout all Indostan, is the language of the court and people of fashion, like French in the north of Europe.

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Of all other sciences they remain totally ignorant. The Hindoos have not the smallest idea of painting or sculpture, as the grotesque figures in their pagodas clearly evince. Their only music is a discordant noise produced by the harsh sound of various instruments; their singing is without harmony; their dancing ridiculous gesticulation accompanied with grimaces and contortions, without scarcely ever changing their places. Their poetry is a perfect galimaufry, a collection of phrases without rhyme; indeed it would be indecent for a well-educated young man to learn things of that kind; it is enough that a few individuals of an inferior cast are instructed therein, and can exhibit their abilities for a trifling consideration; the boys are more solicitous to learn to ride on horseback.

The education of girls is confined to forming them to become good mothers and amiable wives; they likewise give them some knowledge of religion and morality.

The principal beauty of young girls consisting, in the opinion of the Indians, in having a delicate complexion, they are carefully kept from the rays of the sun. The custom of anointing themselves with oil, as related by the generality of travellers, is practised only among the inferior casts, amongst those who support themselves by labour, and who actually expose their children to the sun after besmearing them as above mentioned, which gives them a colour nearly approaching to black; whereas, on the other hand, the complexion of the women has in general a transparency and a lustre which allows the eye to trace the course of the blood underneath a delicate skin, and on a neck moulded by the Graces. The same precautions are taken with regard to boys, not only with a view to preserve their beauty, but likewise to give them an effeminate and indolent appearance, which in their opinion is the surest mark of opulence and noble birth.

The girls are early instructed in the art of pleasing: they are taught to comb their hair smooth, to perfume it with oils and costly essences, to make it fall gracefully down their backs in long tresses, adorned with gold chains; they study to blacken the inside of their eye lids, which gives them a languishing air, and makes their large black eyes beam with greater lustre: they learn to stain the nails of their fingers and toes red, to show through a transparent muslin the finest neck imaginable, and under this elegant drapery to expose to view a small bare foot, the toes and ancles of which are still more loaded with rings and bracelets than even the hands and arms. In short, they are in no respect inferior to our European women in this enchanting art, possessing, moreover, the advantage of not being obliged to have recourse to art in order to appear in all their charms; for nature has been more bountiful to the fair sex in these climates than in ours, and there is no such thing as an absolutely ugly woman to be met with. All the requisites for the toilette of our women are to them utterly useless. Beauty seeks its graces in the same quarter whence religion derives sanctification; and water, which purifies the soul, is the only resource applied to by the women to preserve and to improve the attractions of youth.

Upon the whole, you meet no where with more perfect cleanliness than among the Indians. It is true, at the first glance, it appears disgusting and filthy to see a beautiful Indian woman mixing up her victuals and feeding herself with her fingers; but when you know that this right hand, which serves both for spoon, knife, and fork, touches nothing impure, that they never omit washing themselves with the most scrupulous attention both before and after meals, your disgust ceases, and you discover even a certain grace in this method of eating. Cleanliness is enjoined them by their religion, or rather constitutes part of their faith, upon the principle that a person physically impure, must likewise be so morally.

The religion of the Indians consists in a great measure of rites, which seem to have been prescribed to mankind in these climates for the preservation of health and life. They never receive any formal instruction even in the ceremonies and precepts of religion. They imitate what they see their parents do, and the example of the father of a family is the principal instruction the latter bestows on his children. Being accustomed to live upon simple food, and for the most part on vegetables, they acquire an equality of temper. They are mild, benevolent, exempt from strong passions, and nature has inspired their hearts with the knowledge of and distinction between good and evil. They seem to inhale morality with the air they breathe under the paternal roof. They are virtuous as much through habit as by choice; they are not commanded to love their parents, yet you no where meet with more dutiful and affectionate children. There are things which, although not forbidden by the laws, are however the object of general contempt. Their morals are preserved much more by the influence of domestic prejudices than by that of legislation. An Indian is seldom a man of erudition, but he is perfect master of what he has once learned; the little opportunity he has of consulting books causes him to exercise his intellectual faculties the more; you do not see in India a multitude of collections, of dictionaries, made but to cherish indolence, and containing only the shreds of science. The memory

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of our European literati is in their library; on the other hand, the library of the learned Indians is in their memory.

The Indian is still but a child, but is now about to be admitted into the rank of men. I now come to the most remarkable æra of his life, namely, marriage; the birth of man is encompassed with clouds; the close of life is attended with pains and tears; but marriage, placed between his first and his last troubles, is an epoch to which all nations have affixed ideas of mirth and prosperity. At this period it is that man in reality chuses a country, by becoming the head of a new family; he fixes his habitation on the earth and his station in society. The Indians attach the utmost importance to the celebration of their marriages. As soon as a young Indian has attained his ninth or tenth year, his parents begin to look out a wife for him; the latter is commonly two or three years younger than himself. Pains are then taken to bring the two children together, to see if any incompatibility of temper appears in their innocent pastimes. Meanwhile the parents draw up the marriage contract and prepare the ceremonies that are to confirm the civil tie. The marriage is celebrated, but not consummated till the parties attain the age of puberty. Every thing is regulated by the wisdom of the parents and Manmadin; the Indian Cupid is never invoked in the hymeneal ceremonies and preparations. It seems astonishing, but very few unfortunate matches are to be seen in India, although the parties take each other without any previous acquaintance, and at an age when the heart is not capable of judging what it ought to love; this observation would not prove in favour of those marriages among us, which we call *marriages of inclination*. The custom of marrying children tends to the preservation of morals amongst the Indians. You never see an Indian spend his youth in debauchery, and then carry to the altar of hymen the impotent tribute of an enfeebled mind and an impaired constitution. The ideas and disposition of the young couple unfold themselves under the eyes of their parents. The Indian knows no other woman than his wife, and the wife is solicitous to please no other man than her husband; without having loved by choice, they love each other by habit; thus their morals are preserved more pure, their passions are less turbulent, the Indians live longer and more happy; their blood is, if I may be allowed the expression, as pure as their souls, their population is more numerous, and their persons more handsome.

When all the preparations for the marriage are completed, a statue of Pollear is placed in the court of the paternal habitation; the Bramins offer up to the God of marriage, cocoas, bananas, and betel; they implore his protection, and beseech him to be propitious to the union they are about to celebrate. For a few days preceding the marriage, the dancing girls attend, to act plays and sing epithalamiums in honour of the young couple. The parents receive, under the pendal, a kind of tent, the visits of ceremony and presents of those who come to congratulate the bride and bridegroom. The wedding is celebrated by a festival which continues several days, and a solemn procession through the principal streets of the town, on which occasion all the presents given to the new-married couple, and even their nuptial bed, are exposed to public admiration. A company of bayaderes goes before the palanquin, in which the young bride is carried; the bridegroom goes on horseback, followed by all his family. This train stops in all the public places, and the bayaderes divert the public by an exhibition of their dances, whilst the instruments that precede the retinue keep up an incessant noise. The house of the young couple and the adjacent streets are decorated with garlands, illuminated during the night, and as long as the wedding lasts none of the neighbours are able to close their eyes.

The Indians, as must have been observed, are extremely superstitious; they not only believe the influence of the stars, but regard the most trifling circumstances as prognostics. They even go so far as to attribute a malevolent character to looks, the consequences of which they are solicitous to avert. If any one looking at the bride passing by should envy the bridegroom, it would be a very unfavourable omen; thus, at the return of the triumphal procession, in which the bridegroom may have been exposed to indiscreet looks, certain ceremonies are performed to break the charm, and to prevent its ill effects. A bason full of water coloured, is turned round thrice before the bridegroom's face, and afterwards thrown into the street. Sometimes a piece of cloth is torn in two before the face of the new-married couple, and the pieces are thrown away in different directions. They are frequently contented with shaking the cloth before their eyes, and then throwing it away, as if impregnated with the poison of envy. Certain mystical rings are also fastened to their heads, to which is attributed the virtue of averting the effect of fatal omens.—These ceremonies are usually performed by old women who are no longer able to excite desire. The youngest, and above all the handsomest, would only hasten, instead of preventing the evil.

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FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,
FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[*Continued from Page* 211.]

LETTER X.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

YESTERDAY the weather was beautiful, I herbarized for you; the lark was my companion; her note is lively, and one cannot pass the gate without hearing it. Nature shortens distances; in the fields we gather the same flowers, we inhale the same perfumes, we listen to the same concert, and our souls, in the same atmosphere, can render homage to the great creator of the universe, who invites us to share an ineffable and general felicity.

I gathered a fine plant called corn-cockle, or *agrostema githago*; it has five petals of a reddish purple, the under parts of which is white, but marked with three stripes. Otherwise colours are seldom a character in plants, and it is said that there is a variety of the corn-cockles all white.

The roots of plants, and particularly the under part of their leaves, imbibe humidity in a manner which surpasses all supposition. The transpiration made by the surface of the leaves is in proportion. This result adds to the salubrity of the air, that is impregnated with moisture, which otherwise it would not enjoy; the cold is less severe, and the ground is rendered more fruitful by the number of plants which clothe its surface.

The cockle is supported on a stem, both straight and stiff; its flower, which bends to facilitate the mysteries which it conceals, rises again when they are completed The stem is of a light green, and is covered with a sort of net, rough to the touch. It has lumps at certain distances from each other, like the pink; two leaves covered like the stem, linear, or rather lanceolated like those of the pink, encircle each of those lumps, from which generally springs forth another branch. Those leaves are called lanceolated which are long and narrow, particularly towards the top and bottom, and terminate in a point; the linear leaves are narrow, terminate in a point, and have no visible diminution.

The calyx is found at the end of the branch like a swelling in the stem; it is fluted, hairy, and divided into five parts, whose lengthened extremities support the petals and prevent their dividing, and afterwards unite to envelope the fruit. This enormous capsule ripens in the calyx in the same manner as the nut.

It is in order to become wide enough to contain that capsule, that the calyx is at first fluted or plaited. These plaits are the effects of the providence of nature, as the tucks in children's frocks are the effects of the provident and economical mother.

I opened the capsule with a pin, and found it full of a thick liquor, which doubtless is the juice that nourishes the plant and the white seeds which rise like a pyramid.

I reckoned thirty-eight, sticky, and about the size of little lentils, each held by stages upon its little petiole; now that they are fallen, the reunion of these petioles forms a colonnade of unequal pillars, they are thus perfectly arranged, and all the little harvest is held in a space less than a thimble.

Let us examine the flower. To know the flower well we must always tear it. I took out the calyx, which is hard, and defends the depot which it encloses.

There are six stamina with white filaments, surmounted with purple anthers; these are so very perceptible that I discovered them at the first inspection of the corol; to these I must add four smaller ones, placed on the claw of the petals, that is to say, on the part of the petal which adheres to the receptacle.

I find that the one half of these stamina, which place my plant in the decandria, is attached to each of the petals, while the others are fastened to the receptacle under the ovary. I still think that the small stamina increase as the large ones decrease, to the end that they may be in a state of paying their tribute to the five pestils of the ovary.

In several plants the stamina shed their dust successively upon the stamina of the pestil.

This charming plant is in the pentagymia order.

I learn as I describe; I have little confidence in my own knowledge, but does it not appear to you that we are treading an unknown path? A poem might be composed on the pleasures of ignorance.

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LETTER XI.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I am going to give you a description of a handsome plant, which nature has profusely sown amidst old ruins, and which is now in bloom.

The weather, the rains, and the insects all combine to produce, even on stones, the flattened lichen, which assumes the shape of roses.

A sort of humus, or fertile earth, is composed on the lichen; on this grows a fine moss, from which flowers are soon seen to spring forth.

One of the plants most frequently found is the white-flowered stonecrop, or *sedum album*, decandria pentagynia.

The stem of this plant is round, hard, sometimes rather crooked, and covered with a smooth red bark. It has for leaves little fleshy excrescences, without petioles, filaments, notches, or any perceptible veins, and which are ranged alternately; the upper part of the leaf is of a reddish colour, the under green. If you attempt to open them with a pin, a sort of water comes out, and the fleshy part does not in any way divide.

On several branches, which grow on the top of the stem, is found a pretty little tuft of white flowers, in a corymb shape. The corol and the filaments of the stamina are white; the anthers are like little brown spots; the pistil is of a roseate hue, which gives to this plant a very pretty appearance on its bed of moss.

Not only the branches of this plant are of the corymb shape, but from their extremities also escape little branches covered with flowers like those of the heliotrope. The tuft is not regular which I think adds to its beauty. The flower in miniature has also its little calyx. It is divided into five parts, which have at their base a small equal swelling.

The ten filaments of the stamina, proudly erect, may be reckoned; the five rose-coloured pistils swelled and united in the centre of the stamina, have already received the seed, and reflect their shade on the entire surface of the flowers.

Nothing can be prettier than the bud of this flower. The leaves, which are laid one over the other without a single fold, may be with a small pin unfastened. The stamina and the pistils are discovered, like the children of the colonies, under the same *ajoupa*. The anthers are quite brown, but the pistils have not yet attained their rosy hue.

I now gather the wall viper-grass. This, too, is a production profusely strewed in high roads; it is robust, and rises pretty high; its stem is straight and strong, and from its base spring forth several vigorous branches.

Prepared for all the inconveniences which accompany its situation, it is armed with hard hair, close and pricking; the leaves long, and placed irregularly, are defended in the same manner, their upper part is like a rasp; those of the base are larger, thicker, and like a thorny bush.

Each flower supports a peduncle, which on one side is charged with flowers, that are ranged two by two; the first are full blown, the second less so, and those at the extremity are almost always buds; the weight of these flowers bend the penduncle which carries them, and gives it a very graceful appearance.

Little floral leaves accompany each of the flowers; the calyx, clothed like the leaves, has five deep divisions; it is there that the seeds repose and ripen.

The corol is of a light blue, and monopetalous, open and shaped by nature almost without care. The longest part of this irregular corol is found, by the half horizontal position of the flower, laying on a parallel with the peduncle, so that it serves as a veil to the parts of fructification; the upper part has a notch in the middle; the sides of the corol are notched but not so deeply, and the under part, very much shortened, is also notched in the centre.

Five reddish stamina, a long pistil, white and bifid, fills this reversed cornucopia, and often extend to the outside, when the seeds are formed.

The stem of this plant is covered with so many brown spots, hard like thorns, that it has received the name of viper-grass. The botanists call it *echium vulgare*. You have already placed it in the pentandria monogynia.

Here is my lesson, my dear friend, you ask me to continue writing I should like much to know whether in my pictures you recognize all the originals; nevertheless, it is you that led me into the path I now follow, it is you that direct me.

LETTER XII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

Mamma has just brought me two hearts-ease to describe to you; the task is too pleasant to think of any thing else.

Their delightful odour enlivens and inspires me. The hearts-ease is of the syngenesia, because the stamina are united by their anthers, its order is the monogynia, because its flower is not composed of flowrets.

Observe the elegance of its plants; its leaves form a sort of little bush, which preserves the freshness of the flower, and shelters it from excess of heat; its stem is delicate and square.

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Its flower presents two straight wings of a fine violet colour, and soft like velvet, from which two smaller ones expand, these are violet at the extremities, but the other parts are of a pale yellow, and they only preserve two violet stripes of great regularity.

At last a fifth triangular petal is seen to advance, whose edges are tinged with the shade of violets, and the rest of a bright yellow, shaded with stripes of violet. This petal, a little concave, is tightly folded and notched in the middle; its edge is perfectly round, as well as all the outsides of this pretty flower.

It is in the little channel formed by the reunion of the two side wings, and the large pistil in the middle, that repose the mysteries of the fructification.

The two little wings bend as they approach, and form a vault, the entrance of which is bordered with down.

The calyx which preserves this flower is not covered as in other plants, it seems to unite, and hold it underneath as with a pair of small pincers. The little spur formed by the tube, which serves as an asylum for the stamina and pistils, remains uncovered, and touches the thin and long peduncle, whose flower makes it always bend at the extremity.

This calyx resembles in no way those we have as yet examined; it is in five parts, which only appear to approach each other, and stuck on the flower, they unite together towards the middle of their length; this re-union forms a little dent which raises the two extremities of the round parts of the calyx, so that it appears as a little fringed trimming.

The parts of the fructification are perfectly defended; a calyx almost double, two large wings as a mantle, two small ones forming a vault, supported by a large petal.

The yellow anthers of the stamina, whose filaments are scarcely to be distinguished, are extremely close one to the other. The stigma of the pistil surmounts the little ring, while the ovary swells and ripens its seeds.

You will be able, I hope, my friend, to verify the exactness of this description, though it is far from being easy.

[*To be continued.*]

FINE ARTS.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

[*Continued from Page* 216.]

No. 168, *Portrait of Sir A. Wellesley*, by J. Hoppner, R. A.

THIS Picture, in the Portrait line, has the first claim upon our attention, as, with respect to composition, it has more of historical pretension than any other portrait of the present Exhibition. In regard to the resemblance which this picture bears to Sir A. Wellesley, as we have not the honour of knowing him, we are incompetent to decide upon it; but as our principal object is the art, and the merit of the work, as distinguished from the likeness, it will be no impediment in our examination.

The head is well drawn, and the features are marked with precision; the colouring is good; and the light and shadow agreeably distributed, when we reflect that the subject is a Portrait. This head, upon the whole, must be classed amongst Mr. Hoppner's best productions; and we lament that the Artist has not bestowed an equal attention upon the other parts of his figure; as the right leg and thigh, upon which the figure rests, appear absolutely detached from it, and making no part of it. The unfortunate shade, occasioned by the hat, which is thrown over the thigh, sinks it so much in the back ground, that we were at a loss, upon the first view, to know what was become of the *leg*. The arm, and the hand holding the hat, which are advanced, are not happy in the fore-shortenings; the hand, although cased in a glove, should have exhibited the lengths of the fingers, in order to have given the proportions of the hand in the same respect as if the glove had been off; but, instead of that justness of proportion, we find the division between the fingers running nearly into the middle of the back of the hand. The extended left arm, likewise forming somewhat of a parallel with the right, has reduced the artist to the necessity of covering it with an unnatural shadow, in order to hide the inaccuracy of the drawing and the fore-shortening, which gives rise to the unpleasant conjecture, that being unable to make out those parts himself, he was resolved that nobody else should. It may, perhaps, be offered in extenuation, and indeed it frequently has been urged as a palliative, that a practice of this kind has its source in taste and refinement.—We absolutely and unequivo-

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cally demur to the plea.—We are ready to join issue upon it; we affirm that it can never be admitted by any man who understands the principles and purity of the art.—In groupes, perhaps, the retiring figures may be thus sported with; here the fancy may bask in the heat of its own sanguineness, and enjoy, unarraigned, its own eccentricities; but in the principal, prominent, and decided figure, conceits of this kind must ever be protested against; for, in perfect art, nothing should be introduced to destroy the simplicity and purity of its forms. We have done with Sir Arthur; but we must observe, that the Horse which accompanies the portrait, in the act of rising on his hinder legs, should have been so planted upon his feet as to have maintained a firmness of position. Here, however, the Artist has sheltered himself behind the practice which we have condemned as mean and artificial in his portrait—that of hiding the feet altogether, in order, as it were, to screen from detection his incompetency to accurate drawing. The throwing forward of the fore-feet, with the neck and head turned in an opposite direction gives a kind of *sprawling* appearance to the movements of the Horse, which nowise correspond with the tranquillity in which the scene of the portrait is cast.—This, too, may be called spirit; but it is not truth. If this Artist would pay more attention to delineation, and less to the little meretriciousness and tricks of art, we should be inclined to assign him a higher station than we can now admit him to occupy, or any other Artist, who does not make drawing the basis of his profession in its highest excellence.

No. 108, *Portrait of the Right Hon. W. Pitt, by the same Artist.*

In this picture, it is with satisfaction that we are enabled to compliment Mr. Hoppner upon his having maintained, with more than his usual precision, those essential points of the art, of which we have condemned his neglect in the portrait of Sir A. Wellesley. In this picture, we are ready to confess, the figure is well drawn in every part, and the whole approximates nearer to a studied portrait, than any which we have hitherto seen from the pencil of Mr. Hoppner. It maintains, upon high ground, this department of the art, and supports the reputation of the Painter in his peculiar line. If we have any thing to object to this portrait, it is, that the dark coat is somewhat too strongly blended with the darkness of the back ground, which leaves the head too much of a light spot between the two masses of light—that of the curtain above, and the Chancellor's Robes in the opposite corner below. This may not, perhaps, produce a bad effect upon a near inspection of the picture, as the forms of the body can then be correctly ascertained; but, at a distance, the body becomes lost, and confounded with the back ground. The general effect is thus impaired, and rendered too indistinct, when the portrait is surveyed at a distance.

No. 180, *Fall of the Rhine at Shaffhausen*, by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

The prospect of a great river, tumbling from a precipice, is a subject that may properly rank under the class of the awful and terrible sublime; and from what we know of the general powers of this Artist, and from what we have collected in his works, we should have expected that he would have treated it under this class, and have given to his composition that character, so tremendous and awful, which the natural majesty of the subject would seem to demand; but what do we find? We lament to say it—we find nothing of great conception or masterly execution; the mind and the hand of the Artist are equally enslaved by an injudicious fondness for the little tricks and finesse of the art, in plastering his canvass with colour, laid on at random by the pallet knife instead of the graceful and modest pencil. Such, however, is too much the error of the rising school; for if this, or any other Artists should bring themselves to consider, that a practice of this sort is among the higher excellences of art, they may be assured, from that moment, that they will ever be sinking in their profession; for in this subject, as well as in all others which have nature for their foundation, in the delineation of the forms which compose the scene (be it what it may), whether it consists of rocks, trees, or mountains, of water or waterfalls, the distinct drawings of those particular subjects should ever occupy the primary attention of the Artist. In this picture; however, we are sorry to observe, that they have been the least regarded. It is difficult to decide what is water, what is rock, or what is earth; or of what race of animals, of what class in the order of existence, the living objects are which compose the scene. Such we are sorry to observe, are the negligences into which this Artist is falling, in place of those beautiful and truly natural scenes which first awakened our attention to his genius.

It is from our high respect for the merits of the artist, and our concern for the dignity and prosperity of the arts, that we have been induced, in our examination of this picture, to be thus seemingly dogmatic and severe; but we rest upon the justness of the principle we have advanced. We appeal to Science for a confirmation of what we have said; and whilst we shall never be diverted from truth by the heresies of the little sectaries of the day, we shall never refrain

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from speaking it, openly, boldly, and unqualifiedly, when the public look up to us, as we know they do, and with some eagerness, in the present instance, for correct, ingenuous, and independent information, upon a subject of so much national importance as that of the Arts of the country.

No 184, *The Mother finding her Infant playing with the Talons of the Dragon slain by the Red-Cross Knight.*—H. Thompson, R. A.

In this picture we find nothing that can be said anywise to resemble a dragon, such as a hero of chivalry,—the Red Cross Knight,—would have encountered and slain, or any thing to inspire a mother with terror at beholding her infant approaching the talons of a dragon. Here is nothing to evince the prowess of a knight, or to alarm the tenderness of a parent. It is difficult to persuade ourselves that the artist, who but a few years ago produced "the Infant crossing the Brook," and even in the present Exhibition, "the Benighted Cupid," could have ushered into life a piece so flagrantly devoid of all character and composition as the present,—a picture in which the errors are so entirely upon the side of a misapprehension, or inadequacy, of the first principles of taste and of art, that we should be almost inclined to term his other compositions mere lucky casualties, when they are contrasted with the present work. Every thing is here lamentable, meagre, and wretched; there is no ray of hope in the picture. It is not absurdity, but dullness. Drawing, colouring, *clare obscure*, and composition, are all either neglected, or not understood. We could wish that Mr. Thompson would carry in his mind that, to become an Academician, is not always to be an artist; for we are compelled to say, that we should have passed this piece as unworthy even of the meanest notice, were it not that we feel a strong inclination to rescue the declining powers of this artist from that contempt and neglect into which a few more compositions of the same kind would inevitably plunge his name. In a word, we can scarcely speak of it with the common decorum of critics. How it got into the Exhibition we know not; but, as it is before the public, be it our care that it shall not escape without the lash it merits.

(To be continued.)

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

FROM ELIZA TO ATLANTICUS,

Written by the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Saye and Sele to her Husband, then Colonel Twistleton, serving in America.

WHILST hope and fear within my heart,
Alternate hold their reign;
My pleasures how shall I impart?
Ah! how declare my pain?

Will it at length be given to me,
Once more to hold thee here;
In that lov'd form, again to see,
All that my heart holds dear?

Ye lingering moments swiftly glide,
Ye winds propitious prove;
Ye skillful pilots kindly guide
A lover to his love!

Ah, haste my love, no moment lose,
Stern honour is abused;
Think now upon Eliza's woes,
Oh! hasten to her aid.

No more I'll grieve that roused to arms,
You glowed with martial rage;
Since soft domestic tranquil charms,
At length your thoughts engage.

You'll bid adieu to war's alarms,
Resolved no more to roam;
You'll learn again to prize those charms,
Which ne'er are found from home.

ORIGIN OF THE MORNING BLUSH.

As Tithonus reclin'd on the couch of Aurora,
Just like some fond bee on the soft lap of Flora,
" Of sweet kisses (she cried), love, still give me
some more-ah;
" Let time, as he will, jog for me:"
But the youngster quite tir'd now with kissing and
toying,
Replied—" My dear, rise! or the sun will be
prying;
" All Nature, like me, is grown weary with lying,
" And longs much thy fair face to see."

At this cold, unexpected remonstrance and warning,
With a look that bespoke disappointment and
scorning,
Up started the beautiful Goddess of Morning,
And left her dull sweetheart in dumps;

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"O good morrow!" says Phœbus, with brow somewhat hazy,
"Miss Aurora, I see you're inclin'd to grow lazy"
"Mister Sol," she replies, "with your gibing be easy"—
Then into his chariot she jumps.

So off the pair drove, just like brother and sister;
The day grew so bright that mankind never miss'd her;
Nor would any have known that Tithonus had kiss'd her,
If Cupid the secret had kept;
But he, in a talkative fit told his mother,
And she, quite unable such scandal to smother,
O! the gossipping Goddess, soon told it another,
Till at length to Fame's knowledge it crept.

Now, as Fame such high characters loves most to worry,
This news put her breast in a wonderful flurry;
She snatch'd up her trumpet, and flew in a hurry
To sound it on every side:
Aurora, perceiving her name was thus blasted,
Resolved, that as long as this earthly ball lasted,
Her face still, while taking her daily trip past it,
A veil of deep crimson should hide.

Hence arises the beautiful *blush* we discover,
When morning the mountain's dim summit peeps over:
Reflection still flushes the cheek of the lover—
Still her grief for detection remains;
In vain each fond Cloud the shy Nymph addresses:
She seems e'en to shun her attendants' caresses,
And, while they with roses and pearls braid her tresses,
Her tears oft besprinkle the plains.

CONTENTMENT.

HAPPY the man, but O how few we find,
Who feels the pleasures of a tranquil mind,
Who meets all blessings in Content alone,
Nor knows a station happier than his own.
No anxious cares disturb his peaceful breast,
With life Content, and with Contentment blest:
No pangs he feels to break his calm repose,
No envy fears, for he no envy knows:
To Man still faithful, and to God resign'd,
His body subject to its Lord, the Mind.
He must be good—for surely Heav'n ne'er meant,
Without strict virtue to bestow content.
'Tis not the glory false ambition brings,
The wealth of misers, or the pow'r of kings,
Nor all the fleeting joys by man possest,
Can give this earthly frame that heav'nly guest.
Whate'er the joys life's fleeting hours bestow
Arise from Virtue, and from Virtue flow.

C.

LINES

Addressed to a Young Lady, by a Friend who has supplied a Mother's place, accompanied by a Ribband bought at a Country Fair.

A ribband to adorn the hair
Of her who should a bandeau wear,
Of orient pearls and diamonds bright,
Had Madam Fortune acted right;
And giv'n thy friend the means to prove,
By *richer gifts*, a mark of love.
Yet *trifles*, my dear girl, they say,
Affection's motive will convey;
Then may the silken boon impart,
The soft sensations of a heart,
Where love maternal fondly reigns,
Confined by * Friendship's granate chains;
That beauteous flow'r, which still would blow
Amidst Siberia's chilling snow;
Or in Egyptia's sandy plains
Would flourish, without nurturing means;
'Tis in this breast the plant will find
No Eastern blast, no Northern wind;
But, shielded by affection's pow'r,
Unfading sweets perfume the flow'r.
Time, which all other things decays,
Strengthens its root—for, like the Bays',
Eternal verdure decks the ground
Where Friendship's favourite plant is found.

ODE TO A CRICKET,

ON A COTTAGE HEARTH.

LITTLE guest, with merry throat,
That chirpest by my taper's light,
Come, prolong thy blithsome note
Welcome visitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney safely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
While around us sighs the gale;
Or, rejoic'd to find repose,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say what passion moves thy breast?
Does some flame employ thy care?
Say with love art thou oppress?
Or mournful victim to despair?

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and sing, and banish care;
Here protection thou shalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here."

* Alluding to the poetic description of the goddess, who is represented with a garland of pomegranate flowers.

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MORAL AND NATURAL BEAUTY.

SWEET is the voice that soothes my care,
The voice of love, the voice of song;
The lyre that celebrates the fair,
And animates the warlike throng.

Sweet is the counsel of a friend,
Whose bosom proves a pillow kind,
Whose mild persuasion brings an end,
To all the sorrows of the mind.

Sweet is the breath of balmy spring,
That lingers in the primrose vale;
The woodlark sweet, when on the wing
His wild notes swell the rising gale.

Sweet is the breeze that curls the lakes,
And early wafts the fragrant dew,
Thro' clouds of hovering vapours breaks,
And clears the bright etherial blue.

Sweet is the bean, the blooming pea,
More fragrant than Arabia's gale
That sleeps upon the tranquil sea,
Or gently swells the extended sail.

Sweet is the walk where daisies spring,
And cowslips scent the verdant mead:
The woodlands sweet where linnets sing,
From every bold intruder freed.

But far *more sweet* the virtuous deed,
The hand that kindly brings relief;
The heart that with the widow bleeds,
And shares the drooping orphan's grief.

I love the tear, the pearl of woe,
That decks the sympathising eye,
To see the stream of sorrow flow,
To hear the deeply heaving sigh.

A.

ODE TO CYNTHIA.

SISTER of Phœbus, gentle Queen,
Of aspect mild, and brow serene,
Whose friendly beams by night appear,
The lonely traveller to cheer.
Attractive power, whose mighty sway
The ocean's swelling waves obey,
And, mounting upward, seem to raise
A liquid altar to thy praise.
Thee, wither'd hags at midnight hour
Invoke to their infernal bow'r;
But I to no such horrid rite,
Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light;
Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
To rob the miser's treasur'd heap.
Thy kindly beams alone impart
To find the youth who stole my heart,
And guide me from thy silver throne
To steal *his* heart, and find *my* own.

A LUNARIAN.

THE POPLAR.

No watch-dog disturb'd the calm season of rest,
And the day-beams were faintly the mountain adorning;
The night-dew still hung on the eglantine's breast,
And the shrill cock first broke the sweet silence of morning.

To the haunts of his childhood, the scenes of his sport,
A wanderer came in the stillness of sorrow;
The magic of life's early vision to court,
And the sweetest of hours from remembrance to borrow.

But the field of his culture was dreary and wild,
And dear were the bow'rs where the rose once was blowing;
The dark weed had grown where the garden had smil'd,
And a wilderness spread where late beauty was glowing.

Yet, one Poplar surviv'd, and was lofty and fair,
'Twas the pride of his youth, when its sun rose enchanting;
And affection had treasur'd his memory there,
And had hallow'd his name on the tree of his planting.

Unknown was the hand that thus witness'd its truth,
Unknown was the heart with affection thus beaming;
But the wanderer thought on the friend of his youth,
And his spirit was blest, though his tear-drops were streaming.

Thou flow'r of affection! entwining the heart,
To deck the drear scene of our wanderings given;
Thy balm to our grief can its healing impart,
And thy blossoms of light caught their beauty from heaven.

Birmingham. J.

MORNING.—AN ODE.

Written as a College Imposition, the Author being confined to his College.

Scribimus inclusi.—Pers. Sat. 1.

ONCE more the vernal sun's all-cheering beams
The fields as with a purple robe adorn;
Thy banks, fair Isis! and thy glist'ning streams,
All laugh and sing beneath the radiant morn;
Through the deep groves I hear the chaunting birds,
And through the clover'd vale the mellow low of herds,

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Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
Well pleased the progress of the spring to mark,
The fragrant breath of zephyrs pure to catch,
And startle from her couch the early lark;—
More genuine pleasures sooth his tranquil breast
Than high-thron'd kings can boast,—in eastern glory drest.

The pensive poet through the greenwood steals,
Or treads the willowed banks of murmuring brooks,
Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills,
Or pensive sits beneath the branching oak,
Whence various scenes, and prospects wide below,
Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to low.

But I nor with the day awake to joy,
Lost are to me the charms of Nature's face,
No magic dreams my morning thoughts employ,
And darkness holds the place of light and grace.
Nor bright the sun nor green the meads appear,
Nor colour charms my eye, nor harmony my ear.

For, void of gentle grace and manners mild,
With leaden rod stern discipline restrains;
And pedantry, of learned pride the child,
My roving genius binds in Gothic chains.
Nor more my Muse, by Dulness' wand opprest,
Can whisper to my soul sweet songs of peace and rest.

SUNRISE, IN THE COUNTRY.

While drowsy Somnus bows the slumbering head,
I through the fields pursue the cheerful way,
Where verdant beauties the fair world o'erspread,
And gladden'd Nature hails the Spring of Day.

What rich perfumes now float upon the gale!
What various odours fling their sweets around!
What balmy fragrance does the sense inhale!
What scented flowrets deck the painted ground!

How sweet, ere Sol illume yon heathy moor,
To climb the hill at early opening dawn,
Thankful to view him brightly—rising pour
Effulgent glories o'er the dewy lawn.

Can crowded rooms, or artificial light,
Impress the mind with raptures such as this?
Can they afford such exquisite delight?
Can they infuse so calm, so pure a bliss?

Hark! what sweet music sounds from every spray;
See where the lark, on yielding air afloat,
Through the thin e her holds its steady way,
And loud and clear distends its little throat.

E'en Philomela lingers still behind,
Nor seeks the dark recesses of the wood,
Her notes still quiver in the murmuring wind,
While twittering swallows play upon the flood.

Can Mara's voice so sweetly charm the soul?
Or Braham's skill so melt with joy the heart?
Can Handel's self so soothingly controul
The burst of passion, or keen sorrow's smart?
Hence! tinsell'd splendour; "Hence! deluding joys;"
And thoughtless mortals with your snares deceive;
Give me this charm refined, that never cloys:
Fantastic follies I for ever leave.

WAT.

TO A GENTLEMAN
ABOUT TO SAIL FOR AMERICA.

Since on the Ocean's boundless deep,
Once more impell'd by fate you go,
The Muse the trembling wire would sweep,
And soft invoke each gale to blow.

Long has it been our doom to roam,
With hearts by firmest friendship bound,
(The world at large our only home)
O'er many a wide expanse of ground.

At Philadelphia's sad confine,
Where death stalk'd round with aspect wild,
We saw the widow vainly pine,
And heard the mother mourn her child:

While desolation mark'd the scene,
And groans of mis'ry fill'd each gale,
Where dance no more rejoic'd the green,
Nor song re-echo'd from the dale.

May no such griefs again demand
The sigh of pity from thy breast,
But jocund pleasure's mirthful band
Sooth ev'ry baleful care to rest.

Then festive let thy moments flow,
While round thee roars the briny flood;
May ev'ry breeze auspicious blow,
And nought provoke the wat'ry God.

ON COURTSHIP.

Would you act the prudent lover,
Still maintain the manly part;
Let not downcast looks discover
All the sorrows of your heart.

Women soon the truth divining,
Slily laugh, or sharply rail,
When the swain, in accents whining,
Tells his melancholy tale.

Nor, by sanguine hopes directed,
Use a victor's haughty strain;
Every nymph, by pride protected,
Learns to scorn the forward swain.

Him for conquest love shall fashion,
Him the Graces all attend,
Who with the most ardent passion
Joins the Lover and the Friend.

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RETROSPECT OF POLITICS
FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1806.
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

THE attention of the public for the last month has been chiefly occupied by the trial of Lord Melville, which was brought to a conclusion on Thursday the 12th of June, when the Noble Lord was acquitted on every charge that was exhibited against him. The different opinions with respect to his guilt and innocence are now laid at rest—the highest tribunal of the English law has pronounced his acquittal; whatever, therefore, may be thought, it is at least decent that nothing should be expressed. As it is important that an occurrence of this kind should be put upon record, we have been induced, for the gratification of our readers, to give an abstract of the charges, and a correct list of the Peers who voted, either for the acquittal or condemnation of the Noble Lord.

ABSTRACT OF THE CHARGES, AND THE NUMBERS VOTED.

On the 1st Article, charging him with applying 10,000l. of the public money to his own use, previously to January 1786:

Not Guilty - -	120
Guilty - -	15

On the 2d Article, charging him with permitting Alexander Trotter to apply sums of the public money to his own use, and conniving at such fraudulent application:

Not Guilty - -	81
Guilty - -	54

On the 3d Article, charging him with permitting Alexander Trotter to draw public money from the Bank, and place it in the hands of his bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co. in his own name, and at his own disposal:

Not Guilty - -	83
Guilty - -	52

On the 4th Article, charging him with similar connivance, in respect of public money placed by said Trotter in the hands of Mark Sprott, for the purpose of private emolument:

Not Guilty unanimously, being 135

On the 5th Article, charging him the same as in the 1st Article, only laying the act subsequent to January 1786:

Not Guilty - -	132
Guilty - -	3

On the 6th Article, charging him with receiving public money from Alexander Trotter, and applying it to his own use, and in participating with said Trotter in the profit made of the public money, and mutually agreeing to destroy vouchers, &c.

Not Guilty - -	88
Guilty - -	47

On the 7th Article, charging him with receiving 22,000l. of the public money, without interest, from Alexander Trotter:

Not Guilty - -	84
Guilty - -	51

On the 8th Article, charging him with receiving from Alexander Trotter, 22,000l. of the public money, for which the Defendant was to pay interest:

Not Guilty - -	121
Guilty - -	14

On the 9th Article, charging that while the said Alexander Trotter transacted the business of the Defendant as his agent, he, the said Trotter, was from time to time in advance, to the said Viscount Melville, in that respect, to the amount of from 10,000l. to 20,000l. which sums were partly taken from the public money, and partly from a mixed fund of public and private money:

Not Guilty - -	120
Guilty - -	15

On the 10th and last Article, charging him with taking at divers times, between 1782 and 1784, and between 1784 and 1786, 27,000l. of the public money, and converting the same to his private use:

Not Guilty - -	123
Guilty - -	12

An interval of near an hour now took place, occupied in casting up the votes; after which the Lord Chancellor rose, and addressing himself to Lord Melville, who stood uncovered at the bar, spoke to him nearly as follows:—

"You, Henry Lord Viscount Melville, have been ACQUITTED by your Peers of all the Articles of Impeachment exhibited against you by the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom, and of all matters and things therewith connected, and your Lordship is dismissed accordingly."

As soon as the Judgment was pronounced, Lord Melville's friends flocked around him, eager to congratulate him on the issue of his cause. His Counsel, too, were congratulated on their success, and the faces of his Lordship's friends all wore a holiday aspect.

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The Peers returned to the House of Lords, and at half past three the Court was finally adjourned.

The Prince was not present, but the rest of the Royal Dukes were in their places, three of whom voted "Guilty" upon several of the charges.

The Guards were stationed outside the Hall, to keep the multitude in order, who were not very respectful in their remarks concerning the High Court of Parliament. A trial by Jury, they said, was what an Englishman delighted in, and the Verdict was seldom or ever questioned or suspected.

The following is a list of the Peers who voted, which we are assured is correct:

GUILTY.

Lord Chancellor, 2, 3, 6, 7
Dukes—York, 3
Clarence, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10
Kent, 2, 3, 6, 7
Sussex, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10
Gloucester, 1, 3, 6, 7, 9
Lord President, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10
Lord Privy Seal, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8
Dukes—Norfolk, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8
Somerset, 2, 3
St. Alban's, 2, 3, 6, 7
Marquis—Winchester, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9
Headfort, 2, 3, 6, 7
Earls—Derby, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9
Suffolk, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9
Winchelsea, 2, 3
Carlisle, 2, 3, 7
Oxford, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10
Cowper, 2, 6, 7, 8
Stanhope, 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10
Buckinghamshire, 2
Egremont, 2
Radnor, 2, 3, 6
Mansfield, 2, 3, 6, 7
Grosvenor, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10
Fortescue, 2
Caernarvon, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8
Breadalbane, 2, 3, 6, 7
Stair, 2, 3, 6
Enniskillen, 7
Donoughmore, 2, 3, 6, 7
Rosslyn, 2, 3, 6, 7
Charleville, 7
Viscount—Hereford, 2, 3, 6, 7
Bishop St. Asaph, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9
Barons—Clifford, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10
St. John, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10
Clifton, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7
King, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9
Ponsonby, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9
Grantham, 1
Dynevor, 7
Holland, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10
Grantley, 2, 3, 6, 7
Rawdon, 2, 3, 6, 7
Bulkeley, 6, 7
Somers, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8
Fife, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8
Grimston, 2, 3, 6, 7,
Gage, 2, 3, 7
Aukland, 2, 3, 6, 7
Ossory, 2
Dundas, 2, 3, 6, 7
Yarborough, 2, 3, 6, 7
Dawnay, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10
Dunstanville, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9
Minto, 2, 3, 6, 7
Lilford, 2, 3
Carysfort, 2, 3, 6, 7
Ellenborough, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8
Lauderdale, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10
Crewe, 2, 3, 6, 7

TOTAL—1——16
2——55
3——53
6——49
7——51
8——13
9——12
10——11

NOT GUILTY UPON ALL THE CHARGES.

Dukes—Cumberland, Cambridge, Beaufort, Rutland
Marquis—Salisbury, Abercorn, Cornwallis, Hertford
Earls—Aylesford (Lord Steward), Dartmouth (Lord Chamberlain), Bridgewater, Westmoreland, Essex, Doncaster (Buccleugh), Bristol, Macclesfield, Grantham (Montrose), Hardwicke, Chatham, Bathurst, Uxbridge, Camden, Strange (Athol), Mount Edgecumbe, Digby, Onslow, Chichester, Powis, Strathmore, Rothes, Aboyne, Balcarras (went away after the 1st charge), Glasgow, Westmeath, Longford, Lucan, Limerick, Caledon
Viscounts—Wentworth, Hampden, Lowther
Bishops—Bath and Wells, Chichester
Barons—Spencer (Blandford), Hay, Boston, Irby, Cathcart, Rodney, Elliot, Borringdon, Berwick, Montague, Hawkesbury, Kenyon, Braybrook, Amherst, Douglas (Morton), Mulgrave, Bradford, Stuart (Moray), Harewood, Rolle, Carrington, Bayning, Bolton, Northwick, Eldon, St. Helen's, Thomond, Arden, Sheffield, Ashburnham.

In respect to the general politics of the month, we have little to say; the public are chiefly occupied by the rumours of a negociation for peace. Whether in the present altitude of her power, it is prudent to supplicate a peace from

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France (for it obtained it must be begged), is a question of much difficulty. A termination of hostilities is always desirable; but France is not a power who will be restrained by a treaty from maturing her ambitious projects for the ultimate destruction of England. Peace will only furnish her with a respite to collect her powers, and put them forward with more fatal energy, for the accomplishment of her long cherished purpose. It is the maxim of this power, as of ancient Rome, to consider every state an enemy till she is finally subdued. A treaty must be accompanied with concessions on our part; the just pride of Englishmen will not tolerate this; the ambition of France will not be satisfied without it.

A new king has been given to Holland in the person of Buonaparte's brother, Prince Louis; and the minister Talleyrand has been raised to the dignity of an Italian prince.

There is a kind of diplomatic activity, and pacific ogling among the Powers on the Continent, but it is doubtful whether it will terminate in peace.

A misunderstanding has taken place between this country and America, upon the usual bone of contention—natural rights. The democratic party in the United States are eager to provoke the Federalists into hostilities against England; the prudence of the President has restrained them, and a minister has been sent to England for the purpose of an amicable arrangement. It must be confessed, however, that an insult has been offered to the Americans, by the Leander, Captain Whitby, who is reported to have fired upon an American vessel in the waters of the United States, and to have killed the helmsman. If this be true, it is an undoubted violation of the *Liberum Mare*, and the general law of nations. But it is not a circumstance to call forth a war.

Parliament still continues to sit, and is not expected to rise till the middle of July.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JUNE.

HAYMARKET.

ON Thursday, June 12th, a new Farce, by Mr. Theodore Hook, and the Music by his Father, was produced here, it is called "*Catch Him who Can*," the principal Characters are—

Alphonso.....Mr. WHITEFIELD
Count ..... Mr. PALMER, jun.
Philip ..... Mr. MATHEWS
Pedrillos..... Mr. LISTON
Thomas ..... Mr. TAYLOR
La Heur..... Mr. DE CAMP
Countess.....Mrs. STANWELL
Sophia.....Mrs. MATHEWS
Janet ..... Mrs. GIBBS
Annie..... Miss TYRER.

SCENE—Fontarabia.

The plot is light: the Count is supposed to have killed the son of Alphonso in a duel, for which reason guards are placed in the castle of his own mother at Fontarabia, to prevent his escaping through that town to France; the schemes and stratagems between the lower characters to effect this, form the chief interest, while love-plots are carrying on between Annie and Thomas, Janet and Philip—but their exertions are put an end to; and news arriving of the supposed killed antagonist's safety, an union takes place among the lower characters, and after moral justice being done to La Heur, a corrupt steward, and the Count, the Farce concludes happily.

The dialogue was spirited and elegant, and evinced powers of no ordinary measure. The incidents were rapid and unforced; such as were neither inconsistent with the fable, nor with the characters of the piece.

The Music, by Mr. Hook, sen. was in the peculiar style of that excellent Master; it had the proper graces of composition, and was, withal chaste, simple, and vaired. Mr. Hook and Mr. Shield are among those Masters who have long laboured, perhaps not with the success they merited, to preserve the original simplicity and purity of the English song.

The Piece was applauded through every part, and given out for a second representation with unanimous approbation.

Covent Garden Theatre closed on Thursday, June 12th with the Comedy of *The Busy Body*, and the farce of the *Poor Soldier*. At the end of the play Mr. Kemble came forward, and in a brief, terse, and elegant speech, expressed the usual thanks of the Proprietors and Performers for the liberal patronage which the public had shewn throughout the season, and promising a full exertion of their endeavours to merit future protection and encouragement. There seems to be no occasion for the continuance of this dull formality. The public attend the Theatre to please themselves, and on the last night a motley crowd attend, who perhaps have never visited the theatre through the season.

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Spring Fashions for 1806.

Taken from the Walking Dresses in Kensington Gardens June 1806.

Printed exclusively for La Belle Assemblée or Bell's Court & fashionable Magazine July 1st.

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Opera & Drawing Room full Dresses. 1806.

Engraved & Published by for La Belle Assemblie July 1. 1806.

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FASHIONS

For JULY, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY.

No. 1.—Two Morning Dresses.

THE first figure represents a lady in one of the last modern morning dresses which have appeared in all fashionable promenades. Her head is ornamented with a jockey bonnet, made of lilac-coloured silk; a bunch of fancy flowers is placed in front, and a large laced veil is fixed on the top; a part of the veil is formed into a bow, the remainder part of it suspends gracefully down the back. The gown is made of white muslin, trimmed round the neck with a full lace; a large broach is placed in front; short sleeves looped up with a fancy ornament; white silk gloves; striped lilac shoes.

The second figure represents a lady with a dome crown straw hat, turned up in front; a large ostrich feather hanging over the forehead. White muslin gown, apple green Poland mantlet, lilac gloves and shoes.

No. 2.—Two Opera Dresses.

The first figure represents a lady with a white muslin turban, ornamented in the front with gold and pearls; the hair smoothed over the forehead, and large curls resembling cork-screws hang on each side; the neck embellished with a fancy gold chain. A gown of white India muslin, sloped round the neck; short sleeves, ornamented with Turkish embroidery; a small mantlet round the shoulders; white silk shoes and gloves.

The second figure represents a lady with her head dressed *à la Romaine*, and ornamented with fancy combs. White muslin gown, with a long train behind, short in the front, tied round the waist with a silk cord and tassels in front; pearl neck-lace; white silk gloves and shoes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Mantles of various descriptions, in silk, lace, and muslin, still continue to attract; they are much worn with hoods approaching the ancient costume; but in point of elegant simplicity, the cottage tippet has assumed the ascendency in the hemisphere of fashion. It is generally made of white lace or very fine sprigged muslin, bound quite round with coloured ribbon, deep frill of broad lace round the collar. Lace caps still maintain (as they justly deserve) an unrivalled superiority among the truly elegant votaries of fashion; and we are much pleased to observe a considerable increase of sarsnet hats, many of a pleasing and novel design, forming, together with the dresses before described, a most graceful *tout ensemble* in the persons of some of our most lovely *belles*.

The most fashionable straw bonnets for the promenades are the conversation cottage bonnets, which have been so much distinguished for their negligent neatness. The mob and shell bonnet just introduced are universal among our London *élégantes* The mob and woodman hats are also very much admired by every votary of taste.

This evening dress has been much approved of. A French jacket of white or coloured crape, ornamented with rich narrow joining lace, same round the bottom of the dress; long sash of ribbon tied carelessly on one side, colour correspondent with the dress. Front worn plain and very high over the bosom, trimmed round with a plain double *tuelle*. No neckerchief or tucker is necessary with this dress; white kid gloves and shoes.

This walking-dress will be very fashionable. A short round frock of nankin, trimmed round the bottom with a rich purple or sapphire ribbon, bound with the same round the bosom; narrow sash of the same ribbon tied on one side; lace *chemizette*; nankin boots or shoes; silk gipsy hat.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

The most fashionable hats are made of yellow straw, with large rims *à la Pamela*, ornamented with very broad plain ribbon, or a flower. A bonnet, with the peak made of straw, and the crown of white silk, is always worn by ladies who indulge in the pleasure of riding on horseback. A lace frill is worn round the neck;

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some amazons tie a coloured hunting neck-handkerchief over it. Many cambric bonnets are worn; the rims are always edged with heavy twisted cord made of the same. Puckers made to resemble wolves teeth are fancifully dispersed at the bottom of most fashionable gowns. Large shawls, which cross over the breasts and tie behind, were never more general than at present; sometimes a small striped silk neck-handkerchief take their place, and is tied exactly in the same way. Poppies, roses, and ranunculus are all fashionable flowers. Cloudy ribbons are very general; but the most fashionable colour is delicate green, and delicate rose colours are very predominant. Shoes laced on the instep, made of nankin coloured leather, are very prevalent.—Gloves, for undress, are made of netted cotton; the open work much resembling birds' eyes.

FASHIONS.

The anniversary of his Majesty's birth-day, as it usually presents the last grand display of courtly elegance for the fashionable season in the metropolis, is of course generally supposed to give the final and permanent stamp of *tourneur* to fashionable dress for the summer, and consequently to establish, for the remainder of the year, the standard of taste, on this point, throughout the empire.

In our account of the dresses worn by personages of the first taste and distinction who appeared at Court on the birth day, will be found a picture of splendour, taste, and elegance rarely if ever equalled, but certainly never surpassed on any former occasion; for never on any former occasion, since British taste was emancipated from the stiff, jundry, and fantastical trammels of the old French school, did the style of female attire approach so nearly to the true standard of perfection as at the present day, when the happy union of ease and elegance, founded on the classic principles of the Grecian æra, so eminently contribute to set off with advantage every charm of beauty, every native grace of the female "form divine."

The last general display of fashion we had the opportunity of witnessing since the birth day was on the fashionable promenades in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens for the last few Sundays, which, in a season remarkably fine, and from the unusual detention of fashionable families in town by a very late Session of Parliament, have been unusually crowded at so advanced a period of the summer.

We observed that the general style of female dress differed not very widely from what we described in our last. The Egyptian head-dress continues to prevail more generally. The turban straw hat, with plain, or with a light flowing ostrich feather, white edged with pale blue.—The hair in the Egyptian style, with large curls on the forehead. But the conversation straw bonnet and gipsy hat, plain or with purple or fancy coloured silk *bandeau* were still much worn, as were *coiffures* of fancy-coloured silk. With the first rate *élégantes*, the Spanish and Egyptian mantle, and spencer *Espagnole*, were much worn, of various materials. Some were of primrose, peach blossom, purple, and changeable coloured sarsnets, trimmed round with a bordering of broad lace, black or white, or of fancy coloured ribbons, or transparent embroidery. Some were of white japanned muslin or transparent figured leno, lined with purple or rose coloured sarsnet, which had an effect extremely rich and elegant; others were entirely of rich black lace.

The under dresses were generally of white or coloured muslins, with trains extremely long, and not a few beautiful and elegant figures were attired in dresses of cloud coloured crape or transparent muslin, whose filmy texture changing in tint and shade from the ever-varying folds of this gossamer drapery, seemed to wrap the elegant wearers in robes of light impalpable *ether*, and impress the gazing throng rather with the idea of *celestial* than of *earthly* beings.

Large shawls of silk or mohair were also much worn, and in various shapes; some in the form of a flowing mantle, appending from the shoulders, with a hood; others *à la Turque*; others again square. But the most elegantly simple style of either the shawl or Egyptian mantle that arrested the fancy, were those of plain or japanned white muslin, with a large Egyptian border of deep green, in tambour or embroidery.

Loose spencers of pale blue, or apple-blossom sarsnet, or cambric muslin, were also a good deal worn; as were pelices and spencers of plain nankin, which had an air of simple elegance and coolness highly appropriate to the season.

Fancy-coloured silk, nankin, and jean shoes and buskins were much worn; and parasols of white cambric were very generally in use.

The Gardens for the last three Sundays have been unusually thronged with rank, beauty, and fashion; and the display of elegance truly fascinating.

REMARKS on the judicious Arrangement of Apparel, particularly addressed to the Ladies.

It has been frequently observed, and deplored by persons of discriminating taste, that in decorating their persons—the generality of women blindly follow what is called the fashion, merely because it is so; without once considering whe-

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ther such a mode suits with their style of countenance, figure, or complexion. That a beautiful woman may disguise herself by an injudicious choice or disposition of her attire, and a plain one counteract the deficiencies of nature, so as to render herself agreeably attractive, almost every one must have witnessed. Beauty, therefore, with a bad taste, is less desirable than a fine taste without beauty.

"What awkward creature is that?" said a gentleman to me the other evening at a supper party, pointing to a slatternly beauty, who sat with her chin almost reposing on her bosom, and shoulders advanced to her ears.

"That is a very elegant woman," he presently repeated, directing my attention to a lady who was certainly (her person abstractedly considered), what one would denominate a plain woman; but to whom the well-adapted, unstudied, yet tasteful elegance of her attire, had given a charm and attaction which claimed general admiration.

While thus, however, I recommend attention to personal decorations, I would not be supposed to encourage an inordinate care on that which is comparatively trifling, to those solid and indispensable acquirements which should adorn the amiable woman and the Christian. It should be remembered that it is not she who spends the most time at her toilette who is usually best dressed. A too zealous care generally destroys effect. A multiplicity of ornaments ever detracts from beauty, and renders deformity the more conspicuous. A multiplicity of colours bespeaks a vulgar mind.

A white costume is without exception the most becoming garb for women of all complexions; but the colours which relieve them must be regulated by good taste, to give a pleasing consistency to the contour.

A fair or pale woman should never wear yellow or green; the colours from which they derive most advantage being pale pink, pale blue, lilac, and primrose.

Dark or brown women should not appear in these colours; they may wear pink or blue, but the shade must be deeper. Yellow, coquelicot, and amber, agree best with dark hair and eyes. Green can never have a becoming effect on any but complexions naturally florid; and, though a colour genteel and graceful in itself, casts a weight on the countenance if introduced too near, and seldom gives any additional attraction to the wearer.

The bosom and arms should always be covered in a morning, nor should any but little women be seen in long dresses before dinner. The curricle-dress, jackets and flounced petticoats, should never be worn by short women—they detract from the height, and obscure the symmetry o many a neat little figure. Females, whose throats are lean, brown, or coarse, should even in public cover them with some dressy ornament: quiltings of net lace have a pretty effect.

No lady, however regardless of modesty, or sanctioned by custom or birth, can shew her arms to advantage beyond the rounding which extends to the shoulder—nor her bosom below its rising. When the sight is limited, the imagination increases; and the delicate and judicious female will preserve the veil that shades, rather than adopt the fashion that discloses.

The bracelet and armlet are the most becoming ornaments to a fine and white arm; but on those which are coarse or ill-made, all decoration is but a presumptuous exposition of their defects.

A lady with a well-turned ankle should never wear her petticoats too short: cheap exhibitions soon sink into contempt. A thousand little natural opportunities occur to disclose this attraction, without any ostentatious display of their own. No ornament for the leg and foot can be too plainly elegant. A handsome white silk stocking, with black or fawn-coloured shoes, exceed all other covering for chasteness and simplicity. In full-dress, white silk or kid are consistent and pretty. The coloured buskin may have been adopted by some *élégantes*, but must ever be considered by persons of genuine taste as heavy and unornamental, and can never be at all consistently worn but in the winter. The pantaloons are likely to have but a short run; they are very cumbersome, and truly ungraceful.

Silk hats, *à la turban*, have of late been adopted by many of our fashionables. They are generally covered with leno, or fine embroidered muslin; and have a neat unobtrusive effect.

The gipsy hat and cloak is a most distinguishing out-door covering, but suits only women tall in stature and graceful in their carriage.

We never recollect a greater variety of fancy cloaks than has been introduced this spring. The Spanish cloak now gives place to the Grecian scarf, which is exceedingly elegant.

Lace and work is introduced as much as ever round the bottoms and sleeves, and up the front of dresses.

Embroidered shirts still hold their station as the most approved and fashionable covering for the bosom in a morning; indeed we know not of any substitute which could supplant this very becoming and chaste ornament.

The hair is more lightly confined in dress within this last month; yet still the Grecian style and ornament prevails. At the opera we distinguished numbers with bands of hair crossed plain over the forehead, with a large diamond or gold pigeon broach in front, and tightly twisted up

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behind with a comb to correspond. A few Turkish turbans, of silver or plain muslin, were observed; the roll very large.

Bosoms and arms much, too much exposed!

Why will English women thus injudiciously sacrifice, at the shrine of fashion, one of their first ornaments and most attractive charms, modesty!! C. M.

To the EDITOR *of* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

PERUSING your account of fashions in the last number of *La Belle Assemblée*, I was struck with some ingenious remarks on the long trains which have of late become a distinguishing appendage to the fashionable females of various descriptions. I am happy to perceive that the author of these observations evidently possesses discrimination of talent, and that epigrammatic diction, which seizes the spirit of a subject, and points aptly the aim to the end. This style of writing is likely to produce considerable benefit in an age—when the moralist preaches in vain—when sentiment is quizzed out of countenance by bold sensuality—and virtue retires to weep in the shade.

I agree most decidedly with the former writer on this subject; and acknowledge that there is great inconvenience attending those useful ornaments styled *trains*. I admit that they give increased grace and dignity to a fine figure when judiciously adopted. That they are indispensable in the drawing-room of St. James's, and admitted on the smooth and verdant lawn of a gentleman's park; but in the streets, the theatres, or crowded rooms, what are they but so many *public dusters?*

Yet the evil rests not here—nor has the able writer, in whose path I thus willingly tread, pointed out all the public injury arising from this fashionable superabundance of decoration; except, indeed, where he makes this pathetic appeal.

"For pity's sake, Ladies, no longer permit your dress to be a public calamity!" I carry on the invocation, and add—let not your grace centre in an extravagant display of a few yards of muslin; but curtail this superfluity in favour of those to whom Providence has denied the necessaries of life! The complacent smile of benevolence will then add lustre to your charms; and you will shine bright in the unfading graces of the heart!

If our fashionable fair gave themselves but time to reflect, I am convinced that we should have no cause to appeal in vain. Their reason and their feelings would operate in favour of humanity and common sense. But fashion prides itself in singularity, and rivalship, and dissipation in excess: amidst the contending emotions they create, reflection is as a banished guest; and reason, indignant, resigns her seat.

But lest I should be considered as treating too seriously a subject which by many will be thought trifling, I will advert to some of the humourous suggestions of that writer whose subject I have endeavoured to enlarge on. When what is called the world seems to sanction a fashion, absurd or injurious beyond the reach of conviction, or the probability of reclaim, it is the part of a judicious and conscientious moralist to exercise his talents, in extracting those salubrious particles which may be contained in the poisonous mass: and who but must give credit to the ingenious method which the writer of a former paper on this subject has proposed, to deduce solid and positive good from existing evil. Excellent proposition, which Minerva herself will not fail to approve.—That our *belles* be allowed to continue their long trains, in order to induce our *beaux* to return to their studies, and simpering fops to become geometricians. Never was there a suggestion more replete with ingenuity, or more likely to produce general utility. Will not fathers, whose family estates are in danger of being swept away by the heir-apparent in trifling pursuits and vicious pleasures, have reason to immortalize the man who brought into fashionable practice, mathematical calculation, consideration, and measurement.—How many mansions, which industry has reared and regularity preserved, will then be saved from the rapacious hand of an empty, dissipated inheritor! What a profusion of froth will be expunged from the brain! And how many vacancies will be supplied with solid matter, to the honour of individual worth and national improvement. Continue then your trains, dear ladies, with all their inconvenience! but with this proviso, that in future no beaux (however elegant, fashionable, or insinuating) shall advance within their length, either in front, abreast, or in the rear; unless they bring a passport from the temple of Minerva, the college of Genius, the repository of good sense, or the seminary of general utility.

Thus even your trains, hitherto the subject of censure, shall be converted into a public benefit; and their present incongruity be forgotten in the general good they have produced.

C. M.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton Street, Strand.*

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July 1. 180

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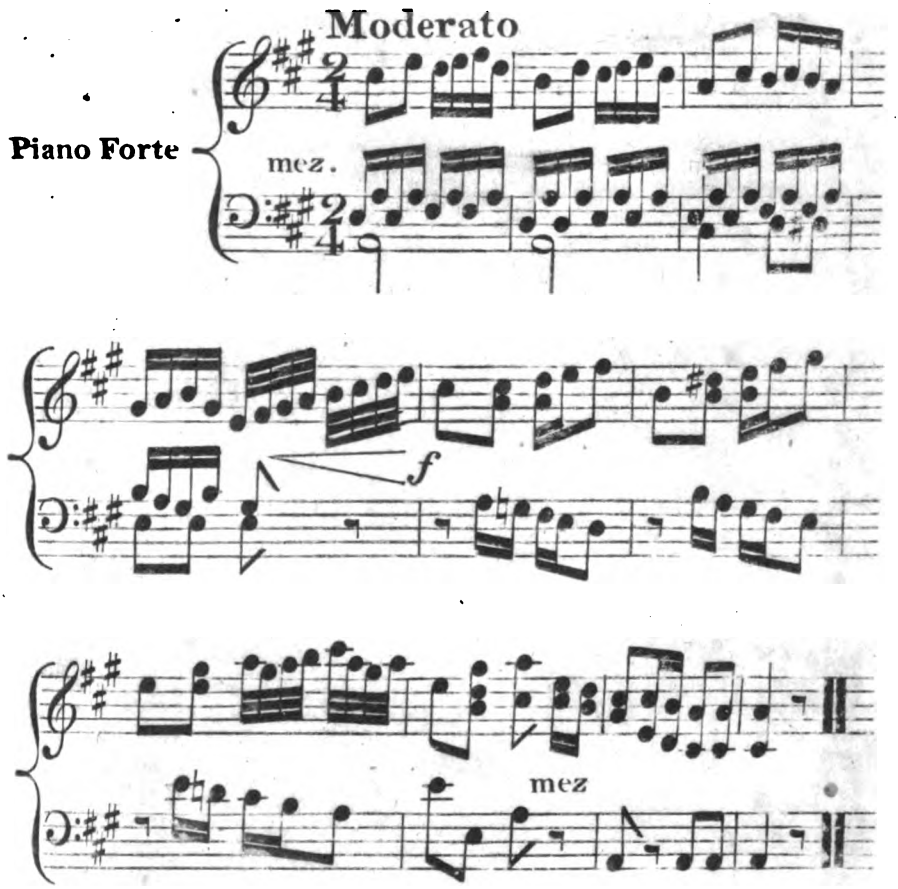
THE LASS OF LIVERPOOL,

Composed by Mr. M. P. KING,

expressly for La Belle Assemblée,

and to be had only with that Work.



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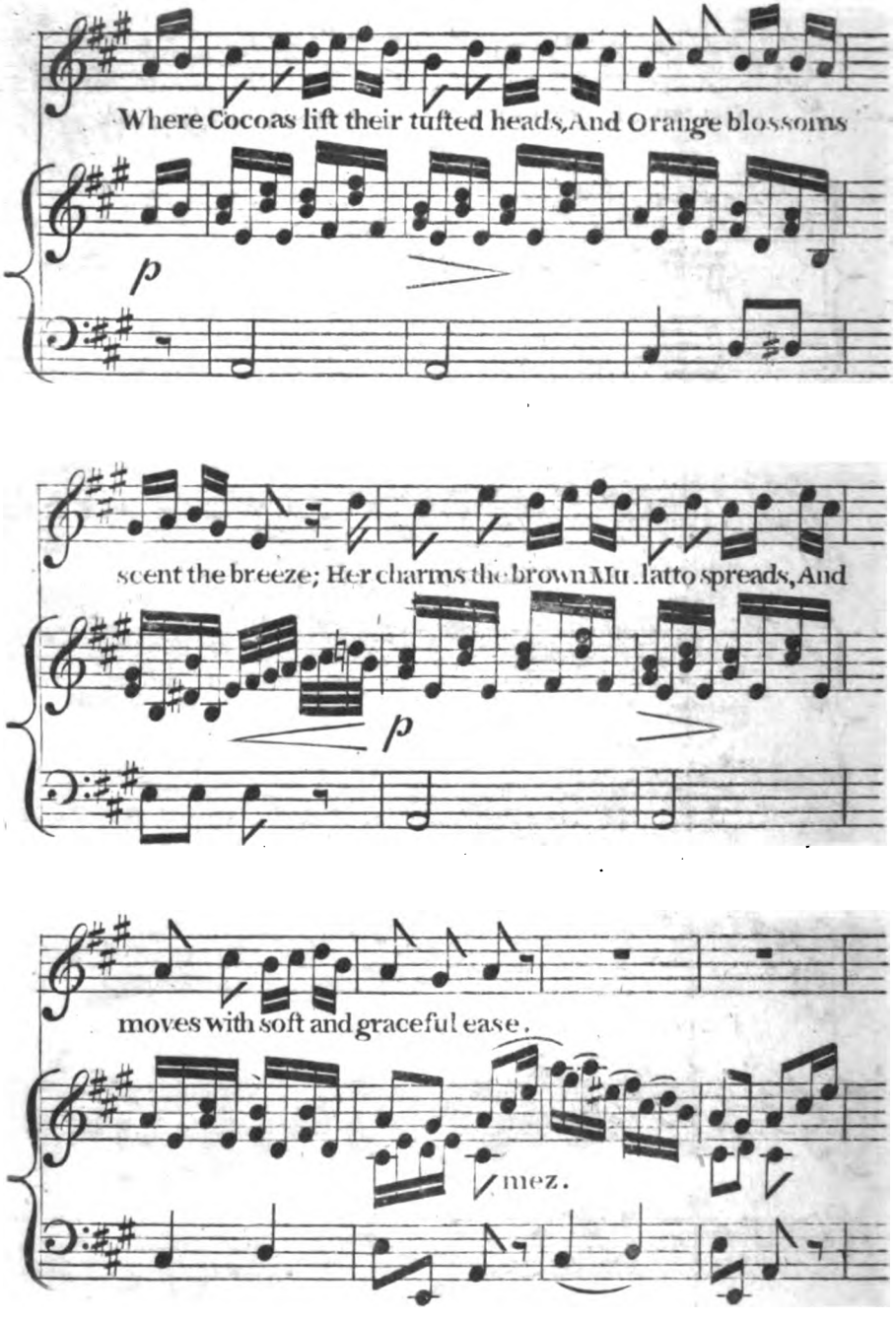
Where Cocoas lift their tufted heads, And Orange blossoms
p
scent the breeze; Her charms the brown Mu. latto spreads, And
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moves with soft and graceful ease.
mez.

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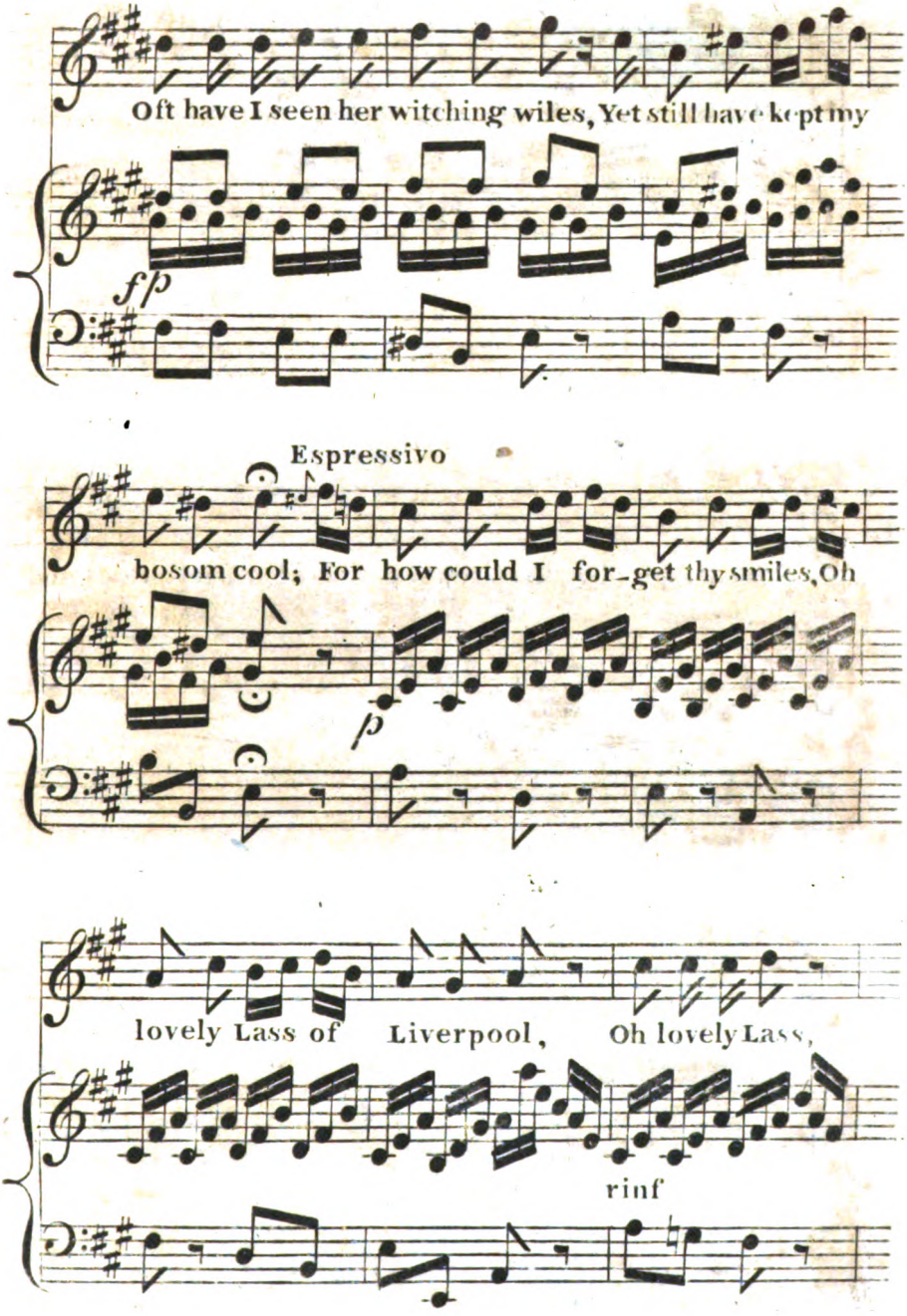
Oft have I seen her witching wiles, Yet still have kept my
fp
Espressivo
bosom cool; For how could I for-get thy smiles, Oh
p
lovely Lass of Liverpool, Oh lovely Lass,
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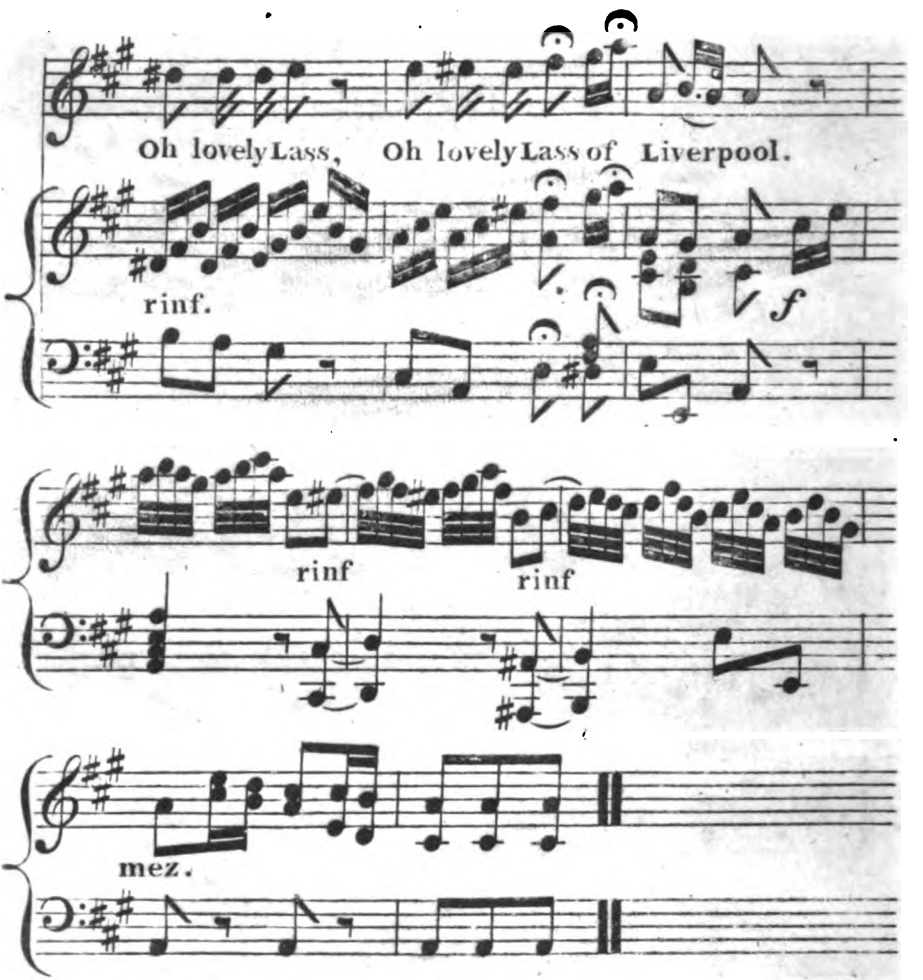

2

The softest tints the Conch displays,
The cheek of her I love outvies;
And the Sea breeze midst burning rays,
Is not more cheering than her eyes:
Dark as the Pettrel is her hair,
And Sam, who calls me Love-sick fool;
Ne'er saw a tropic maid more fair,
Than my sweet Lass of Liverpool.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An admirable Portrait Likeness of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS ELIZABETH, engraved by Scriven, with permission, from the Original and highly esteemed Picture by Sir William Beechey.
2. Four elegant whole length Figures in the Costume of the Month.
3. An Original Song, set to Music by Mr. Reeve, expressly for this Work.
4. A beautiful New Pattern for Needle-Work.
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London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton Street, Strand, August* 1, 1806.

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THE INTENDED

SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER

For the First Volume is necessarily deferred until the next Month, in order to give it a most distinguished character, by an extraordinary rich Embellishment, and a greater variety of Classical Criticisms.

IN order to render this Work as perfect as possible, it has been suggested to the Proprietors, that a REVIEW and CRITICAL ACCOUNT of the Literature of the day was necessary, as well from the want of a Work of this kind upon a principle of selection and elegance, as from the necessity of supplying the Subscribers of this Magazine with an Account of NEW BOOKS, which they would otherwise have to seek in the common Reviews.—The Proprietors, therefore, have been induced to offer to the Public a SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER, to be published Half Yearly, which will be delivered with every Six Numbers of the Magazine, and conclude the Volume to which it is attached.—The SUPPLEMENT will contain a Review of Literature for the previous six months, and will proceed upon the plan which has been so deservedly popular in the Edinburgh Reviews.—Its general principle will be the selection of such Books as, from their pretensions, the novelty of their subjects, and the reputation of their Authors, are most likely to interest the Public.—As the Works selected will be most conspicuous for Literature, so the method of the Review, it is trusted, will be equally conspicuous for its candour and impartiality.—The extracts from Books will be very sparing indeed, never more than will be sufficient to give a general sample of their character and style, as the object of the Editors is to confine their Criticisms chiefly to ORIGINAL DISCUSSION, and to trespass as little as possible upon the ordinary functions of a Review.

As the SUPPLEMENT will always conclude the Volume to which it is appended, it will, of consequence, contain a PREFACE and general INDEX to the previous Numbers; and the Decorative Parts will be of a character and quality far superior to what has hitherto appeared in any periodical Works, and which, when considered with a reference to the Ornaments of the other Numbers, will uniformly render the SUPPLEMENT more estimable than any of the preceding.

In the SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER to be published, will be given a FRONTISPIECE, characteristic of the Work, and a suitable appendage to the Volume.—The most EMINENT ARTIST of the modern age, the man to whom the British School is chiefly indebted for the present renown and lustre of its character, has presented the Proprietors of this Work with a DESIGN for the FRONTISPIECE, which will be engraven in a style of excellence correspondent with its merits.—A greater quantity of the Supplemental Number will be published than of any of the preceding, in order that the Public in general may be supplied, as well as the Subscribers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN extraordinary influx of very excellent matter with which we have been favoured from different Correspondents this month, after our necessary supply for the present Number has been printed, demands our immediate and grateful acknowledgments. Favours received, and not inserted in this Number, shall appear or be particularly noticed in our next.

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

For JULY, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Sixth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, third daughter of their present gracious Majesties, was born May 22, 1770.

It is a gratification of no ordinary kind to us, that when we are called to the review of the lives of persons of the highest rank and quality, we are cheered with the most flattering prospects, with talents directed to the interests of society, and virtue communicating its influence to all within its sphere. The education of such as are born to a pre-eminence in the state, is a matter of public concern, and of no slight difficulty in the hands of the instructor. The great are the guardians of the morals of the state; it is they who make virtue general and effective by their example, who give a tone to manners, and purify the sources of action; whose business it is to effect that by their conduct and example, which law can only accomplish in an imperfect degree—to hold up to imitation the virtues of domestic life, and exhibit patterns of morality, temperance, chastity, and prudence.

"Wretched is the state which has only law for its government," said a great observer of human life:—unless good morals and decent manners concur to give a vigour to legal institutions, a state may be miserably wicked, however well governed.

The education of the great is obstructed by many impediments which do not operate among those of the lower orders.—No inconsiderable vigour of character is required to counteract the pernicious influence of domestic luxury, and the corrupting softness of domestic indulgence. Severity of study, and closeness of application, are seldom to be expected from those who are momentarily called off by some enticement of pleasure, and to whom the task is no further necessary than as conferring some personal ornament, which their flatterers will instruct them they can well do without—that the highest nobility have their equals, their competitors, and even superiors; but those who are born within the sphere of royalty are destitute of such extrinsic means of emulation, and must be wholly indebted for whatever excellence they acquire, to the soundness of their principles, and the rectitude of their habits.

We trust that these remarks will not be deemed superfluous, when the subject of our present biographical sketchs is considered; a Princess, whose noble zeal for learning, and those particular branches of it, the fine arts, has only been equalled by the indefatigable assiduity with which she has hitherto applied herself to them, and the admirable proficiency she has made.

England has always been renowned for

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females of royal rank, who have been conspicuous for their intellectual attainments and literary talents. The memorable example of Queen Elizabeth will here present itself. Of the erudition of that princess we have a particular account from Roger Ascham, who, from the known qualities of his character, cannot be suspected of flattery; and who, from his learning, was fully competent to pronounce. He tells us, that when he read over with her the orations of Eschines and Demosthenes in Greek, she not only understood at first sight the full force and propriety of the language, and the meaning of the orators, but that she comprehended the whole scheme of the laws, customs, and manners of the Athenians. She possessed an exact and accurate knowledge of the scriptures, and had committed to memory most of the striking passages in them. She had also learned by heart many of the finest parts of Thucydides and Xenophon, especially those which relate to life and manners. Thus were her early years employed, and with such zeal did she pursue her education, that she was not only esteemed the most learned woman of her age in Europe, but the best and wisest monarch that ever sat on the British throne.

In the present æra the attainments of an Elizabeth would be termed pedantic; and it must be confessed that the mode of female education does not require such heavy and useless literature. The more elegant sciences, and fine arts, best become the natural disposition of the sex, and render them more amiable and agreeable. The illustrious namesake of the above-mentioned sovereign seems to have acted upon this persuasion, and whilst she has wisely disregarded that species of literature in which Elizabeth excelled, she has cultivated another branch of it, more congenial to her sex and the manners of the age, in which neither that celebrated princess, nor any that have succeeded her, could pretend to a similar proficiency.—Her Royal Highness has been devoted from her infancy to the study of the fine arts. In music she is said to have a most excellent taste and delicate ear, but the study she has chiefly cultivated, and in which her skill has kept pace with the zeal of her industry, is painting. Passionately attached to this noble art from the first years in which she could distinguish its excellencies, she has scarcely omitted a day in which she has not laboured to improve herself in it. It was a maxim of the celebrated Greek painter, *nulla dies sine lineâ*; her Royal Highness seems to have adopted this precept in the full extent of its meaning, and scarcely ever to feel a more perfect pleasure than when the pencil is in her hand. An accomplishment of this kind is sufficiently rare in the female sex, and more particularly among those whose rank will always be accepted as an excuse for idleness, and upon whom flattery is ever ready enough to bestow the praises which are due to merit.

The love and encouragement of the arts amongst those of exalted rank and talent may truly be esteemed a national benefit. The arts are naturally dependent for support upon the great; it is their patronage only which can advance them to perfection, and give them popularity. It is more necessary to insist upon this, because there is a species of patronage which has lately sprung up in these kingdoms, which has any thing else in view but the advancement of the art of painting; we mean that mercantile and sordid traffic which has been carried on to such an extent, and which, whilst it only answered the ends of a few commercial speculators, disgraced the arts which it affected to patronize, and exhibited those feeble, slovenly, and disgraceful works to the eyes of Europe, which passed under the name of the British school, whilst in truth they were only the offspring of rashness, of mercantile temptation and fraud—frequently of vanity, and too often, perhaps, of want.

The late President of the Royal Academy, in an admirable lecture which he delivered to the students upon the subject of patronage, has made a very happy distinction between the different kinds, between that which is spurious and merely commercial, and that which has in view the true dignity of the arts, and the honour of the profession. He laments, and with too much justice, the want of proper encouragement amongst the nobility of this kingdom; he adds, however, that we have a compensation for this in the munificence and truly princely taste of

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our most gracious Sovereign, whom he exemplifies as the first of the British monarchs who gave to the arts the dignity and independence of a national establishment, and bestowed upon the profession those trappings and appendages which were necessary to distinguish and exalt it in the estimation of his subjects. He then more particularly dwells upon the encouragement and love of the arts which prevails in the present Royal Family, and especially among the female branch.—"Scarcely a day (he proceeds) passes, but those illustrious females, whose example we must all wish to see prevalent amongst the nobility of the land, are employed in something connected with the operations of the fine arts, and produce something tributary to its honours. Their apartments are not unfrequently ornamented with the productions of their fancies; and whilst this most noble and zealous industry gives rise to works of a finished and delicate taste of their own, it invites them, at the same time, to encourage in others that quality in which they themselves excel, and thus to bestow upon the arts a double patronage—to give to the profession, in common, the sanction and influence of fellow-labourers, and to the world at large an example of royal munificence and princely taste."

We can almost suppose this illustrious artist to have glanced more peculiarly at the Princess Elizabeth, who may be thought to excel all her royal sisters in the study of painting. The Queen of Wutemburg was no less devoted to this art, and many of her works are still to be seen in the apartments of Windsor Castle; but she did not pursue it with the same industry as her sister, and did not, therefore, perhaps, arrive at the same proficiency.

About fourteen years ago, when it was the fashion to cut little designs and patterns in paper, her Royal Highness particularly distinguished herself by some which were published amongst a few select friends, under the name of Lady Dashwood, and engraved by a pupil of Bartolozzi's.—They were called "*The Progress of Cupid*," and exhibited allegorical representations of the power of love, which were no less remarkable for the ingenuity with which they were conceived, than for the taste and delicay with which they were displayed.—Her Royal Highness has likewise distributed among her most favoured circle another publication and tribute to the fine arts just finished. It is entitled "*The Progress of Genius*," and exhibits, under allegorical images, the different acts of that intellectual power. These designs were wholly invented by her Royal Highness, and, for their greater privacy, were likewise etched by herself. They are merely bestowed as presents and marks of esteem, and therefore only to be met with in a few select hands. They are dedicated in a most delicate and affectionate manner to the Queen; and her Royal Highness observes, "that of works imperfect and unprofessional, criticism, which is unpleasant to all, must be more particularly so to those in the rank and station of royalty."—Though under no injunction ourselves, we shall abstain from a breach of what is requested; notwithstanding we are ready to confess, that the injunction operates as a restraint, and we lament the necessity of that silence which withholds the just tribute of praise. We shall now conclude with hoping that her Royal Highness will persevere in the cultivation of that art which she is so qualified to adorn, and to hold out to these kingdoms an example of patronage in high rank, which we are persuaded cannot be dissembled for any private purposes, or have any thing else in view but the real honour and dignity of the profession.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

THESE two countries, the seat of tremendous volcanoes, have been agitated in all ages by political convulsions still more dangerous than those of nature. The name of Sicily is equivalent to the most ancient field of battle, and the theatre of the most brilliant actions. The calamities of Naples date no farther back than the period of the decline of the Roman empire; the taking of that city in 543 immortalized Totila, who treated its inhabitants with a humanity truly affecting.

After the establishment of the exarchate of Ravenna, the provinces which now compose the kingdom of Naples were successively desolated by the Lombards, the Greeks, the Saracens, the Normans, the Germans, the Hungarians, the French, the Spaniards; and all these wars not only altered the character of the Neapolitan nation, but produced a strange mixture in its manners; the people retained almost all the vices of these different nations, but preserved scarcely any of their virtues. Beneath the most beautiful sky in Europe were committed the most atrocious crimes. The populace of Naples acquired a celebrity unfortunate for their rulers, and became as seditious and as depraved as the populace of Rome. These revolutions have been described by an author in a work entitled, *The thirty-five Rebellions of the most faithful people of Naples.* The calculation of this writer is very moderate; twice the number might be reckoned up were we to take the trouble to penetrate into that labyrinth of tragical events which fatigue by their sanguinary uniformity.

The only nation which, in some measure, incorporated itself with the Neapolitans, was that of the Normans, who, as early as the year 1016, fought against the infidels, performed the most signal services for the sovereigns of the country, and obtained various grants from them by way of reward. These auxiliaries, however, behaved in the Two Sicilies as the Anglo-Saxons did in England, they made themselves masters of the whole country. In 1043 they had already founded in Apulia, as well as in Calabria, a great number of principalities, and had driven the Greeks of the Eastern empire from the whole south of Italy. Robert Guiscard, and his son, Bohemond, the two heroes of their age, would have overturned the empire of the East had it not been for the courage of Alexis, seconded by all the power of the Venetians. These formidable Normans whose exploits were at that time the subject of conversation and of wonder in every country, narrowly escaped being involved in a general massacre by the treacherous inhabitants of Apulia. Two of their princes only had the misfortune to fall by the weapons of assassins.

The first duke of Apulia that assumed the title of king, in the year 1130, was Roger II who carried on war in Africa and the east. The immense riches which the Normans acquired by most of their expeditions, soon corrupted their manners. The indolence, effeminacy, and cruelty of William the Wicked, son of Roger, produced the most atrocious scenes; unworthy favourites made the people groan beneath the burden of imposts, and Naples witnessed horrors as execrable as those of a Tiberius or a Caligula. During the reigns of William II. and Tancred, the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily enjoyed repose; the first merited the esteem and attachment of his subjects, by his benevolence and mildness, and the second by his clemency and the excellent qualities of his heart.

At length this valiant race of adventurers was humbled and overwhelmed by new disasters; the sceptre passed from the feeble hands of young William III. into those of the emperor Henry VI. the exterminator of all the Norman princes, a monster who, by his assassinations, but too justly deserved the surname of the *Nero of Sicily.* Like a second Cambyses he extended his vengeance even to the deceased princes of the dethroned dynasty; he caused the bodies of William II. and his son, Roger, to be taken out of their tombs, and ordered the crowns which encircled their brows in the abode of death, to be nailed to the heads of two noblemen attached to the blood of their masters.

Heaven punished these multiplied atrocities in the descendants of this monster. Notwithstanding the virtues of Frederick, the founder of the school of Salerno, who patronized the sciences and successfully cultivated them himself, the innocent Conradin, who had scarcely arrived at the years of manhood, was doomed to be the expiatory victim. Manfred had deprived him of the crown, but this barbarous guardian fell, near Benevento, by the swords of the forlorn hope of Charles of Anjou, who in less than three months found himself in possession of the Two

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Sicilies. Conradin, accompanied by his cousin, Frederick of Austria, asserted, by force of arms, his claim to the patrimony of his forefathers.

Every thing at first gave way to his impetuous courage; but vanquished at last, in consequence of a fatal error, in the very bosom of victory, he fell into the hands of his most implacable enemies. All Europe shuddered with horror at the recital of the catastrophe which put a period to the life of Conradin. He, with his kinsman Frederick, was sacrificed by ambition on a scaffold in Naples; and the brother of the sainted Louis IX. was the first that set the bold and terrible example of subjecting a crowned head to the axe of executioners. Before he received the fatal stroke, Conradin, who tenderly loved his mother, Elizabeth, exclaimed in anguish, "Oh, my mother, into what affliction will my death plunge you!" This tragical death was preceded by acts of refined barbarity. The prayers for the dead were repeated before the princes, and their funeral was celebrated in their presence. Struck by the lightnings of the Vatican, thus ended the illustrious House of Swabia, one of the most unfortunate that ever swayed the sceptre.

The merciless Charles knew not how to reign as well as to conquer. This imprudent monarch resigned the reins to all the passions of his countrymen, notwithstanding the prudent remonstrances of the Popes, who foresaw a revolution in his dominions, and already perceived the destructive fire lurking beneath the perfidious calm of apparent submission. John de Procida, active, discreet, eloquent, flexible and bold, indignant at being neglected by the conqueror, went to raise up enemies against him in Arragon and at Constantinople, where he received powerful succours in money from the Greek emperor. This new Proteus suddenly rendered himself invisible; disguised in the habit of a cordelier, he every where excited the fury of the people, and roused all Sicily against the French. It was a general revolt, and not a massacre, that this Sicilian gentleman had in view. The most judicious historians admit that the bloody catastrophe, known by the name of the Sicilian Vespers, was the effect of accident.

It was not the bells of Palermo that gave the signal for the massacre on Easter Monday in the year 1282; the real signal was given by a Frenchman, and the cries of modesty brutally outraged by him in the public street, in the person of a young woman who was going to vespers, were the actual tocsin that summoned the people together, and inspired them with the murderous rage that cost the lives of twenty-eight thousand Frenchmen. A proof that this massacre was not pre-meditated, is, that it did not take place at the same time all over the island.

A great number of provencals endeavoured to get away from this land of slaughter, but none of them were able to effect their escape, because the Sicilians, endued with infernal subtlety, found out an extraordinary method of discovering their victims. The pronunciation of the word *ciceri* was the test by which they were tried, and was the sentence of death on those foreigners who could not repeat it with the same delicacy and the same accent as the natives. The populace of Palermo carried their fury to such a pitch as to rip open those Sicilian women who were pregnant by Frenchmen, and to tear from their bowels the fruit of this unhappy connexion. Humanity shrinks from the task of describing all the horrors of which Sicily was the theatre. It is well known that the multitude is capable of the most violent excesses, and that in every age among every nation, it would frequently act these bloody tragedies, were it not restrained by a firm and vigorous government.

Charles was forming vast projects, among others, that of dethroning the Greek emperor, when the intelligence of this disaster arrived to overwhelm, and to extinguish the last spark of life. His descendants, in spite of their utmost efforts to maintain their ground, were driven from Naples as well as Sicily, and were never able to recover that rich and dangerous succession.

After these sanguinary executions, the crown of Sicily, separated from that of Naples, was placed on the head of Pedro, King of Arragon, who went, not without fear and hesitation, to reign over this theatre of carnage.

Under Charles the Lame, and Robert, the Neapolitans at length enjoyed happiness, and blessed the paternal clemency of the government. All disputes were extinguished, all animosities ceased, and science diffused her mild beams over minds before involved in darkness, fanaticism, and barbarism. Robert, pious, charitable, humane, pacific, a lover of justice, and named, on account of that quality, the Solomon of his age, a patron of the learned and of poets, himself a scholar and a poet, encouraged the study of sound philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, medicine, caused Aristotle to be translated into Latin, and collected the most valuable works in his library. He was too passionately fond of women; this was almost the only blot among the eminent virtues manifested by this prince. He was brave in battle, and always great even in the midst of misfortune.

About this period Flavio Gioia, a native of Amalfi, reflected honour on the Neapolitan nation by his invention, or rather improvement, of the mariner's compass, that guide which paved the way to the discovery of a new world.

Thus, in the midst of the thickest darkness,

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the human mind began to experience, in the kingdom of Naples, the effects of a salutary fermentation, when, in the reign of Queen Joan, new tragedies, less sanguinary but not less criminal than the preceding, were acted. Andrew, her husband, was strangled by the Neapolitan nobles. This fickle inconsistent princess, suspected, rather than convicted, of a crime which thrilled her with horror, was anxious to find tribunals to absolve her, and even addressed herself to the celebrated Rienzi, a demagogue who acted the part of Brutus at Rome, and who haughtily assumed the title of *August tribune of the universe*. He was, however, too politic to decide in such a delicate affair. Posterity, severe in its judgments, will perhaps consider Joan as guilty, because she manifested too openly before Andrew's death, her aversion for her unfortunate husband, whose cause was avenged by Lewis the Great, King of Hungary. The enraged monarch hastened forward at the head of his troops, before whom was borne a banner on which was painted the cruel death of his brother. At the sight of this dismal standard the Neapolitans turned pale, and without making the least resistance, suffered the authors of the crime to be sacrificed in the same gallery of the palace where it had been perpetrated. Joan, who had fled, did not return to her dominions till the Hungarians had withdrawn. Having married, for the fourth time, Otho of Brunswick, the latter was unable to maintain his ground against Charles de Duras, whom the princess afterwards called to the succession. Though his prisoner, she wished in the sequel to exclude him from it; but to prevent her, he caused his benefactress to be stifled. The new king endeavoured to unite the crown of Hungary with that of Naples, but the attempt cost him his life; two queens whom he had humbled and obliged to lay down their sceptre at his feet, put a period to his life.

Under Ladislaus and Joan II. vice reigned uncontrolled, and after the example of its sovereigns, the whole kingdom exhibited the most scandalous spectacle of effeminacy and debauchery. Ladislaus made himself three times master of Rome; he was always victorious in battle, but except in the military career, he was unable to command his passions. Despotic, oppressive, sanguinary, incontinent, he expired worn out with debauchery in transports of phrenzy. Joan, his sister and successor, was the Messalina of her age. Never satiated with pleasures, this lascivious princess sent back to France her husband, Jaques de Bourbon, that she might indulge in them with greater liberty; and her unworthy gallants, delivered from this restraint, fattened on the tears and the blood of the wretched Neapolitans.

In the year 1414, Alphonso I. ascended the throne, after some opposition from John of Anjou and René the Good. He again united Sicily to the kingdom of Naples, after a separation of 160 years. During this period anarchy had continually desolated that blood-stained island, and the history of the Sicilians is destitute of interesting facts. Violence and disorder, checked by the magnanimity, the virtues, and address of Alphonso I. who made his people happy, resumed their destructive course after the death of that great sovereign, and kept continually increasing under Ferdinand I. Alphonso II. and Frederic.

Charles VIII. re-asserting the rights of the House of Anjou, subdued and quitted Italy and the kingdom of Naples with the same rapidity, after having passed at Fornua close to an army four times as numerous as his own. Naples fell beneath the efforts of Louis XI. and Frederic, the last king of that dynasty in which flowed the blood of Arragon mingled with that of France, retired to forget in the enjoyments of private life the loss of his throne. His dominions were divided, in 1505, between the French and the Spaniards; the latter, by the artifices of Ferdinand king of Arragon, as much as by the valor of Gonsalvo de Cordova, expelled their rivals from the kingdom of Naples, and declared themselves the sole possessors.

It was then seen what the prudent energy of a good government is capable of effecting in every age and in every country. The devils inhabiting the paradise of Italy were transformed into angels. The Two Sicilies, convulsed by so many shocks, remained quiet under the domination of the viceroys of the King of Spain; and one of them, the famous Duke d'Ossuna, commanded at one and the same time, the fear, the respect, and the love of the people.

During the reign of Philip IV. in 1669, a spark produced a violent explosion in Naples; discontented with an impost laid by the Duke d'Arcos on vegetables and fruit, a man of the lowest class suddenly raising himself above the crowd, became instinctively the leader of a party and a general. Massaniello directed the hands of fifty thousand men, whom a basket of figs, insolently thrown down by a tax-gatherer, had roused to fury and instigated to arms.

In a moment, assassination was organized in the metropolis. It is scarcely possible to conceive an idea of the ridiculous, puerile, indecent, and sanguinary methods of revenge practised by the unbridled populace. All the nobility, all the tradesmen and citizens trembled before the terrific Massaniello, who was intoxicated with popular favour, and feasted himself on the most flattering illusions; but the populace, in a mo-

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ment of caprice soon overthrew this living idol, put him to death, dragged his body along the streets, and threw it upon a dunghill. The next day shedding tears over their own victim, and reproaching themselves for their excessive cruelty, they honoured Massaniello with a magnificent funeral, the pomp of which was increased by the forced attendance of great numbers of the clergy.

Weary of their sovereignty, fatigued with revolutions, cured of the fever which had exhausted their strength, the populace returned to their duty, notwithstanding the chivalrous prowess of the Duke de Puise, who had thrown himself into Naples and strove to keep alive the flames of civil discord, in the hope of procuring a crown. He could not even gain over Januario Anneze, the new idol of the populace, who was as haughty and as jealous of his power as his predecessor.

This revolution, rather ludicrous than terrible, was succeeded by a profound calm; days of prosperity dawned in this beautiful country, and the Neapolitans distinguished themselves for manners as polished and as amiable as the other civilized nations of Europe. The arts and sciences flourished among these people, who displayed venerable antiquity to the eyes of astonished Europe in the cities of Pompeia and Herculaneum, and enriched themselves by this commerce so curious and so new between the living and the dead.

After passing successively under the dominion of Charles II. son of Leopold, and the Emperor Charles VI. the two Sicilies were conquered in 1734, by Don Carlos, who governed them with clemency and wisdom. He resigned the sceptre to Ferdinand IV. in 1759, when he ascended the throne of Spain. Such is a concise sketch of the most important events that have occurred in those two states, and which are here recorded without the omission of a single reign.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO YOUNG MARRIED LADIES,

HARRIET AND CHARLOTTE.

The following Dialogue is one of the Colloquies of Erasmus, and was translated from the original Latin by Thomas Brown, "of facetious memory," according to Addison. The translator says, "Though he keeps his author still in sight, yet he does not pretend to have made a literal translation; and where Erasmus alludes to old adages, or where the jest turns upon a turn in the Latin tongue, which would be entirely lost in an English version, he has made bold to substitute something of his own in the room of it, in order to make it more agreeable to the palate of the English reader, for whose diversion it was designed."—Erasmus died in 1536, and Thomas Brown in 1704; so that the original is three hundred years old, and the imitation above one hundred.—This is much the best of the twenty-nine colloquies which have appeared in English, twenty-two by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and the others by Brown.—We have, in compliance with the delicacy of the modern English press, been obliged to omit two or three pages, and have endeavoured to render it more pleasing to our fair readers by a few necessary alterations.—For Eutalia and Xantippe, we have substituted the names of Harriet and Charlotte (from Sir Charles Grandison), a quiet and a turbulent wife.—The piece, besides the excellence of its doctrine, is remarkable as exhibiting one young female giving good advice to another young female.

Harriet. My dear Charlotte, a good morning to you.

Charlotte. The same to you, Harriet. You look prettier than usual methinks.

H. What! do you begin to jeer at me already?

C. Not I, upon my word. But so you seem to me.

H. Perhaps then my new clothes may set me off to advantage.

C. You guess rightly, and you have dressed yourself with the utmost taste. But I wonder who made you this present.

H. From whom should a virtuous wife receive presents but from her husband?

C. Well! you are a happy woman to have a good husband; for my part, I wish I had married a mushroom, a bean-stalk, the head of an old bass-viol, or any thing, rather than my incorrigible animal.

H. What! is your house untiled already, and is it come to a rupture between you?

C. Yes, and is likely to continue so. Do but see what a pitiful dress I am forced to wear, and yet he is contented to see me in this plight. I am ashamed to go to church, or to pay visits, when I see my neighbours so much better dressed, although their husbands has not a quarter of the estate mine has.

H. In my opinion an honest woman is set out

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to all the advantage she can desire, if she is so happy as to please her husband. The true ornaments of a woman do not consist in gaudy clothes and jewels, but in chastity, meekness, and endowments of the mind. It is only common women who are tricked up on purpose to draw in customers.

C. In the mean time, this most worthy man of mine, who grudges every shilling that is expended on his wife, takes pains to squander away the fortune I brought him, as the maggot bites; sometimes on his women, at other times in gaming, or at the tavern.

H. Oh, fie! you should never say thus of your husband.

C. But I will justify it. When the creature comes home after midnight with his cargo of Port, and fumes of tobacco, worse than the odour of a pole-cat, he does nothing but snore all the night long, and sometimes leaves more than his wine between the sheets.

H. Peace! I'll hear no more of this; you forget that you degrade yourself when you lessen your husband.

C. I would rather take up my quarters in a pigstye, with a clean hog, than lie with such a mixture of filth and brutality.

H. And when you find him in such a pickle, don't you scold him to some purpose?

C. Yes, I use him as he deserves. I suppose he is convinced I can use my lungs upon occasion.

H. Well, and how does he relish this treatment?

C. At first he bounced and swaggered most heroically, thinking to fright me with his big words

H. And did it never come to downright blows between ye?

C. Once—and but once, the quarrel arose so high that we were very near a battle. My spark had a crab-tree cudgel in his hand, which he lifted up, swearing and cursing like a foot-soldier at an unbelieving country innkeeper, and threatening to make a severe example of me To prevent that, I snatched up a stool, and told him I would comb his head with it if he offered to touch me; and if he had not sounded a retreat, he had found to his cost he had no child to deal with

H. My dear Charlotte, I must tell you, you are to blame in this.

C. Pray, in what respect? For if he does not use me as his wife, I don't know why I should use him as my husband. Let him put his own duty in practice, and I assure you I will not forget mine.

H. But when things are come to such a dilemma, that either the husband or wife must knock under, I think it but reasonable that the woman should submit to the man.

C. Why must I look upon him as my husband who uses me so ill?

H. Did he never after this threaten to beat you?

C. No; he grew wiser and repented of his valour, otherwise he had caught a Tartar, I can tell you that.

H. So then you have left off scolding him.

C. No; never while I have this tongue in my head.

H. But how does your husband bear it?

C. Why sometimes he pretends to be asleep, sometimes he does nothing but laugh, and at other times he talks of his fiddle, (for you must know he pretends to music), and scrapes upon it with all his might and main, and takes as much pains as if he were threshing; and all this to stop my pipe.

H. And did not that vex you?

C. So much, that I could have torn him to pieces from downright madness.

H. Now, my dear Charlotte, will you give me leave to talk a little freely to you?

C. With all my heart, say whatever you please.

H. Nay, you may do as much with me, and this I think is no more than what our long acquaintance will warrant; for you and I have known each other from our cradles.

C. You say truly; and there are none of my play fellows I love better than yourself.

H. Let your husband prove what he will, I'd still have you carry in your mind, that it is not in your power to change him for another: you must bear with him, for better for worse, to the last breath in your body. Try what tricks you please, he will still remain your husband, and you his wife. So that you and your husband have nothing left to do but to suit your tempers and dispositions to one another, and to bear the yoke of matrimony as contentedly as ye can.

C. But do you think it possible for me to alter the nature of this insufferable brute?

H. You must permit me to tell you, that it does not a little depend upon a wife what sort of man her husband will make.

C And do you and your husband live in perfect amity?

H. Yes, Heaven be praised, all is easy and quiet with us now.

C. Then I find there has formerly been some bickering between ye.

H. Nothing that could be properly called a tempest; only as no condition in life is perfect, a few small clouds began to appear, which might have occasioned very bad weather, if care had not been taken to prevent it by a wise conduct.

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Every one has his peculiar humours, maggots, and fancies; and every one has his faults more or less, which, in the matrimonial state especially, we ought to wink upon. Now, it frequently happens, that the good understanding and friendship which ought to be preserved between a man and his wife, is fatally interrupted before they have acquired a tolerable knowledge of each other. And this is the first thing which ought to be guarded against; for when once the spirit of dissension has disunited them, it is a very difficult matter to make a reconciliation, particularly if it ever went so far as personal violences. We see that pieces of wood which are glued together, if they are roughly used at first are easily broken asunder; but if you give them time to settle, and the cement is thoroughly dried, there is no danger of their breaking. For this reason all possible care should be taken that, in the infancy of marriage, a good correspondence be settled between both parties, and take deep root. This is chiefly effected by a mutual complaisance, and easiness of disposition; for love, that has nothing but beauty to keep it in health, is short-lived, and liable to frequent ague-fits.

C. Pray then, oblige me so far as to inform me by what arts you made your husband tractable.

H. With all my heart, that you may imitate them.

C. So I will, if practicable.

H. Oh! nothing more easy, if you will in earnest apply to it. And, for your comfort, 'tis never too late to put them in practice. I will tell you then, upon condition you keep it to yourself.

C. Never question that; I can be silent as well as another upon occasion.

H. My first and chief care was to please my good man in every respect; and that nothing might give him offence or disgust, I diligently marked his inclination and temper; what were his easiest moments, what things pleased him, and what he disliked; and this, with as much application as those people do who tame elephants, lions, tygers, and other animals, that cannot be mastered by mere strength.

C. Such sort of an animal I have at home.

H. Keepers of elephants wear no white clothes, and those who manage bulls forbear the use of red clothes, because they find by experience that these colours are disagreeable to those creatures. Thus we see that the beating of a drum will set a tyger raging mad, so that he will tear his own flesh; and thus jockies have particular sounds, whistles, and strokes, to flatter their horses when refractory. How much the more then does it concern us to use all imaginable means to fix ourselves in our husbands' good graces, with whom, whether we will or no, we must live all our lives, at bed and board, till death comes to our relief?

C. I am all attentive, pray proceed.

H. When, after diligent examination, I had discovered his humour, I accommodated mine to his, and took care that nothing should offend him.

C. I wonder how!

H. In every thing relative to the family, which is the peculiar province of women, I showed my utmost dexterity and management; for I not only took care that nothing should be omitted or left undone, but also that every thing should be suitable to his temper, even in mere trifles. For instance, if my husband fancied a particular dish of meat, and would have it dressed after such a manner; if he would have so many blankets on the bed, such furniture in a room, a door or window open or shut, it was all done to his liking.

C. But how could you humour a man who is never at home, but perpetually sotting at the tavern?

H. Hold; I am coming to that point. If at any time I saw my husband out of humour, and melancholy, and not caring to be talked to, I would not for the world laugh nor put on a gay humour, but I would keep a grave demure countenance as well as he; for, as a true looking-glass faithfully represents the face which looks in it, so a wife ought to fashion herself to the affection of her husband; not be chearful when he is sad, nor sorrowful when he is merry. Now, whenever I found him cross indeed, I either tried to soothe him with fair words, or else held my tongue and waited patiently till this ill-humour had spent itself, and then I took my opportunity to clear all mistakes and pacify him. The same method I constantly observed when he came home tipsy; at such time I gave him all the indulgent and tender language I could think of, and by these means got him quietly to bed.

C. A blessed life this, that we poor wives are forced to lead, if we must thus humour our husbands in every thing that comes into their noddles when drunk or angry!

H. You don't consider that this duty is reciprocal, and that they are obliged to bear the same from us. However, there is a critical time when a wife may take upon her to advise her husband in matters of importance; for I think it much better to wink at small faults.

C. And how is she to know the proper time?

H. Why, when his mind is serene, and nothing disturbs him; when he is cool and sober; then you may admonish, or rather intreat him; and this always in private, as to any thing

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wherein his estate, his health, or his reputation are concerned. And this very advice is to be seasoned with some pleasantries, that it may look as if it were not designed, but purely accidental. Sometimes, by way of preface, I agree with him before hand that he shall not be angry, "if, being a foolish woman, I venture to interpose my own counsel in any thing wherein his honour, health, or preservation are at stake." After I have said as much as I think proper at that time, I turn the discourse to some more agreeable and entertaining subject; for, under the rose be it spoken, this is the fault of us women, that when we have once tuned our pipes, we do not know when to leave off.

C. So it is commonly said indeed.

H. This I always observed as a rule, never to chide my husband before company, nor to prattle abroad of dissensions at home. What passes between two persons is much sooner made up than when once it has taken air; now if ever matters come to such a pass that the husband is incurable, I think it by much the most prudent course for the wife to carry her complaints to his parents or relations, rather than to her own friends, and moreover to manage her remonstrances with such discretion that they may see she hates only the vices, but not the person of her husband. Neither would I have her blab out all she knows, that even here he may be obliged, in spite of himself to acknowledge and admire her kindness to him.

C. A woman must indeed be a philosopher to be able to practise so much self-denial.

H. I am of a different opinion, for by this deportment we prevail upon our husbands to return the kindness.

C. But still there are brutes in the world whom all the good usage imaginable will never mend.

H. I can hardly believe it; but put the case there are; we are to remember that, let our husbands prove what they will, when once we have chosen them we must bear with their humours; and I appeal to yourself whether it is not infinitely better to soften him by a courteous temper, or at least patiently to bear with his failings, than by incessantly scolding and railing at him, to exasperate and make him ten times worse. I could instance some wives who by their like attentions have altered their spouses much for the better.

C. If so, these men differ more from my *virtuous* husband than black from white.

H I am acquainted with a gentleman of good family, well read, learned, and a person of great address and good conduct. He married a young lady, seventeen years of age, who had been wholly educated in her father's house in the country. He was resolved to have a raw inexperienced maid, that he might have the pleasure of moulding her according to his own fancy. So he began to give her some insight into books, to teach her music, and to use her by degrees to repeat the parson's text and the heads of his sermon, together with several other things which he thought would be of some use and advantage to her. Now this being wholly new to the girl, who, as I before mentioned, had been bred at home with all tenderness and delicacy, amidst the submissions and flatteries of the servants, she soon grew weary of this life. She absolutely refused to learn any more, and when her husband pressed her about it, she would cry and roar as if she were going to be sacrificed. Sometimes she would throw herself flat on the ground, beat her head against the floor, and wish that death would come to end her affliction. Her husband finding no end to this, concealed his resentment, and invited her to go with him to pay a visit to her father in the country. The young lady liked this motion well enough, so, when they came to the place, the gentleman leaves his wife with her mother and sister, and takes a ride with his father-in law. When he had him alone, he took his opportunity to tell him, that whereas he was in good hopes to have found an agreeable companion in his daughter, on the contrary she was always sobbing, crying, and fretting without reason; that this unaccountable habit had taken such deep root in her, that he feared she was incurable; however, he conjured him to lend him his helping hand, to see if they could between them bring her to a better temper. The father-in-law answered, that he had put his daughter into his power, and if she did not behave herself as she ought, he was at liberty to use his own authority, and to tame her into due submission.—"I know my own power well enough," replies the other, "but I had rather my wife should be reasoned into her duty by you, than that we should come to such extremities." At last the old gentleman promised to use all his skill to reduce her; so, after a day or two, he takes a proper time and place to discourse in private with his daughter; and looking somewhat austerely on her, he began by reminding her how indifferent she was as to her beauty, how disagreeable in her disposition, so that he had often feared he should never be able to get a husband for her.—"But, after a long enquiry, and much diligence," said he, "I had the good luck to find out one for you that the best lady in the land might have been glad of! and yet you, (continued he) like an insensible stupid creature as you are, neither considering what I your father have done for you, nor reflecting that your husband, unless he was one of the best-natured

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men in the world, would scorn to take you for his maid, as you perpetually dispute his orders, and rebel against him"—In short, the old gentleman seemed in such a passion, that she expected every minute to feel the weight of his hands. The young lady, wrought upon, partly by fear, and partly convinced of the truth of what was told her, threw herself at her father's feet, humbly beseeching him to forget past faults, and promising that she would not be wanting in her duty for the future. Her father freely forgave her, adding, that she should always find him an indulgent father, provided she kept her word. When this dialogue was over, she returned directly to her chamber, where, finding her husband alone, she fell on her knees, and thus addressed him: "Sir," said she, "till this very moment I neither knew you nor myself, but you shall find me another sort of a wife for the future, only I conjure you to grant me an act of oblivion for what is past." She had no sooner ended, than her husband took her in his arms and kissed her, promising to do every thing she could desire of him, if she would continue in that resolution.

C. And did she continue in it?

H. Even to the day of her death. Nothing was so mean and humble but she readily went about it, if her husband would have it so. In short they were the happiest and most loving couple in the whole county; and the young lady, for several years after, would bless her stars for the good fortune of lighting on such a husband.

C. Such husbands are as scarce now-a-days as white crows.

H. If I have not trespassed too much on your patience already, I will tell you a short story of another couple.

C. Pray do; your conversation is so entertaining, I could listen to you all day.

H. I have a neighbour who is a worthy honest man, but very hasty and passionate. One day it so happened that he beat his wife, a woman of extraordinary prudence. Upon this she immediately withdrew to her apartment, and there, crying and sobbing, endeavoured to give vent to her passion. Shortly after her husband had occasion to go into the room, where he found her drowned in tears. "Hey-day!" says he, "what means this putting finger in eye, and whimpering like a child thus?" To which she calmly answered, "Is it not better to lament my misfortune privately here, than to bawl and make a noise in the street, as other women do?" Her husband was so entirely overcome and disarmed of his passion by this mild answer, that he gave her his hand, and solemnly promised he would never strike her more; and he has kept his promise.

C. I have brought off my husband from using me so by a different conduct.

H. But then there are perpetual wars between ye.

C. Why, what would you have a woman do?

H. In the first place, if your husband offers you any affront or injury, take no notice of it, but endeavour to mollify him by meekness and good nature. By these means you will either wholly reclaim him at the long run, or at least you will find him much more tractable and easy than you do at present.

C. Aye, but he is such an incorrigible brute, that good usage does not make him a bit the better.

H. Pardon me if I am not of your opinion. There is no beast so savage and unmanageable, but may be tamed by good treatment. Why then should you despair of the same success with a man? Let me beg of you, by our long acquaintance, to try this experiment for two or three months, and you will find my advice will prove very beneficial. But I am encroaching on your time; we will defer our conversation to another opportunity.

C. Agreed; I long to hear what more you have got to say.

[*To be continued.*]

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THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[*Continued from Page* 244.]

PROBABLY it was from this mortal aversion to the stories of the Vizir Moslem that may be explained the extraordinary dislike he had to philosophy, and in general to all books, whether written on parchment or palm-leaves; a dislike that led him so far, that it was only with extreme difficulty he could be restrained from banishing, not only with Plato, all poets, but even all persons who could read and write, from his republic; even the mathematicians and star-gazers not excepted, to whom he bore a great antipathy on account of the ærometrical and astronomical discoveries of King Ostrich. It is reported of him, that the vizir, of whom we have made honourable mention, had related the history of the war between the genius Greener than Grass and the Kings of the Green Country, in his presence; that the young prince, who was then scarcely sixteen years of age, at the passage where the perriwig-block gains a complete victory over King Ostrich, could not refrain from calling out: "That nobody shall ever make me believe, that ever a perriwig-block should have the capacity to command an army!"—A remark, which (as we may well imagine) was eagerly taken up by all present, and with due admiration reached through the whole court, as the indication of an uncommon intellect in a prince at so early an age.

Shah Dolka justified the high expectations that had been raised from such a shining instance of his future great qualities. Envy itself must confess that he was an honour to his ancestors. He was the greatest man of his time in cooking greenfinches; and in the art of cutting mice out of apple-pips, the world to this very day has never beheld his equal. By unremitting industry he arrived at such excellence in this noble art, that he could make to perfection all kinds of mice, as the dormouse, the field-mouse, the house-mouse, the rare-mouse, the flitter-mouse, the water-mouse, the shrew-mouse, the marmotte, the bat, the rat, with all their several characteristics; and, if we may give credit to the famous Sheik Hamet ben Fridun Abu Hassan, he observed the very nicest proportions, according to the latest standard which M. Daubenton has taken the laudable pains to lay down in his description of the Royal Cabinet of Natural History at Paris.

Besides, Shah Dolka was esteemed the best baker of cakes in his time, if his courtiers have not flattered him in this particular; and it is handed down to us as a singular proof of his rare condescension, that he made it an inviolable rule, on all grand festivals, to entertain his whole court with a kind of fritters of his own invention and cookery.* Never was a sultan known to be so overloaded with business as poor Dolka was during the whole course of his reign For, as all the kings and princes, from the rising to the setting sun, were desirous of having some mice of his workmanship in their museums, or a finch from his school in their ante-chamber. Shah Dolka, partly from civility, partly from the consideration of the whimsical thing which is termed *ratio status*, would never give a blunt denial; and therefore, from morning to night, (including the hours he was obliged to lose in the divan), he had actually so much business that he had scarcely time to breathe.

Heaven knows whether any other nation was ever so fortunate as to be blessed with four such princes in immediate succession as Shah Riar-Shah Lolo, Shah Baham, and Shah Dolka — What excellent sovereigns! what golden times! exclaimed their omrahs and dervises.

But these sovereigns could not expect that every thing should always proceed to their mind. Shah Gebal, a nephew of Baham the wise (as his panegyrists styled him), who succeeded his uncle in default of a lineal heir, for Dolka,

* We cannot forbear making the remark, that an inclination to employment and continued industry is one of the most rare and estimable virtues that a great sovereign can possess. On this account alone, in our opinion, Shah Dolka deserves a place among the best princes that ever adorned a throne. How great would have been his merit if he had been pleased to employ this indefatigable diligence in the exercise of his royal duties!—His royal duties!—And towards whom? Shah Dolka had no notion that a king could have any duties.

Remarks of the Chinese translator.

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from the quantity of business, had no time to think of this matter. This Shah Gebal interrupted the beautiful succession of crowned worthies, and reigned—one while so well and then so ill, that neither the bad nor the good were contented with him.

We know not whether a character like his be so rare among reigning sovereigns as the enemies to his fame assert. But this much we may affirm from good reasons: that, if neither the nobles, nor the priests, nor the literati, nor the people, were content with his administration—the nobles, the priests, the literati, and the people, were not altogether in the wrong.

In order to maintain a kind of equipoise between these several classes, he alternately offended now these now those; and the wise Pilpay himself could never have put it out of his head, that affronts can never be requited by benefits. In both he was wont to observe so little rule, to pay so little regard to circumstances and consequences, to proceed so little upon principle and a fixed plan, that he generally lost the advantage he intended to derive from them. He shewed so many examples where he ill-treated his best friends, that he might heap favours on the worst disposed persons, that at length it became a currently received maxim, that it was more profitable to be his enemy than his friend. The former might offend him with impunity, as he was weak enough to fear them; in the latter he never overlooked the slightest failing. The former might make amends for a series of criminal acts by one piece of complaisance to his passions or his caprice; to the latter it was of no avail that they had for twenty years been giving him proofs of their attachment and fidelity, if on the first day of the one-and-twentieth they had the misfortune to excite his displeasure by some insignificant mistake.

He was not in general very gracious to the priests: at least it cannot be denied, that the dervises, fakirs, and calendars, whom he used to call the drones of his state, were most commonly the objects of his bitterest sarcasms. He plagued and teazed them on all occasions; but, as he held them to be dangerous people, he was afraid of them; and because he dreaded them, he seldom could pluck up courage enough to refuse them any thing. The whole benefit that accrued to him from this behaviour was, that they thought themselves but little obliged to him for civilities, as they too well knew what a small share his good will had in them. They revenged themselves for the harmless scorn he shewed them, by the vexation they had the art to cause him on a hundred important occasions by their secret machinations and rancour. His hatred to them was by this means kept constantly on the alert; but the cunning race had discovered that he was afraid of them, and they knew so well how to make use of this discovery, that his warmest approbation would scarcely have been more profitable to them. They had the prudence to shew little or no sensibility to the trifling liberties that were taken with them during his reign. They may say of us what they will, thought they, so they allow us to do what we will.

Shah Gebal had fewer passions than extravagancies. He was a foe to every thing that required continued attention and exertion of mind. If what his courtiers termed the vivacity of his intellect was not always wit, yet it was understood that we should not be too strict with a sultan; but he knew how to set a due value upon wit in others; and, mortally as he hated the long speeches of his chancellor, yet he had moments when truths little flattering to him might be told him jocosely. He was desirous of being always surrounded by men of parts. A brilliant sally was always styled by him a good thing; but then he found the best sentiments flat, which had nothing but sense in them. To think upon principle, or to act by a settled plan, was in his opinion pedantry and want of genius. His usual method was to begin a business, and then to take the measures of it from his humour or from chance. In the same manner the witty authors of his time used to make their books.

He had a couple of excellent men in his divan. He knew and honoured their prudence, their sagacity, their uprightness; but unfortunately he could not bear their looks. They possessed a thorough knowledge of politics and the art of government; but they had little taste; they were not good at a joke; they were fit for nothing but serious affairs, and Shah Gebal was not fond of serious affairs. Why had not these honest men the talent of giving wisdom a laughing countenance? Or could they not resolve at times to put on her the cap and bells? So much the worse for them and for the state! Shah Gebal indeed seldom undertook any thing without their advice; but he followed it only twice during his whole reign, and both times when it was too late.

It was one of his favourite whims to govern by himself. The kings who suffered themselves to be swayed by a minister, a eunuch, a dervise, or a mistress, were the daily objects of his derision. However, the private accounts of the time assure us, that his first iman and a certain black-eyed Circassian, who were become indispensably necessary to him, did with him whatever they pleased. We should hold it for mere calumny, if we did not see his reign marked by actions, the very outlines of which could only be conceived in the pineal gland of an iman, or in the fancy of a black-eyed Circassian.

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Shah Gebal was no warlike prince; but he loved to see his body-guard finely dressed, to hear his emirs talk of battles and sieges, and to read the odes wherein his poets extolled him above a Cyrus or an Alexander; if he had by chance bought over the commandant of a fortress, or if his troops had gained a doubtful victory over enemies still more dastardly and worse headed than his own. It was one of his chief maxims, that a good prince should keep peace, so long as the honour of his government did not absolutely require him to take up arms. But this was no benefit to his subjects. He was not the less perpetually engaged in war. For if a difference had happened between the man in the moon and the man in the polar star, Shah Gebal, by the help of his itimadulet*, would have found means to believe the honour of his reign concerned in it.

Never did any prince give more away in presents than Gebal. But, as he would never take the trouble to examine, or to bestow one minute in considering, who had the greatest right to his benefits, so they always fell on those that were nearest him; and, unfortunately for the most part, they could not have fallen worse.

In general he was fond of expence. His court was undoubtedly the most splendid in all Asia. He had the best dancers, the best buffoons, the best hunting horses, the best cooks, the wittiest court-fools, the handsomest pages and female slaves, the tallest halberdiers, and the shortest dwarfs that were ever possessed by a sultan; and his academy of sciences excelled all others in ingenious introductory speeches and polite returns of thanks. It was undoubtedly one of his most honourable qualities, that he was a great admirer of the fine arts; but it is also not to be denied, that he indulged this propensity more than was compatible with the good of his empire. It is confidently asserted, that he desolated one of his finest provinces, in order to convert a certain wilderness, which seemed to bid defiance to every effort of art, into an enchanted region; and that it cost him at least a hundred thousand men in peopling his garden with statues. Mountains were overthrown, rivers turned out of their course, and numberless hands taken from useful labour for executing a plan in which nature had never been consulted. The foreigners who came to see this wonder of the world, travelled through ill-built and depopulated provinces, through towns whose walls were tottering to their fall, in whose streets skeletons of horses were grazing, and in which the houses resembled the ruins, and the inhabitants the ghosts of an ancient city, wandering around its desart walls. But how agreeably were these strangers all at once surprised at the sight of the artifical creations which Shah Gebal, to flatter his pride and to please the eye of his fair Circassian, had called, as it were, from nothing! Whole regions through which they had passed lay waste; but here they thought themselves transported in an extatic dream into the enchanted gardens of the Hesperides. Nothing could be worse than the roads, on which they often went in danger of their lives; but how amply were they recompenced for this inconvenience! the road to his pleasure house was paved with little variegated pebbles.

With all this, Shah Gebal was perpetually talking of economy, and the best of all possible regulations of finance was a subject on which he was ever refining throughout the whole of his reign, and which actually cost him more than if he had been looking for the philosopher's stone. A proposal of some new speculation was the surest way to gain his favour; accordingly, he received so many of them within the space of a few years, that they lay heaped up in rows in his cabinet, where he sometimes amused himself with reading the titles and preambles of them. Every year a new system was introduced, or some useful alteration made, that is, an alteration which at least was useful to some who had a hand in them, and who visibly reaped the fruit of them. No monarch in the world had a greater revenue on paper and less gold in his coffers. This, under certain conditions, may be the masterpiece of a wise administration. But in Shah Gebal's it was doubtless a defect, since the greater part of his subjects found themselves nothing the better for it. However, he was not disposed to become wiser by his mistakes. He was perpetually deceiving himself about causes. The first who approached him with a new project, persuaded him that he was more knowing than his predecessors; and thus the evil was perpetually increasing, without his ever being able to discover the source of it.

If we take these features of the character and the government of Sultan Gebal together, we shall be apt to imagine that the happiness of his subjects was but very moderate. Indeed this is the gentlest that can be said of it. But his subjects were abundantly revenged on him, in this, that their sultan, with all his glory, was not happier that the most discontented of them.

The experience of this was to him a problem, on which he often fell into deep reflections without ever being able to find its solution. In the method which he sought it, he might have looked for it everlastingly in vain. For the thought of

* The general appellation of the prime minister of the kings of Indostan, in the times of which we are writing.

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seeking it in himself was exactly the only one that among all possible methods never came into his mind. One while he thought the fault was in his omrahs, then in his chief cook, and then again in his favourite lady; he got other omrahs, other cooks, and other mistresses; but all would not do. It occurred to him that he should have done this or that which he had hitherto neglected. Well, thought he, this must be it? He set about it, amused himself with it till it was finished, and then found himself disappointed. This was cause enough for a sultan to become heart-sick. But he had still others which might have thrown a wiser man than he off the balance. The tricks played him by his priests, the intrigues of his seraglio, the quarrels of his ministers, the jealousy of his sultanas, the repeated ill success of his arms, the exhausted state of his finances, and, what is commonly worse than all the rest, the discontents of his people, which threatened at times to break out into dangerous tumults, all combined to embitter a life which appeared so enviable to the distant spectator. Shah Gebal passed more sleepless nights than all the day-labourers of his empire together. All the dissipations and amusements that had been devised to remedy this misfortune, were no longer effectual. His fairest female slaves, his best singers, his most surprising rope-dancers, his wits, and his monkies, all tried their arts in vain.

At length a lady of the Seraglio, a decided votary of the great Sheherezade, proposed the tales of the thousand and one nights. But Shah Gebal had not the talent (for indeed it is a true gift of nature) of acquiring a taste for the marvellous lamp of the tailor Aladin, or to find any amusement in the white, blue, yellow, and red fish, which, without saying a word, suffered themselves to be fried in a pan till they were done enough on one side; but as soon as they were to be turned, and a wondrous fair lady, dressed in flowered brocade of Egyptian manufacture, and with large diamond ear-rings, a necklace of great pearls and rubies, and golden bracelets, sprung out of the wall, touched the fish with a myrtle wand, and said to them, "Fish, fish, do your duty!" all at once the heads rose up in the pan, answered the idlest stuff in the world, and then were suddenly burnt to a coal.* Shah Gebal, instead of hearing with great delight and credulous astonishment the like stories, as his glorious ancestor had done, was so absent, that it was necessary to break off in the middle of a story.—An attempt was therefore made with the tales of the Visir Moslem†, in which undoubtedly a great deal more wit, and infinitely more intelligence and wisdom lie concealed under the veil of extreme frivolity. But Shah Gebal hated the obscure passages in it, not because they were obscure, but because they were not still more obscure; for he had really too sound a taste to find uncleanness agreeable, however covered and dressed up; and in general he thought the more voluptuous than tender fairy All or Nothing, with her prudery and her experiments; the pedant Taciturn, with his geometry; King Ostrich, with his silly politics and his barber's bason, and the monstrous compound of gallantry and finery, the Queen of the Crystal Islands, with all she said, did, and did not, were insupportable creatures. He declared that he would have no stories unless they were moral and decent, without being the less entertaining on that account; he also required that they should be true and drawn from authentic records, and (what he held to be an essential quality of credibility) that they should contain nothing miraculous, of which he was at all times the declared enemy. This led the two omras, of whom we have already made mention as sensible persons, to cause a sort of story-book to be compiled from the most memorable transactions and occurrences of a formerly neighbouring kingdom, out of which somebody should read to him when he was gone to bed, till he fell asleep, or was no longer disposed to hearken. The plan appeared to them the more beneficial as it afforded an opportunity to communicate to the sultan, in an agreeable way, truths which people, even without being sultans, do not chuse directly to be told them.

The plan was therefore immediately put in execution; and as the best heads in all Indostan (which indeed in comparison with the European heads, is not saying much) were employed about it. The work was completed in a short time, which Hiang Fu-Tsee, an author but little known, in the latter years of the Emperor Tai-Tsu, thought worthy of being translated into Chinese, under the title of *The Golden Mirror*,—the reverend father J. G. A. D. G. T. from the Chinese into moderately good Latin; and the present editor, from a copy of the Latin manuscript, as well as he could, into the language of the children of Teut, as it is at present the custom to speak.

From the preface of the Chinese translator it may be concluded, that his book is properly nothing more than a kind of extract from the chronicles of the Kings of Sheshian, compiled for the

* See Arabian Nights Entertainments, vol. i. page 147, vol. v. page 198.

† See Ah quel conte, &c. par M. de Crebillon, le fils.

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purpose of amusing Sultan Gebal, and of lulling him to sleep. He made no secret of it that his principal aim therein was, to be of service to the princes of the house of the Emperor Tai-Tsu, thinking he might communicate to them, under the appearance of a pastime, ideas and maxims on the use or disuse whereof the welfare of the Chinese provinces might in a great measure depend. Old as these truths are, said he, it seems, however, as if they cannot be too often repeated. They are like a specific in medicine, but of such a a nature that they can only operate by frequent use. Every thing depends on the ingenuity of perpetually inventing a fresh vehicle, that as well the sick as the whole (for they may be of use to the latter as a preservative, no less than to the former as a remedy) may gulp them down with pleasure.

As to the interruptions and episodes intermingled here and there with the narrative, especially the remarks of Sultan Gebal, we are assured by Hiang-Fu-Tsee, that he had them from good hands, and was fully convinced that the latter actually proceeded from the sultan. This, however, need not prevent the gentle reader from thinking as he pleases of them. They seem at least perfectly consistent with the character of Shah Gebal, and therefore it would be unreasonable to require that they should be as ingenious and entertaining as the reflections of Shah Baham the wise.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE, OR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

CHAP. I.—OF BEAUTY.

It does not absolutely consist either in colour, in forms, or in proportions.

" Toi, que l'antiquité fit eclore des ondes,
" Qui descendis du ciel et règnes sur les mondes,
" Toi, qu' après la bonté l'homme chéril le mieux,
" Toi, qui naquis un jour du sourire des dieux,
" Beauté, je te salue!"—

It is into his Poem on the imagination that Delille has introduced this tribute to beauty, and assuredly no place was fitter for it. Indeed, if beauty so often exalts our imagination, and causes it to produce *chef d'œuvres*, it must be admitted that the imagination is in return extremely grateful, and that this enchantress, who repairs even to an ideal world in quest of pleasures for us, never manifests greater generosity than when we are desirous to confer charms on an adored object. The man, who is the captive of a powerful passion, discovers every possible perfection in the idol of his heart. But should love fly away, her charms suddenly lose a portion of their brilliancy; she is still the same person, but how she is altered! The prism of the imagination is broken, and the ray of beauty, which once shone with such lively colours, being no longer refracted by this magic crystal, now presents to the disenchanted eye nothing but a lurid and monotonous light.

The analysis of beauty cannot be subjected to cold calculation. In vain Hogarth attempted to fix its fugitive forms; his undulating and serpentine lines teach us not what is beauty.

How many of our handsome women would be at a loss what answer to give to this question. What is beauty? Striving all their lives to appear beautiful, exalting the charms of beauty above every other prerogative, employing every possible expedient to shew their charms to advantage, at the same time that they have the malicious address to expose, as if unintentionally, the defects of their rivals; you may probably suppose that they know what beauty is. Only ask them the question, and you will soon see.

And those youthful lovers, if any such still exist, burning with a pure and lively flame, breathing only for the beauty that enchants them, describing in their impassioned letters, or in their inspired verses, the charms of the fair, how astonished would they be if they had to reply to this simple question—What is beauty?

And those artists, who talk of nothing but *la belle nature*, who lose themselves in fantastic reveries on imaginary beauty, without reflecting that their art is still far below the standard of visible beauty, what would they answer were I to ask them this question—What is beauty?

Some person one day asked Aristole what is beauty? The question of a blind man, answered he.

Aristotle's answer was not much to the pur-

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pose. It is sufficient, it is true, to have eyes in order to be sensible of beauty, to perceive it where it exists; but does this enable a person to say in what it consists?—by no means. For this something more is necessary than the mere material organ of vision; this requires the whole penetration of the understanding, a distinct perception of relations; and it may be said, that if the question put to Aristotle was that of a blind man, his answer was the answer of a deaf one.

Poets, artists, philosophers, people of every description, who are not blind, have frequently asked themselves this question, and have frequently endeavoured to give a correct delineation of beauty; but it is an undertaking in which almost all of them have failed. And wherefore?

Every one knows the history of the celebrated tooth which so long engaged the attention of all the literati of Germany. It was announced that a child had come into the world a gold tooth: the whole empire was instantly in commotion; philosophers, physiologists, physicians, naturalists, anatomists, all racked their learned brains to discover in what manner it was possible for a child to come into the world with a gold tooth. Numerous works appeared on this rich subject. It may easily be conceived to how many extraordinary systems, strange ideas, and ridiculous hypotheses this singular discussion gave birth; in short, our literati demonstrated (for, thank God, every thing is capable of demonstration) that it was very possible to come into the world with a gold tooth. But if these sages were unanimous as to the result, they by no means agreed concerning the means which could have enriched the human jaw with such a precious implement. Each of them ascribed it to a different process, which proves how extensive are the resources of science. All these discussions were finished, when some one took it into his head to examine whether the tooth actually was a gold tooth; and this attentive observer, who, probably had not written any memoir on the subject, discovered that this famous tooth was nothing but a very ordinary tooth, which an impostor had nicely covered with leaf gold, that he might make money by exhibiting it as a prodigy.

May it not be with beauty as with the gold tooth? and after so much has been said and written on beauty, may it not be necessary to examine whether there actually exists any such thing as beauty.

Methinks I hear the fair exclaim, what blasphemy!—what! deny the existence of beauty!

Have a moment's patience, ladies; let us first come to an understanding about words, that we may afterwards have no disputes concerning things. I request your attention for a few minutes; this little dissertation you may depend upon it, will end to your advantage, and when you have read the first chapter of my work, your charms will appear doubly valuable in your eyes.

I ask if there be any positive physical beauty, if what is called beauty depends on forms that can be described, on proportions that can be laid down, on colours that can be classed; we shall presently see that none of all these can constitute beauty.

If there exist an invariable physical beauty, why has no philosopher ever been able to determine its essence? Why has no artist been able to prove or to teach what constitutes it?

If there be a real and positive physical beauty, why do men of different countries entertain such various sentiments concerning this quality? Why has even the same nation sometimes different tastes at different periods? Why is the same man, at different ages, liable to variation in his sentiments on what constitutes beauty?

Let us examine these different questions. Some authors have advanced that the colours, the regularity, the order, and the proportion of forms constitute beauty; but this assertion is not correct.

It is very certain that, in beautiful objects, we are pleased with the colour, the form, and the proportions, "Colour," says Winkelmann, "contributes to beauty, but does not constitute it—it merely sets off forms, and displays them to advantage." But is there any colour, any form, any proportion to which a preference can be given? Are there not beautiful women with a pale complexion, and others with a fresh colour? Is light hair less handsome than brown? Have not blue eyes their admirers as well as black? Is there any colour which by itself can appear beautiful to us? Shall we say, for example, that red is the colour of beauty? The vermillion of coral delights us, I admit, on lips half closed, but convey that colour to the end of the nose, and it becomes ridiculous; see it on the borders of the eye-lids, and it creates a sentiment of pain and disgust. Colour, then, does not constitute beauty, since the same colour alternately produces delight and horror.

We cannot learn what beauty is from form any more than from colour. Notwithstanding what certain philosophers and certain artists may have said, no form is in itself more beautiful than another. All are equal in this respect, and we shall soon know the reason. Some admirers of nature, contemplating the apparent rotundity of the universe, the real rotundity of all the globes that traverse the boundless expanse, and perhaps also the rotundity of certain globes that are more accessible, have decided that the circular form is the most perfect, the most beautiful. All that has been said on that subject tends only, in fact, to shew that the great artist has skilfully made all that he has made, and that the circular

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form is the most perfect for what ought to be circular. How many philosophical systems end like this, in a position completely ridiculous! No, it is not form that constitutes beauty. The form which makes a man handsome, would make a woman ugly. The circular form ravishes us when designed beneath the light neck-handkerchief of a youthful beauty; give the same form to her foot, and then say with the philosophers, "the circular form is the most beautiful."

If form constituted beauty, why cannot that form be determined? An old author very justly observes, "Every one is capable of giving his opinion whether a nose is too long, too thick, too little; whether a mouth is large or small; but I know not who can describe the exact figure of a perfectly beautiful nose, mouth, or forehead. The number of each is a still greater secret, which the great Creator of all things has kept to himself"

Let us pass on to proportions. Undoubtedly some of my readers will be surprized if I venture to affirm that beauty does not depend on proportions. What a paradox! they will exclaim. I confess this position may appear extraordinary, especially if an extension be given to it which it does not possess. Let us examine to what it may be reduced.

I admit that in all beautiful objects there exists an established order, regularity, and proportions; but is it in consequence of such proportions that those objects appear beautiful? or rather is it not because those objects are beautiful that these proportions give us pleasure?

If there are invariable proportions which determine beauty, all the objects which have those proportions must be beautiful, and those which deviate from them must be the contrary; but this is not the fact. If, on the contrary, it is the beauty of objects that renders their proportions agreeable, different objects may appear agreeable with different proportions, and this is actually the case.

"Artists have determined the proportions which constitute beauty," says a disciple of Winkelmann. I admit it, but let us not confound terms. They have measured, for example, the most beautiful women in a country remarkable for beauty; they have therefore given us the actual proportions of a beautiful woman? but are these the exclusive proportions of beauty? Do we not see beautiful women who have neither the proportions nor the forms of the Grecian style. I could mention many women of Paris, the climate of which is not the most favourable to beauty, who surpass the far-famed Venus de Medicis. You must not, say some artists, admit of any deviation from the forms and proportions of the Greeks. So much the worse, is my reply; for you thus introduce into the art a monotony and uniformity which exist not in nature. "It is with great justice," says Camper, "that an anonymous author has attacked Winkelmann, who is incessantly presenting to us the works of the Greek artists as true models of every species of beauty, and asserts that this kind of admiration borders on madness, and that it is habit alone which creates this blind admiration."

Artists themselves have not always entertained the same ideas relative to forms and proportions. During the reign of Louis XIV. the French painters and sculptors thought fit to relinquish the Grecian style, in order to adopt another kind of beauty, a national beauty. It was then the fashion to paint French portraits; for fashion insinuates itself into every thing.

Beauty, therefore, depends not on any invariable colours, forms, or proportions. Is it then a creature of the imagination? And if it actually exist, what is its nature, what is its essence? This subject we shall investigate in the next chapter.

[*To be continued.*]

CHARACTER OF THE ATHEIST WOMAN.

BY CHATEAUBRIAN.

If the whole system of morality depend entirely on the doctrine of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul, a father, a son a husband, a wife, cannot have any interest in being infidels. How is it possible, for example, to conceive that a female can be an Atheist? What shall sustain this reed if religion does not support her frailty? The feeblest creature in nature, even on the verge of death, or of the loss of her charms, who shall sustain this being who smiles and expires, if her hopes extend not beyond an ephemeral existence? For the sake of her beauty alone, woman ought to be pious. Gentleness, submission, tenderness, constitute a portion of the charms bestowed by the Creator on the mother of men, and to attractions of this kind philosophy is an inveterate foe.

Shall woman, naturally endued with the instinct of mystery, who takes delight in concealment, who never discloses more than half of her

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graces and of her thoughts, which you may divine but cannot know; who, as a virgin and as a mother, is full of secrets; who seduces so powerfully by her ignorance, and whom Heaven formed for virtue and the most mysterious of sentiments, modesty and love—shall woman, I say, renouncing the engaging instinct of her sex, presume, with a rash and feeble hand, to attempt to withdraw the thick veil which enshrouds the Divinity? Whom does she think to please by this effort, alike absurd and sacrilegious? Does she hope, by adding her petty blasphemies, and her frivolous metaphysics to the imprecations of Spinosa and he sophistry of Bayle, to give us a high opinion of her genius? Without doubt she has no thoughts of marriage, for what sensible man would unite himself for life to an impious partner?

The infidel wife seldom has any idea of her duties; she spends her days either in reasoning on virtue without practising its precepts, or in the enjoyment of the tumultuous pleasures of the world. Her head is empty, her soul hollow, she falls a prey to languor; she has neither God nor domestic concerns to fill the vacant abyss of her moments.

But the day of vengeance approaches—time arrives, leading age by the hand. The spectre, with silver hair, arched shoulders, and icy hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female Atheist; she perceives him and shrieks aloud. Who now shall hear her voice? Her husband? She has none; long, very long, has he withdrawn from the theatre of his dishonour. Her children? Ruined by an impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother? If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste; her virtues have left no traces behind them. For the first time her melancholy thoughts are directed towards Heaven; she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have a religion. Unavailing regret! the last punishment of Atheism in this world is to wish for faith without being able to obtain it. When the Atheist, at the term of his career, discovers the delusions of a false philosophy, when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God; but it is too late: the mind, hardened by incredullty, rejects all conviction. Oh! then how profound is his solitude, abandoned at once by God and by men!—She dies; the deserted wretch expires in the arms of a hireling nurse, or of a man disgusted with her sufferings, who is surprized that she has withstood so many days the violence of her disorder. A dismal coffin contains the whole of the unhappy woman: at her funeral are seen no disconsolate sons, no dishevelled daughters, no weeping grand children, the worthy retinue which, with the benediction of the people, and the solemn hymns of priests, accompanies the mother of a family to the tomb. Perhaps, however, some unknown son, a stranger to the shameful secret of his birth, accidentally passes that way; he is astonished at the sight of the lonely bier, and enquires the name of the deceased of the four bearers, who are about to throw to the worms the carcase which was promised them by the female Atheist.

How different is the lot of the religious woman! Her days are environed with joy; her life is replete with love; she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children, her household; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this Christian is strengthened by her happiness, and her happiness by her faith; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.

Ah! can a mother require any thing farther to convince her of the reality of supreme felicity than to see her infant smile? Is not the bounty of Providence most signally displayed in the cradle of man? What affecting harmonies! were they only the effects of inanimate matter. The child is born, the breast fills; the mouth of the young stranger is not armed, for fear of injury to the chalice of the maternal banquet; he grows, the milk becomes more nourishing, he is weaned, and the wonderful fountain ceases to flow. This woman, before so weak, has all at once acquired such strength as enables her to bear fatigues which a robust man could not possibly endure. What is it that awakes her at midnight, at the very moment when her infant is ready to demand the accustomed repast? Whence comes that address which she never before possessed? How she handles the tender flower without hurting it! Her attentions seem to be the fruit of the experience of her whole life, and yet that is her first born! The slightest noise terrified the virgin: where are the embattled armies, the thunders, the perils, capable of appalling the mother? Formerly this woman required delicate food, a soft couch; the least breath of air incommoded her; now, a crust of bread, a handful of straw are sufficient; nor wind nor rain scarcely makes any impression, while she has in her breast a drop of milk to nourish her son, and in her rags a corner to cover him.

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EXTRAORDINARY FOREWARNING,

AS IT REALLY OCCURRED IN LORD TYRONE'S FAMILY, IN IRELAND.

Lord Tyrone and Lady Beresford were born in Ireland; they were left orphans in their infancy, to the care of the same person, by whom they were both educated in the principles of Deism by their guardian. When they were each of them about fourteen years of age they fell into very different hands. The person on whom the care of them now devolved used every possible endeavour to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace the revealed religion, but in vain; their arguments were insufficient to convince them, though they were powerful enough to stagger their former faith. Though now separated from each other, their friendship continued unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years had elapsed, and they were each of them grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other, that whoever should first die, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most approved of by the Supreme Being. Lady Beresford was shortly after addressed by Sir Marcus Beresford, to whom, after a few years, she was married; but no change in condition had power to alter her friendship; the families frequently visited each other, often spent more than a fortnight together; a short time after one of these visits, Sir Marcus Beresford remarked, when his Lady came down to breakfast in the morning, that her countenance was unusually pale, and bore evident marks of terror and confusion; he enquired anxiously after her health, she assured him she was well, perfectly well; he repeated his enquiries, and begged to know if anything had disordered her; she replied no, she was as well as usual. "Have you hurt your wrist, have you sprained it?" said he, observing a black ribband bound round it. She replied no, she had not; but added, "let me conjure you, Sir M. never to enquire the cause of my wearing this ribband, you will never more see me without it; if it concerned you as a husband to know it, I would not for a moment conceal it from you, I never in my life denied you a request, but on this I must entreat you to forgive my refusal, and never to urge me further on the subject." "Very well, my Lady," said he, smiling, "since you so earnestly desire me, I will enquire no further."

The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarcely over when Lady B. enquired if the post was come in? she was told it was not. In a few minutes she again rang the bell for her servant, and repeated the enquiry, is not the post yet come? she was told it was not. "Do you expect any letter?" said Sir M. "that you are so anxious concerning the coming of the post" "I do," she answered, "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead, he died last Tuesday at four o'clock." "I never in my life," said Sir M. "believed you superstitious, but you must have had some idle dream, which has thus alarmed and terrified you."

At that instant a servant opened the door, and delivered to them a letter, sealed with black. "It is as I expected," exclaimed Lady B; "he is dead." Sir M. opened the letter; it came from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy intelligence that his master had died the Tuesday preceding, at the very time Lady B. had specified. Sir M. intreated her to compose her spirits, and to endeavour as much as lay in her power not to make herself unhappy. She assured him she felt much easier than she had done for some time past; and added, "I can communicate to you intelligence which I know will prove welcome, I can assure you, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I am with child of a son." Sir M. received the intelligence with that pleasure that might be expected, and expressed in the strongest terms the felicity he should experience from such an event, which he had long so ardently desired.

After a period of some months, Lady B. was delivered of a son; she had before been the mother of two daughters only. Sir Marcus survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease, his lady went but little from home; she visited no family but that of a clergyman who resided in the same village, with whom she frequently passed a few hours, the rest of her time was entirely devoted to solitude, and she appeared for ever determined to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife, and one son, who at Sir M.'s death was quite a youth; to his son, however, she was afterwards married, in the space of a few years, notwithstanding the disparity of his years, and the manifest imprudence of such a connection, so unequal in every respect.

The event justified the expectation of every one; Lady B. was treated by her young husband with neglect and cruelty, and the whole of his conduct evinced him the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue

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and humanity. To this, her second husband, Lady B. brought two daughters; afterwards, such was the profligacy of his conduct, that she insisted upon a separation. They parted for several years, when so great was the contrition he expressed for his former ill conduct, that, won over by his supplication and promises, she was induced to pardon, and once more reside with him; and was, after some time, made the mother of another daughter.

The day on which she had lain-in a month, being the anniversary of her birth-day, she sent for Lady ——, of whose friendship she had long been possessed, and a few friends, to request them to spend the day with her. About noon, the clergyman by whom she had been baptized, and with whom she had all her life maintained an intimacy, came into the room to enquire after her health; she told him she felt perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with her, it being her birth-day. "For," said she, "I am forty-eight this day." "No, my Lady," answered the clergyman, "you are mistaken, your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at length discovered I am right; happening to go last week to the parish you were born in, I was resolved to put an end to my doubt by searching the register, and find that you are forty-seven this day."

"You have signed my death warrant," said she, I have not much longer to live. I must, therefore entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have some things of importance to settle before I die."

When the clergyman had left Lady B. she sent to forbid her company coming; and at the same time to request Lady ——, and her son of whom Sir M. Beresford was father, and who was then about twelve years of age to come to her apartment. Immediately upon their arrival, having ordered her attendance to quit the room, "I have something to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant: You, lady, are no stranger to the friendship that always subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof, in the same principles—those of Deism. When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell endeavoured to persuade us to embrace the revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince us, were powerful enough to stagger our former faith, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other that whichever should happen to die first would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most acceptable to him. Accordingly one night, when Sir M. and myself were in bed, I awaked, and discovered Lord Tyrone, sitting by my bed side; I screamed out, and endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir M. For Heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone, said I, by what means or for what purpose came you here at this time of night." "Have you then forgot our promise," said he, "I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you the revealed religion is the true and only religion by which we can be saved I am further suffered to inform you, that you are now with child of a son, which is decreed shall marry my daughter; not many years after his birth Sir M. will die, and you will marry again, and to a man whose ill treatment you will be rendered miserable by, you will bring him two daughters, and afterwards a son, in child-bed of whom you will die in the 47th year of your age."

"Just Heaven, exclaimed I, and cannot I prevent this?" "Undoubtedly you may, returned he—you have a free assent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage. but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trial, nor am I permitted to tell you; but, if after this warning, you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed." "May I ask, said I, if you are happy." "Had I been otherwise, said he, I should not have been thus permitted to appear to you." "I may thence infer you are happy;" he smiled; "but how, said I, when morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance thus to me has been real, and not the mere phantom of my own imagination." "Will not the news of my death, said he, be sufficient to convince you?" "No, returned I, I might have had such a dream, and that dream might accidentally come to pass, I wish to have some stronger proof of its reality." "You shall, said he;"—then waving his hand, the bed curtains, which were of crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was suspended: "In that, said he, you cannot be mistaken; no mortal could have performed this." "True, said I, but sleeping we are often possessed of far greater strength than awake; though awake I could not have done it, asleep I might—I shall still doubt." He then said, "you have a pocket-book, in the leaves of which I will write; you know my hand-writing." I replied "Yes." He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. "Still, said I, in the morning, I doubt, though awake I may not imitate your hand, asleep I might." "You are hard of belief, said he, I must not touch you, it would injure you irreparably, it is not for spirits to touch mortal

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flesh." "I do not regard a small blemish, said I." "You are a woman of courage, said he, hold out your hand." I did; he touched my wrist; his hand was cold as marble; in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered. "Now, said he, while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist, to see it would be sacrilege." He stopped—I turned to him again—he was gone.—During the time in which I had conversed with him my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected, but the moment he was gone I felt chilled with horror, and a cold sweat came over me; every limb and joint shook under me; I endeavoured to awake Sir M. but in vain; all my efforts were ineffectual. In this state of agitation and horror I lay some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief. I dropped asleep. In the morning Sir Marcus arose and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke I found Sir M. was gone down. I arose, and having put on my cloaths, went into the gallery adjoining our apartment, and took from thence a long broom, such a one as in a large house is frequently used to sweep the corners, with the help of which, though not without difficulty, I took down the curtain, as I imagined their extraordinary position, would excite wonder among the servants, and occasion enquiries I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket-book, and took out a piece of black ribband which I bound round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind on my countenance was too visible to pass long unobserved by Sir M. he instantly remarked my confusion, and enquired the cause. I assured him I was well, perfectly well, but informed him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died on the preceding Tuesday at the hour of four, and at the same time entreated him to drop all enquiries concerning the black ribband he noticed on my wrist. He kindly desisted from further importunity, nor did he ever after imagine the cause. You, my son, as had been foretold, I brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth your father died in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable means by which to avoid the dreadful sequel of the prediction, to give up every pleasure, and to pass the remainder of my days in solitude; but few can endure to remain in a state of sequestration, I commenced an intercourse with one family, and only one; nor could I then see the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I imagine that their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would prove the person destined by fate to prove my undoing. In a few years I ceased to regard with indifference; I endeavoured by every possible means to conquer a passion, the fatal consequence of which (if I should ever be weak enough to yield to its impulse) I too well knew, and fondly imagined I should overcome its influence; when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had been so long meditating how to shun. He had frequently been soliciting his parents to go into the army, and at length obtained their permission, and came to bid me farewell before his departure.

"The moment he entered the room he fell down on his knees at my feet, and told me he was miserable—that I alone was the cause of it. That instant my fortitude forsook me, I gave myself up for lost; and considering my fate as inevitable, without fur her hesitation consented to an union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband after a few years were passed, amply warranted my demand for a separation; I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy; but, won over by his repeated entreaties, I was prevailed on to pardon, and once more to reside with him, though not until after I had, as I supposed, passed my forty-seventh year; but alas! I have heard this day from indisputable authority, that I have hitherto laid under a mistake with regard to my age, that I am but forty seven this day. Of the near approach of my death, therefore, I entertain not the least doubt, b t I do not dread its arrival; armed with the sacred precept of Christianity, I can meet the King of Terrors without dismay; and without a tear bid adieu to the regions of mortality for ever.

"When I am dead, as the necessity of its concealment closes with my life, I wish that you, my Lady, would unbind my wrist, take from thence the black ribband and let my son, with yourself, behold it." Lady B. here paused for some time, but resuming her conversation, she entreated her son to behave so as to merit the high honor he would in future receive from an union with Lord Tyrone's daughter. Lady B. then expressed a wish to lie down on a bed to compose herself to sleep. Lady ——, and her son immediately called her attendance and quitting the room, after having first desired them attentively to watch their mistress, and should they observe any change in her to call instantly. An hour passed and all was silent in the room, they listened at the door and every thing was still; but in about half an hour more a bell rung violently, they flew to her apartment, but, before they reached the door of it, they heard servants exclaim "my mistress is dead." Lady —— then desiring the servants to quit the room, Lady B.'s son with herself approached the bed of his mother,

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they knelt down by the side of it, Lady —— then lifted up her hand, unbound the black ribband, and found the wrist exactly in the same state Lady B. had described, every nerve withered every sinew shrunk up. Lady B.'s son, as has been predicted, is now married to Lord Tyrone's daughter, the black ribband and pocket-book, are now in the possessson of Lady ——, by whom the above narrative is dated in Ireland; who, together with the Tyrone family, will be found ready to attest its truth.

Dublin, August 16, 1802.

BONAPARTE'S LETTER AND PROCLAMATION.

With a Fac-simile of his Letter, and Lord Nelson's Writing on the Cover.

THE following letter was found on the person of the courier in one of the French vessels taken by the fleet under the command of Admiral Lord Nelson at Aboukir. A *fac-simile* of the lines between brackets was given in the Second Part of "Copies of the Original Letters from the Army of General Bonaparte in Egypt," published in 1799. The annexed *fac-simile* of the whole letter is now first engraven. It is entirely in his own hand-writing; it abounds in errors of orthography, and punctuation was not minded. It was not signed, but only sealed with the General's seal; the impression on red wax, represents a female figure standing, with the cap of Liberty and the *Fasces*; underneath is inscribed *République Francaise*; the legend round the whole is *Bonaparte, Général en Chef.*

The Proclamation was published in English only, in the First Part of the above-mentioned book; perhaps it may not be unacceptable to re-publish it, with the original French, especially on account of the second paragraph.

LETTER.

cairo le 7 thermidor (*July* 25, 1798.)

[tu varra dans les papier public la relation des bataille e de la conquete de l'Egypte qui a eté assé dispute pour ajouter une feuille a la gloire militaire de cette armée. legypte est le pays le plus riche en blé, ris, legumes, viandes, qui existe sur la terre la barbarie est a son comple. il ny a point dargent pas même pour solder la troupe. je pense etre en france dans 2 mois.] je te recomende mes interets—j'ai beaup beaup de chagrin domestique car le voile est entierement levée. toi seul me reste sur la terre ton amité mest bien chere, il ne me reste plus pour devenir misantrope qu' a te parlre et te voir me trair—c'est ma triste position que d'avoir a la fois tous les sentimens Pour une meme personne dans son cœur. tu mentend!

[fais ensorte que jaye une campagne a mon arrivee soit pres de paris ou en burgogne je compte y passer lhiver] et m'y enserrer. Je suis annué de la nature humaine! j'ai besom de solitude et disolement la grandeur m'annue, le sentimen ce deseches. la gloire est fade. a 29 ans j'ai tou epuisé. il ne me reste plus qu'a devenir bien vraiment Egoiste. je compte garder ma maison jamais je ne la donnerai a qui que ce soit. je n'ai plus que de quoi vivre! adieu mon unique ami je n'ai jamais eté injuste envers toi! tu me dois cette justice malgre le desir de mon cœur de lettre tu mentend——ambrasse ta femme por moi.

au citoyen Joseph Bonaparte
depute au conseil des 500 *Paris.*

Found on the person
of the courier.
(In Lord Nelson's writing.)

TRANSLATION.

Cairo the 7 thermidor (*July* 25, 1798.)

thou wilt see in the public papers the relation of the battle and of the conquest of Egypt which has been enough disputed to add a leaf to the military glory of this army. egypt is the country the most rich in corn, rice, vegetables, viands, which exists on earth barbarism is at its height. there is no money not even to pay the troops. I think of being in france in 2 months. I recommend my interests to thee—I have much much domestic chagrin for the veil is entirely lifted up. thou only remainest to me on earth thy friendship is very dear to me, there only remains for me to become a misanthrope but to lose thee, and see thee betray me—it is my sad position to have at the same time all the sentiments for the same person in one's heart. thou understandest me.

make that I may have a country house at my arrival either near paris or in burgundy I mean to pass the winter there and to shut myself up. I am weary of human nature! I am in need of solitude and retirement grandeur is irksome to me, my sensation is withered. glory is insipid. at 29 years I have exhausted every thing. there only remains for me to become really an Egotist. I reckon on keeping my house I shall never part with it to any one. I have now only enough to

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live on! adieu my only friend I have never been unjust towards thee! thou owest me that justice notwithstanding the desire of my heart to be so thou understandes me——embrace thy wife for me

to citizen Joseph Bonaparte
deputy in the council of 500 paris.

PROCLAMATION.

Liberté. REPUBLIQUE FRANCOISE. *Egalité.*

BONAPARTE,

Membre de l'Institut National, Général en Chef.

Au quartier general, à bord de l'Orient, le 4 Messidor, an. 6 de la République Francaise, une et indivisible.

SOLDATS,

Vous allez entreprendre une conquête dont les effets sur la civilization et le commerce du monde sont incalculables.

Vous porterez à l'Angleterre le coup le plus sûr et le plus sensible, en attendant que vous puissiez lui donner le coup de mort.

Nous ferons quelques marches fatiguantes: nous livrerons plusieurs combats: nous réussirons dans toutes nos entreprises; les destins sont pour nous. Les Beys Mamelouckes qui favorisent exclusivement le commerce Anglais, qui ont couvert d'avanies * nos négocians, et tyrannisent les malheureux habitans du Nile, quelques jours après notre arrivée, n'existeront plus.

Les peuples avec lesquels nous allons vivre sont Mahometans: leur premier article de foi, est celui ci—IL N'Y PAS D'AUTRE DIEU QUE DIEU, ET MAHOMET EST SON PROPHETE.

Ne les contradisez pas: agisses avec eux, comme nous avons agis avec les Juifs, avec les Italiens: ayez des égards pour leurs Muphtis et leurs Imans, comme vous en avez eus pour les Rabbins et les évêques. Ayez pour les cérémonies que prescrit l'Alcoran, pour les Mosquées, la méme tolérance que vous avez eue pour les couvens, pour les synagogues, pour la religion de Moyse et Jésus Christ.

Les Légions Romaines protégeaient toutes les religions. Vous trouverez ici des usages différens de ceux de l'Europe, il faut vous y accoutumer.

Les peuples chez lesquels nous allons, traitent les femmes différement que nous; mais, dans tous les pays, celui qui viole est un monstre.

Le pillage n'enrichit qu'un petit nombre d'hommes, il nous déshonore; il detruit nos ressources, il nous rend ennemis les peuples qu'il est de notre intérêt d'avoir pour amis.

La primière ville que nous allons rencontrer a été batie par Alexandre. Nous trouverons à chaque pas de grands souvenirs dignes d'exciter l'émulation des Francais.

Signé BONAPARTE.

Par ordre du Général en Chef, le Général de division, chef de l'Etat-Major †, Général de l'armée,

ALEXANDRE BERTHIER.

De l'imprimerie de l'Armée Navale, à bord de l'Orient.

* *Avanie*, s. f. an oppression, such as is used by the Turks against the Christian merchants travelling into the Levant, to extort money from them.

TRANSLATION.

Liberty. FRENCH REPUBLIC. *Equality.*

BONAPARTE,

Member of the National Institute, General in Chief. From the general quarters on board the Orient, the 4th Messidor, year 6 of the French Republic, one and indivisible, (June 22, 1798.)

SOLDIERS,

Ye are going to undertake a conquest of which the effects on the civilization and the commerce of the world are incalculable.

Ye will give to England the most certain and sensible stroke, till ye may be able to give her her death's stroke.

We shall make some fatiguing marches: we shall engage in several battles: we shall succeed in all our enterprises; the fates are for us. The Mameluck Beys who exclusively favour the commerce of the English, who have loaded our merchants with oppressions, and who tyrannise over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Nile, a few days after our arrival will no longer exist.

The people among whom we are going to live are Mahometans: their first article of faith is this,—THERE IS NO OTHER GOD BUT GOD, AND MAHOMET IS HIS PROPHET.

Do not contradict them: act towards them as we have acted towards the Jews, towards the Italians: show some regard to their Muphtis and their Imans, as ye have shown to the Rabbis and the bishops. Show for the ceremonies prescribed by the Alkoran, for the Mosques, the same toleration which ye have shown for convents, for synagogues, for the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ.

The Roman legions protected all religions. Ye will find here customs different from those of Europe, ye must habituate yourselves to them.

† *L'Etat-Major*, the list of the General Officers.

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The people to whom we are going treat women in a different manner than we do; but in every country he who ravishes is a monster.

Pillage enriches only a few men, it dishonours us; it destroys our resources; it makes enemies of those people which it is our interest to retain as friends.

The first town we shall enter was built by Alexander. We shall at every step find remembrances worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

By order of the General in Chief, the General of Division, Chief of the General Officers, Genetal of the Army,

ALEXANDER BERTHIER.

From the Press of the Naval Army, on board the Orient.

[Taken by Lord Nelson in the Mediterranean in 1798. It is printed on a single sheet on one side.]

It may not be thought incurious to quote here the following passage from Mercier's *Tableau de Paris*, written in 1788.

"The late Duke de Choiseul is the cause of our meeting with so many Corsicans in Paris, for it was he who ordered their country to be conquered. This capital, at a great distance from them, is become the centre of their hopes. Corsicans in Paris! nothing is more surprising; their conversation is extremely interesting; their national character appears hitherto to be indelible. Of all foreigners the Corsicans are those who most run counter to all our ideas."

THE SECRETAIRE; OR, THE FINE LADY'S DAY.

I HAD passed a few moments with Eliza, and this was a mark of very great favour; for Eliza is courted by all the richest, most amiable, and most gallant men in Paris, and I know many a coxcomb of the capital, who boasts knowing Eliza, and who has passed more than twenty evenings in her company, without venturing to speak to her, nay, even without daring to approach nearer than ten yards of her. I will not say that I had the art to please her who pleases every body; but by my attentions, my gaiety, and still more by my air of freedom and candor, I distinguished myself among the crowd of adorers who successively flattered and beset her, and more than once when twenty young men sought Eliza's company, Eliza appeared solicitous of mine. Conversing first on one subject and then on another, what I said to her probably became interesting. We both found an evening too short, and we agreed to spend a day together. What felicity! to be permitted to spend a whole day with Eliza! In the first place I was admitted into her house, and so is every one that wishes it; I had the privilege of seeing her house, and so has every one that desires it; the mansion of this Parisian was built by a modern architect, after an antique design brought from Naples, and taken among the ruins of Herculaneum from the relics of the house of a celebrated female at the court of Cæsar or Augustus. This house is a curiosity which can only be seen by means of tickets, and that at a time when the owner is absent. After having admired the portico, the private court, the hall, the saloon for company, I was at length ushered into the *boudoir*. "Ah! there you are," said Eliza, "I was waiting for you with impatience. I want to go to the bath, and you may judge of my embarrassment, I have lost the key of my *secretaire*, and am without a sous. You will go with me, won't you?"—"With great pleasure." We accordingly went to the bath, Eliza for fashion's sake, and I out of complaisance. On going away a little memorandum of two Louis was handed to me. "Is it possible," exclaimed I, "that you can charge two Louis for two persons!"—"Yes, Sir; 36 francs for the lady and 12 for yourself. Madame was rubbed with essence of roses; her bath was of perfumed paste of almonds." "There are two Louis," said I, and rejoined my fair bather. We breakfasted; this cost me nothing. After breakfast arrived M. Courbette, professor of presentation, and salutation, and teacher of dancing. I was permitted to be present at the lesson, from which I not only learned on which leg it is the fashion to support one's self, the side figure that a lady should present, which arm she ought to extend and which to contract, but likewise heard a learned analysis of the morality of the dance *terre à terre*. At length M. Courbette was ready to retire, but the *secretaire* could not be opened; I was therefore obliged to advance two more Louis, one for the exercises of the body, the other for the lesson of analysis. It was two o'clock, when some one came and proposed to Eliza to go and see a race in the *Bois de Boulogne*; an extraordinary race to decide a wager between two women. The desire not of going to admire the two Amazons, but of exhibiting herself prancing about on a fine horse was irresistible; and as Eliza rides none

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but horses *demandge* it cost me three Louis for our two horses, and two for the servants. The race was charming. Never were the alleys of the *Bois de Boulogne* paved by more superb steeds, never were they traversed by more rapid chariots, or skimmed by more agile nymphs. On our return from the race we found Madame Germon waiting for us in the antique *boudoir*. She had brought the first robe executed after a new pattern, but Eliza, fearful perhaps of tiring my patience or exhausting my purse, made some objections. "What a robe!" exclaimed Madame Germon; "you know not what you refuse; it is in the pure Grecian style, which you know has again come into fashion; never were people of Paris more thoroughly Grecian than at present. And then what a colour!"—"Very beautiful indeed, it is lilac."—"You suppose that it is the common lilac such as every body wears: no such thing, it is hot-house lilac; that is all I have to say to you."—"Ah! my dear friend only look at it; it is hot-house lilac, it is uncommonly beautiful"—"What is the price, Madame Germon?" "One hundred crowns, Madam." "What! no more than one hundred crowns; that is not dear; this gentleman will pay you."—"But," rejoined Madame Germon, "I had forgotten the principal part of my business; I came for an unfortunate family in the Marais, which has made a little lottery of a Turkish shawl,—there it is; you will remark, I dare say, these new palm branches; the ticket is only 50 francs." "The gentleman will add 50 francs; and then run to bespeak me a box at the Bouffons, where an extraordinary concert is given." This box cost me 54 francs more, which made me say; "Ah! my dear Eliza, why did you lose the key of your *secretaire?*" You will suppose, Mr. Editor, that I am giving you this circumstantial account only to excite your pity for lending and losing my money. No such thing; Eliza paid me all that I had advanced the very next day; but I wished to shew you that by adding up the cost of a Chinese bath, a lesson in French salutation, an English race, a Grecian robe, a Turkish shawl, and a box at the Italian opera, you may nearly ascertain the daily expenditure of a Parisian fine lady.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

It has long been remarked that this world is a true comedy, and, divided into halves, reciprocally laugh at each other. Though the *ton* of high life diffuses a kind of sameness over itself, which has given rise to the idea that upper life is nothing but a masked ball, it is, nevertheless, in that sphere alone men must be studied.

The art of contrast, as striking on the dramatic scene as in nature, shines in those scenes with all their lustre, and may readily be discriminated by an attentive observer; after having seen some excellent copies at the theatres, we have always been much gratified in the meeting of the originals in society. I do not know if that species of disposition is an eulogium on our hearts, but it exists, and most assuredly is the satyr of the world as it is.

I was acquainted some time since, and was, indeed, very intimate with two people, whose characters were extremely sympathetic. Perhaps even, and I must acknowledge it, the pleasure they procured me by their caprice inspired in me much friendship for them; that infatuated egotism penetrates itself every where, and we sometimes extol the people we have occasion for, to dissemble the necessity we have for their acquaintance.

However that may be, it is impossible to meet two persons of more opposite characters, and what is astonishing, of more affection for each other. They could not do without each other; and could not see each other without quarrelling. One said *black* expressly because the other said *white*; if the former persisted that *two and two are four*, the latter would have said that it was a ridiculous error, and he would not be made the dupe of the argument.

One morning I called at one of their houses. He was in his study. "My good fellow," said he, as soon as he saw me, "I am one of the most fortunate of men in the world, look and you will see my chest has been robbed." "Yes," I answered, "I perceive the lock has been forced, but I do not exactly discover what there is to excite such rejoicing." "How blind you are," he replied, rubbing his hands, and evincing by all his actions the greatest joy, "don't you see that the thieves who robbed my chest have not found the five hundred pounds that were concealed in it? They have taken two hundred and fifty pounds from the chest, and have left five hundred pounds in the secret drawer; was there ever any thing so fortunate. Yes, my friend, I conceive myself the most fortunate man in the world; if they had discovered the secret drawer I should have been completely and inevitably ruined."

He was in the extacy of joy; he did not think

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of the two hundred and fifty pounds he was robbed of; he thought only of the five hundred pounds he had saved. As to me, I had some difficulty to compliment him, I could not reconcile myself to that kind of fortune; I, however, admired what we call philosophy, which is often considered according to the idea of the object.

I went to see my other friend, to relate the scene I had witnessed. I found him with a paper in his hand, anger in his eyes, and invective in his mouth. "The rascals," said he, "will not be satisfied till they have drove me to the workhouse; don't you think," said he as I entered, "don't you think, my dear fellow, that I am right? here is the receipt of my expences for the year, it is double what it was the preceding; I am exasperated beyond measure; I will dismiss every scoundrel of them." "You should dismiss them," said I, "if they have deceived you; but I think I perceive that if the bill is double this year, the crops are also four times more abundant than last year." "That has nothing to do with it," he replied, "I am robbed, I am ruined, I am one of the most unfortunate of men." Instead of sharing his grief, and encouraging his complaints, I began to relate the adventure of the robbed chest, and the joy his friend evinced in discovering he had not lost the whole of his property. I told him the whole.

He answered that his friend was mad, and should be put into a mad-house. His friend, to whom I afterwards related the adventure of his bill of expences, positively said the same thing of him.—"He is a fool, and should be put in a mad-house."

It is, therefore, true that every man has his whim, and we only see those of others.

It is also true, that one half of the world laughs at the other half.

To draw a kind of moral from the above, this inference may be cited for an apologue, that the more we have lived in the world, the more we incline to be indulgent. Cowardice is said to engender cruelty, and it is solitude and ignorance that produce and encourage intolerance.

J. B. B.

STRENGTH OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

In your fourth Number you have given us a curious account of the extraordinary scholar Beronicius, in which you have hinted at the person known by the name of the Admirable Crichton. In a collective view may be considered what is said of him by Imperialis, in his "Museum;" by Mackenzie, in his "History of Scotch Writers;" by Bishop Tanner, in his "Bibliotheca;" by Sir Thomas Urquhart; by Dr Hawksworth, in No 81, of the Adventurer; and lastly by Dr. Buchan.

He will find enough to exercise his faith, though mankind be naturally fond of the marvellous, and ever willing to stretch their faculties to the utmost to reconcile it with truth.

Two copies of verses, of which one is in the "Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum," are the only known pieces of Crichton. He was murdered in the streets of Mantua, in 1583, in the twenty-second year of his age.

We have several instances of the great memory, with regard to arithmetical calculations, with which Dr. John Wallis, and Jedidiah Buxton, were gifted.

The Doctor of Divinity says, "February 18, 1670. I did that night propose to myself (by dark) without help to my memory, in 56 places, of which I extracted the square root in 27 places, and did not commit to paper till a month after."

In one of the early Numbers of the Gentleman's Magazine, about fifty years ago, is a copious account of Buxton, (who died at the age of seventy, in 1775). "His powers of abstraction were so great that no noise could disturb him. He worked the following calculation amidst the clamour of a hundred fellow-labourers in a handicraft trade:—In a body whose sides are eight (specified) figures, seven figures, and five figures, being yards, how many cubical eighths of an inch?"

During his calculations, when he was asked any question, he would immediately reply to it, and return to his reckoning, regardless of the interruption, without any confusion, or the loss of more time than the answer required. The proposer of the problem returned after five hours, and found him ready with his solution, which was exactly right.

He would multiply any number of figures mentally, store up the various products, and give the answer several months after. He would work six or eight questions half through, and would either as soon as finished, or months after tell the result of each various computation.

Instances of person playing at chess, with three boards at the same time, against as many antagonists, without seeing any of the boards, are well known. Especially Philidor's various per-

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formances in this way, in the course of twelve years, the last of which was in London, in 1795. The first of these extraordinary feats we find mentioned in history, was exhibited in Florence, in the year 1266, by a Saracen.

Another specimen of the strength of human understanding, which combines memory with other intellectual powers, is the faculty which many musicians possess, of playing any piece of music, even of the most apparently difficult execution, which they may have previously gotten by heart, at the same time reading in a book, and when they have ended the solo, of repeating what they had been reading.

THOUGHTS ON GENEROSITY.

GENEROSITY is the most valuable quality that the mind of a rational being can possibly be possessed of. It is the offspring of innocence, nurtured by virtue, and animated by religion.

In the presence and under the direction of those who are governed by the influence of generosity, the helpless and the ignorant, the unfortunate and the afflicted, the friendless and the persecuted, the infant and the aged, the innocent and the virtuous, are perfectly safe from all injuries, and perfectly secure from all insults. Generosity abuses no confidence, betrays no trust, takes no advantages of circumstances or situations inimical to the truest and best interests of mankind. Its rules of conduct are never perplexing, never ambiguous, never doubtful. The path of duty is plain; and from this path true generosity never knowingly or intentionally deviates. Generosity offers to the world an amiable and an interesting display of all the finest feelings and purest affections that the human mind is susceptible of. The seat of its residence is far removed from every thing that is mean, selfish, criminal, or base. Generosity transcends virtue; but it never militates against it. It is ever reaching forward with a view to effect something beyond the precise limits of duty; but it is ever feelingly and tremblingly alive to improprieties of every description. The improvement and establishment of human happiness is the motive by which pure generosity is uniformly actuated This motive enhances in an incalculable degree the value of the human character, and raises it far above all narrow and servile views. It enables it to look down on all selfish considerations as merely secondary and remote objects of attention and pursuit. Of sincere endeavour to assist in every possible manner, and with every possible exertion, every attempt that may be considered contributory to the promotion and completion of that more perfect plan of improvement, and more exalted state of happiness which it is the avowed intention of Providence effectually to establish in the world by the universal acknowledgment and ascendancy of the Christian system, is the point to which the peculiar study and application of every generous mind is more industriously and more zealously directed. And by strenuously aiming at what is truly grand, noble, and desirable, a generous mind never intentionally overlooks, neglects, or disregards what is either just, prudent or necessary!

The pure spirit of generosity is, in its operations, decidedly in disfavour of all private advantages that may in any respect contribute to lessen the aggregate of social or public felicity. Nor is its influence less decidedly in disfavour of all the baneful effects of the malignant and uncharitable affections which may at any period in life assail the human heart. No spirit of vanity, emulation, pride, prejudice, malice or ambition can change the views and purposes, or defeat the intentions and the influence of generosity when it has once taken root in the mind. For where generosity resides, the power of virtue is recognized, acknowledged, and felt. In minds actuated by passions of the very worst description, something bearing the form and the resemblance of generosity may occasionally be discerned. But these forms and resemblances are merely temporary and incidental ebullitions which break forth like the sun in a winter's day; with a brightness that pleases, but warms not; and with a splendor that dazzles, but lasts not.

Where generosity governs the heart, every selfish feeling, and every interested motive, is subordinate to its influence. There inconveniencies cease to be obstacles; and the want of ability to distribute pecuniary favours is amply supplied by an earnest desire to afford personal assistances, patronage, and protection. It is very possible that a man may be truly virtuous and religious without being really generous. But it is absolutely impossible that a man can be truly and sincerely generous without being truly virtuous and religious. Teach a man to be correctly generous, and you teach him to be every thing that he ought to be. Generosity is the supreme perfection of all excellency. It soars above the limits of duty; but it never transgresses its rules, nor tramples on its precepts. Generosity is the noblest and the most faithful guardian of virtue

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and of honour. The pure and permanent happiness of mankind is its principal object. And for the most effectual attainment of this object it acts as a barrier to vice of every description. Where generosity is an inmate of the mind, the supremacy of virtue is unquestionable. Every gratification, however desirable, that has a probable, a possible, a direct, or a remote tendency to give birth to the sigh of regret in others, or to the sentiment of compunction in ourselves, is instantly abandoned by a mind influenced by generosity. No incitement to vice can prevail when opposed by the pure spirit of generosity. Every character, however weak and imperfect, is secure from all depredation where the presidency of generosity is felt and acknowledged. Generosity is the perfection of religion; it is a participation of divinity. United to humility, it is the finishing stroke of rationality. To every sentiment it gives the highest polish, and to every action the most engaging and the most interesting effect. It contributes to eradicate all superstition from the mind, all ingratitude from the heart, all cruelty from the disposition, all vice from the conduct, all indifference from the manners, and all calumny from the conversation of mankind. Its effects are not merely prohibitory and preventive. They are not more inimical to the prevalency of every thing that is pernicious to the happiness of society than conducive to the encouragement and permanent establishment of every thing that is congenial to its harmony, its welfare and prosperity.

Generosity is not a principle but a grace. It is a grace derivable from the pure spirit of Christianity, before the promulgation of which it appears to have been totally unknown. Neither in the primitive religion of the world, in the Mosaic institutions, in the schools of philosophy, nor among any of the various religious sects which were established by mankind, is this grace any where to be recognized excepting among those of the Christian religion alone. And even by those of this religion, in which it is expressly implied in all its precepts, it has been but very partially acknowledged, and very inadequately and contractedly acted upon. Different followers of the same divine teacher have not unfrequently contemned, despised, and persecuted each other, and given to the world indubitable proofs of their total ignorance of the pure spirit and intention of that Christian system which is evidently, and, if properly applied, effectually calculated to make man, under every persuasion, in every country, in every relation, in every situation and connection in life, and under all the advantages or disadvantages in which he can possibly be placed, the real, the sincere, the true and unalterable friend of man!

To banish from society the smile of deceit, the frown of contempt, the language of falsehood, the art of treachery, the meanness of flattery, the poison of envy, and the weapons of malice, by which virtue is endangered, and the influence of all its amiable accompaniments materially weakened, seriously impeded, and many of them entirely removed or eradicated, is a task which every generous mind will undertake with readiness, pursue with pleasure, persevere in with diligence and avidity, and execute with industry and courage.

The feelings and the conduct of generous minds are invariably the same in all the various situations and circumstances in which mankind can possibly be placed. Even jealousy itself, the most violent and furious of the passions to which we are subject, will bow with submission to the counsels of generosity; and love, the most tender and ardent of the affections, will attend with fidelity to its influence, and abide with complacency by its precepts. Such are its beneficial effects, that it holds in salutary restraint all the irascible propensities which neglect, disappointment, or contempt may give birth to, and contributes very essentially to soften the asperity of anger, and convert revenge into forgiveness.

Generosity never acts in opposition to the strictest principles of the nicest honour. To a generous mind, temporary happiness is incomparably less an object of consideration than the delicacy of its own operations, and the incontrovertible propriety of its own sentiments, conduct, and decisions. The strength of curiosity may, not unfrequently, exceed the powers of representation; but great as its strength may be, and interesting as the cause which gives rise to it may also be considered to be, it will instantly vanish at the whisper of generosity. This is the still, small voice, that will keep us in the path of truth, of honour, and of rectitude;—that will invigorate all the faculties of the soul, exalt all the virtues of the heart, and ennoble all the pursuits of humanity; that will crown industry with chearfulness, perseverance with success, merit with confidence, humility with contentment, riches with liberality, rank with affability, genius with modesty, bravery with glory, talents with respect, hope with fortitude, learning with benevolence, and piety with love. This is the still, small voice, that gives to earth the harmony of heaven, and to man the disposition of angels.

L. C.

July 16, 1806.

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AMARYLLIS.—A PASTORAL.

I THINK the world very beautiful, said the youthful Amaryllis to a reflection of her mother's, that was produced by experience and sorrow,—but Amaryllis was young, and her world did not extend beyond the village in which she was born; she was in the vernal season of life, when happiness wreaths its simplest flowers round the brows of innocence; her ears were only accustomed to the soft voice of affection, and her mind, like the violets of her native valley, had expanded in the shade. She was candid, for she was a stranger to the passions that give birth to concealment—simple in her taste, for she had never seen any thing more splendid than a bandeau of wild flowers. The smile of ingenuousness played on her face, yet, she was not beautiful, her charms were those of simplicity, and her graces those of youth. The only sorrow that had assailed her bosom was when the closing year had caused her favourite plants to droop; but it was quickly moved by the happy facility with which youthful minds efface all impressions but those of joy.—At the return of spring she shed the sweetest tears of gratitude and pleasure because nature was revived. Her religion was that of the heart, but it was pure; and her offerings to the throne of mercy were the hymn of thankfulness, and the gay song of content. She knew not the artificial manners that are taught by the world; her politeness was that of sensibility, which made her recoil at giving pain; her companions were the villagers, whom she attracted round her by the charms of kindness; when she danced it was with the light step of a fairy, yet she knew no rule but the instinctive one of natural grace. Her partner was a young exile (who had been driven by misfortune with his family to the remote village in which she resided); and their hearts, prompt as their feet, bounded with innocence and gaiety;—her manners with him had no tincture of reserve, for her breast contained not a thought that she would have blushed to reveal;—between the dances she told him all the occurrences of the day; for the flower of love was implanted in her bosom, and with enchanting simplicity she bestowed on him its first bud. In their walks they sported innocently along, gilding to-morrow, with tints more beautiful than to-day—every desire was fulfilled by hope, and the perspective of futurity presented to them an endless train of innocent pleasures which they enjoyed by anticipation. Happy facility of enjoyment! Pleasures drawn by the fancy are seldom realized, but fate allows us to be cheated by the delusions they promise, whilst they fly from our embraces.—Thus passed the morning of life with these children of nature; they nourished simplicity, ignorant of the sorrows it prepares for its victims.—The parents of the young emigrant were noble; misfortune had persecuted, but could not triumph over them; they cherished in adversity the animating idea that they should once more revisit their native country, again be surrounded by the splendour that so much adorns the exteriors of life. Their son was now eighteen, and had passed many years in retirement; he listened with raptures to the recital of the former greatness of his family; but the idea of Amaryllis was always mingled with it; he forgot her plebeian birth, and his own fallen state when he met her; and if he imparted to her his griefs, she participated with him so truly, that she received them into her bosom and deprived him of their sting.—Amiable sensibility of unsophisticated hearts! Why are you doomed to wither in the cold region of disappointment. The first real sorrow that ever visited the peace of Amaryllis was now approaching.—The exile was recalled to his country. Agitated by contending emotions he ran to Amaryllis to inform her of the new turn fate was on the point of giving to his destiny, and sketched with the warm colouring of youth the perspective of futurity;—for to part from her had never occurred to him, he had no idea his parents would separate those whom affection had so firmly united;—she wept, but they were tears of joy at the brilliant prospect that was opening to her view. Alas! they were succeeded by those of sorrow, of anguish, when she discovered that her lover had been constrained to leave her, that his parents, cruel as the chill blast that nips the tender buds of spring, had forced him from her without one adieu!—without uttering to her one word of comfort.—Ah! who can paint her agony; she lives, and her companions weep over her, for they imagine her insane; they have not yet learnt to know that it is possible to feel strongly and yet be rational;—a hundred times a day she utters his name—a hundred times she fancied he would return, and hope, in pity to her distress, throws her enchanting veil over the sad realities that oppress her. Now she reposes on the strength of his affection, as on her guardian angel, then the certainty that he is absent rushes

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on her mind with all its force, and leaves her a prey to regret, to misery, and all its sad train of attendants.

Children of sensibility, to you I address her tale, to you I appeal; condemn not feelings for which she is accountable even to herself. That Being who gave a deeper tint to the rose than the lily protects them alike from the chill blast; he does not reproach the drooping flower, if oppressed by dew, it refuses to be revived by the fervour of the noon day sun—then how much more will he cherish the human heart more sensitive than the plant that recoils at the slightest touch.

A MORNING WALK RECOMMENDED.

THERE is no custom more universally approved, and more commonly neglected, especially among the rich, the gay, and the polite, than that of early rising. Every one owns that to those who follow the paths of business, or the toilsome tracts of science, it is absolutely necessary; but some will deny that it is indispensable to the lady who has no employment except killing the few hours that remain, after her slumbers, her meals, and the important concerns of dress are deducted, or to the *beau* whose only task is to amuse himself, and whose sole occupation is to gallant a *belle* to the theatre. We wish to shew that early rising is conducive to the health, the beauty, and the pleasures of ladies, and that no female, how splendid soever her situation, should disdain to take a morning promenade. Early rising is generally allowed by medical men to invigorate the faculties, and to remove the dullness which too often attends even fashionable life. Ladies have, with great propriety, banished noon from their promenading hours, as the sultry air causes lassitude of mind, and tends to weaken the delicate nerves of a female: but perhaps the cool of evening is not less obnoxious to health than the parching heat of mid-day. That the former is pleasanter, we cannot deny: but the most grateful things are not always the most beneficial.—On the contrary, the dews, the foggy air, the effluvia from the trees, the perspiration of the ground, and the pernicious exhalations of the lamps, produce the most hurtful effects on those who attend public gardens. But in the morning we find none of these inconveniences, we have the light and beauty of noon without its enervating powers, the mildness and coolness of night, free from its unhealthy concomitants. The ancient sages rose with the sun, and many who have survived the common periods of mortality, have ascribed their longevity to early rising, attended with some salutary employment in the open air. We shall instance the good effects of this custom by the case of a Scotch peeress, who had long been splenetic to so great a degree, that her physicians were obliged to give her medicines to gratify her peevish humour. She kept her chamber some months, and for want of fresh air and exercise, grew so ill that her life was despaired of, as no medical man would venture to prescribe a different treatment. Accidentally hearing a maid-servant praise the virtues of a morning walk in the country, the old lady determined, without the cognizance of her doctors, to rise at six, and to refresh herself in the garden. She daily grew better, and in a short time enjoyed more health and happiness than she had ever experienced even in her youthful days; she recovered her spirits, laughed at her physicians, pleased herself, and rewarded the girl who had contributed to her cure.

Since beauty cannot exist without health, the practice we recommend is of the utmost importance to handsome women. Noon tans the face, evening makes the complexion sallow, but a morning walk clears the skin of all imperfections, especially such as arise from luxury or the want of proper exercise. Though ladies affect to despise the ruddiness of the cottager's daughter, their imitation of this bloom shews it to be a grace that attracts their notice and excites their emulation; and therefore we may infer, that were most of our female nobility possessed of this natural ornament, they would, instead of patronising, ridicule all attempts to mimic it by the use of rouge. Beauty, we think, should be skin-deep, though fashionable *belles* seem to think it should only be paint deep. However, as I cannot in this respect agree with them, I request the sweet lady who is perusing these lines, would forego this opinion, and endeavour to make her bloom deeper and more lasting than any paint, by accustoming herself to take a regular morning perambulation, whenever the weather will permit. This habit would make her fair and ruddy, give her skin an agreeable sleekness, and supersede the most admired and most expensive cosmetics that have been invented since fashion began to slight spontaneous graces, when put in competition with charms which are always vendible at the perfumer's. We beg leave to add, in an age when women cannot redden, that though the roseate colour acquired by a morning walk, might not be a blush of modesty, it would certainly be a blush of nature, and therefore as

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much surpassing paint as the artificial flower is exceeded by the natural rose. We would on this account prefer it to rouge, though a correspondent has considered the latter as the best substitute for that bashful tinge, which so seldom suffuses the cheeks of our ladies.

It may perhaps be said, "we confess that a morning walk is a means of obtaining health, and of promoting beauty,—but how can a custom so dull and so antiquated, be attended, as you affirm it is, with delight." If you acknowledge, my dear ladies, that it gives health, you must allow that it excites pleasure, since pleasure cannot exist without health; and if you own it increases beauty, you must confess it gives happiness, since a lady considers her beauty as her greatest happiness. But early rising, followed by a ramble in the country, not only bestows this kind of habitual enjoyment, it not only yields a constant flow of spirits, but it likewise affords the highest gratification to all who love the fine arts, or who admire the beauties of nature. Where will the amateur of painting find a more delicate subject for his pencil, than the tints of the new-born day? What theme can be more pleasing to the poet, than describing the rosy hours opening the magnificent portals of the East? It may be said, that these pleasures cannot be sufficiently varied; and though they amuse for a short time, they will give no delight when oft repeated. From this opinion, I beg leave to differ, as it is well known the more nature is investigated, the more she is admired. If, however, these simple gratifications should become tiresome, the mind may be relieved by chearful reading; and, indeed, there cannot be a more favourable opportunity for study than in the morning, when the body is recruited with repose, and the breast free from anxiety and care. This promenade may be frequently diversified: a walk to the aviary, a tour through the park, tracing the meanders of a rivulet, a visit to a neighbouring cottage, a view of the rising sun from a hill, and a thousand other well-judged circumstances, would furnish an immense and almost boundless variety of amusement, so that no contemplative person would ever feel the least satiety.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountains fall, the rivers flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

DYER.

To make these pleasures more sensibly felt, it would be proper for some person of intelligence to accompany the lady in her early ramble.

Private governesses in great and wealthy houses naturally occur as most fit to be entrusted with this amusing office; but I am afraid that, in general, this class is not composed of women of much intelligence, but rather of such as having received a common education, without the means of supporting it, are too proud to be mantua-makers or milliners, and too ignorant to be teachers. It would be no absurd plan to erect a college for the instruction of a number of clever young women, who might be calculated to instruct the daughters of our nobility, as well in the paths of science as in the steps of virtue. With one of this description, who has a taste for the charms of nature, and abilities to expand those beauties to her blooming charge, a morning walk might be rendered healthful, pleasant, interesting, and agreeable, especially if disguised under the name of an amusement.

There is another argument which should be of importance to the modest lady,—that a morning walk would not cause those reflections on her reputation, which evening promenades too often occasion.

Should any one who has hitherto spent her nights in the ball-room, and her mornings on the couch, be inclined to try this experiment, I request her to recollect that a better opportunity cannot present itself.

She is at her country seat; the mornings are warm, gay, and beautiful; fashion is not near to censure the innovation; and should she dislike the custom, she may discontinue it at her return to the emporium of pleasure.

"Things change their titles as our manners turn."

POPE.

Poeta nascitur non fit, 'twas said,
When poets wrote to gain applause, not bread.
But when I see a poetaster rise,
Whom penury, not nature, has made wise,
I think t' invert the proverb would be best,
And say—*Non nascitur, sed factus est.*

S. C. W.

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FRIENDS IN A FUTURE STATE.

An Inquiry whether there is any ground to believe that Friends can know each other in a Future State.

THE circumstance that first induced me to turn my thoughts on the following subject, was a conversation I once had with a friend, who upon the death of an intimate and revered acquaintance asked my opinion as to the probability of recognizing in a future state those whom we knew in this life; and hoped, from my opinion, to have received some consolation which might soothe the anguish which so irreparable a loss had occasioned.

At this time I was tinctured with the pedantry of a college, and the prejudices of education, which rendered me almost dogmatical and sceptical in all my opinions; and therefore more desirous of gratifying my own vanity, than the feelings of my benevolent friend, I at once denied the truth of such an opinion, and ridiculed its absurdity.

I principally maintained, that as the only way we had of knowing each other in this world, was by the impression which external objects made on our organs of sensation; when these were all removed by the dissolution of the body, every source or recollection was consequently destroyed. Besides, the soul which received its ideas of things on earth, only through that body with which it was connected, could not, after a separation from it, have any notion or retrospect of those transactions in which they were conversant during their union. The soul and body united made *one being*; the soul afterwards removed from *its* corporeal prison became another and a distinct *being*. How could it then reflect on bodies, from which, according to their very nature, it was incapable of receiving any impression!

But specious as these arguments then appeared, and indeed I believed them to be true, yet I have been able to detect their fallacy. In order therefore to prove the affirmative of this question, which I shall now undertake to do, it is first necessary to lay down as a datum that universal truth, which all nature demonstrates, that there is a God—a supreme infinite existence, directing every thing, and comprehending in one idea all the substances of the universe, both spiritual and corporal; and possessing likewise infinite power, wisdom and goodness.

The next proposition to be admitted, and which I think no one but a desperate Atheist can deny, is, *that our souls shall have a future and immortal existence*

It follows then from these premises, that spiritual beings, of different orders, do exist, with powers of thinking and acting in different degrees. Of all these God is the Supreme. Spirits having a power then of acting and thinking, must necessarily have a consciousness of their own existence, and consequently of the existence of other spirits—If then they know that other spirits do exist, and it is reasonable to suppose that God, from his infinite power, has furnished them with organs whereby that knowledge is reciprocally conveyed, I say they must have a power of holding society and converse with each other. Nor should we reject such a fair and reasonable conclusion, because our narrow limited imagination is not able to conceive the nature or properties of those *beings*, whose existence we cannot deny. God, as the supreme spirit, knows all things; and the subordinate spirits, who are of the same, though of an inferior nature, must of course know all those things that are within the compass of their power.

This point being thus established, that spirits are capable of knowing, associating, and holding converse with each other, it remains to prove, that the spirits which formerly animated human bodies, have a recollection of what passed while they were in this world. And this we must be convinced is the case if we believe there is such a thing as a distribution of future rewards and punishments; and if we do not, we impeach the justice of God. For, can we suppose that the soul of the wicked should be rendered equally happy with that of the good man. If then the souls of men, after their departure from the body, experience different degrees of pleasure and pain, according to their good and bad actions in this life, must they not know for what it is they are made happy or suffer? Most undoubtedly; and it is the very consciousness of these good or bad actions in life that forms the source of their happiness or misery.

Then, beyond a question, they must remember what passed in life; and if they can remember *one* thing, they can remember *all* that they once knew; and, therefore, they must remember those friends whom they loved and whose souls were congenial with their own.

But it may be objected, that, admitting every thing which has been said, yet if two friends should die, their souls may know each other, but one may not know that the other was the soul which animated the same body.

This objection will at once fall to the ground, if we observe from what has already been proved,

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that spirits have a power of distinguishing each other, and of knowing what bodies they themselves belonged to. For it is as easy to suppose that a spirit can have all the methods of receiving and communicating ideas as it can exist at all.

What a source then of comfort in this world must the bare belief of such an opinion as I have been endeavouring to prove, afford us; whenever we reflect that a deceased friend has only left us for a short space of time, at the expiration of which we shall meet, without being ever after under any apprehension of a separation.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS OF A TRAVELLER AT REST.

[*Continued from Page 294.*]

THE Count de Bogin had served the King for twenty years with the greatest success; and enjoyed an influence which extended even to the other departments. The severity of his character made him hated by the nobility as much as he was feared. The king was accused of placing too much confidence in him, and even of allowing himself to be governed by him, when the event which I am going to mention occurred very opportunely to prove the contrary. The count had purchased a small villa, two leagues from Turin, to which he frequently retired. He had for a long time wished to enlarge the gardens of this estate; but a road which led to the house of a man named Talpon, one of the king's valets, and which divided some meadows that he was desirous of obtaining, opposed his design. He requested Talpon to part with this road, which he agreed to; reserving to himself, however, the right of passing through the estate of the count whenever another road which led to his house should be rendered impassable by the snow, which was sometimes the case. Two or three years had elapsed without Talpon's having any occasion to avail himself of this right, when it happened that his own road became wholly obstructed by the snows. Conceiving he might avail himself of the privilege which he had reserved for himself, he rode through the count's estate on horseback; but the minister, perceiving him at a distance sent to forbid his passage.—Talpon desired the minister might be informed who it was; and that, by virtue of their agreement he was travelling through the old road, because the other was impassable: but the count persisted in his refusal; and Talpon was obliged to return to Turin, burning with rage. He repaired instantly to the king, related to him the injustice and the ingratitude of the count, and concluded by saying: "Judge, sire, how he acts towards your other subjects, when he treats me thus; me, whom he knows to have access to your majesty." The king directed Talpon to preserve the most perfect silence on the affair, promising to do him justice. He sent immediately for the intendant of his roads; and though he was a brother-in-law of the Count de Bogin, he charged him to inquire into the truth of the matter. This man knew that it was the king's custom, on such occasions, to inform himself privately of the circumstances, that he might be sure his ministers did not impose on him: he dd not dare, therefore, to disguise the truth; but some days after, reported to the king, that the relation which Talpon had given of his rights, and of the affront he had received, was a faithful account. The king then directed, that without speaking to his brother-in-law, he should set a hundred men to work the next day, to restore the former road to Talpon's house, which was done. Judge of the astonishment of the minister when, walking in the morning, he saw a hundred men digging in his garden. Full of surprise and anger, he sent to demand the reason of so strange an appearance: they replied, "that it was by order of the king, and this was all they knew about the affair." He set off to town, and found his brother-in-law, who soon explained the whole mystery. The minister felt that it would be most prudent to submit in silence, and therefore said nothing: the king, on his part, never mentioned the subject; and Talpon was put in possession of his former road. I saw him some days after, quite proud of the victory which he had gained over a minister so high in favour. The nobility, delighted at the mortification which the Count de Bogin had received, considering it as a presage of his disgrace; but they were deceived. The king, who knew his ability, continued to treat him as before: and was satisfied to give him this lesson

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of moderation. After the death of King Charles, the Count de Bogin withdrew from public business, and I often visited him in his retreat. I scarcely ever saw a man more engaging and more polite, and whose conversation was more interesting. To a profound knowledge of the affairs of Europe, he joined the greatest clearness in his ideas and in his expressions; he was also a good husband, and a good friend, upright in his conduct, and loved best by those who knew him most intimately: so that, if his administration did not generally please, it must be attributed more to the necessity of circumstances, than to the natural disposition of the minister.

CHAP. III.

I now found myself in a world very different from that in which I had hitherto lived? instead of the simplicity of Mr. Wyche, the plain and innocent manners of his family and his friends, I was incessantly listening to the intrigues of courts; and witnessing the manners of people of fashion, the overstrained compliments of great men, the duplicity of courtiers, and the pride of nobility. Unaccustomed to such scenes, I was astonished at every thing, and exclaimed against every thing. Mr. Mackenzie and his friends amused themselves with my surprise: they asked whence I came, where I had passed my youth, and whether I wished for the return of the golden age? Such pleasantries were the only answer I obtained to all my reasoning. I perceived, however, that my surprize gave them a good opinion of my morals; and that Mr. Mackenzie was not sorry to have a secretary upon whose probity he might rely. But there was one point of my morality which he did not laugh it; and that was, the rigorous system of truth which I had adopted. It was in vain that he addressed me most seriously upon the subject: I was immoveable; and defended my resolution so sternly, that he at last reproached me with being too dangerous a secretary for a foreign minister; and added, that he should not venture to entrust me with the secrets of his negociations. I removed his fears, however, by convincing him that, with a little address, a man might meet the most adroit politician, and keep his own secret without doing violence to the truth; and finally persuaded him that probity, combined with firmness, might even in politics be compatible with the strictest truth.

We had then before our eyes a striking example of the confidence which virtue, even carried to an extreme, can inspire; in preference to the maxims of the world, which are founded upon no principle. The Marquis de Carraccioli, Neapolitan minister at the Court of Turin, had a secretary who had been formerly corrupted by Lord Bristol, Mr. Mackenzie's predecessor at the court of Turin. This man had a handsome wife, whose expences obliged him to seek for some means of supporting them; and one of the most effectual that he employed, was selling the secrets of his master. The reversion of the duchies of Placentia and Guastella to the King of Sardinia on the demise of the King of Spain, had been guaranteed to him by the treaties of Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle. The death of the Spanish monarch had just then happened, and the subject of the reversion was in discussion. The courts of Versailles and Madrid entertained the project of breaking those treaties, and of retaining the possessions for the Duke of Parma. The dispatches which the Neapolitan minister wrote to his own court and to the court of Madrid, as well as those which he received, frequently entered into that subject; and the secretary of the marquis communicated them to Mr Mackenzie through me, for a proportionate reward. This treachery was, at last, discovered: his master dismissed him without making any noise about the matter, and did not in the least alter his conduct towards me; he only requested me to point out to him which of his dispatches I had read. I agreed to do so with pleasure; and as the best means of being accurate, I desired him to shew me all his correspondence. This he did; and from this general inspection, I learnt many things which otherwise I should never have known.

A still better opportunity presented itself of knowing the secrets of the court of Spain, if the delicacy of Mr. Mackenzie had suffered him to take advantage of it. The Count de Torre Palma, ambassador from that court to Turin, let a packet of dispatches which he had that day received, drop from his pocket, as he was going away after a visit to Mr. Mackenzie. He observed them a moment after; and in spite of the temptation of the circumstances of the time, ran after his excellency, and gave them to him upon the stairs. The Spanish ambassador, affected by this proceeding, came back with him, overwhelming him with thanks, and extolling to excess the generosity of his conduct. This circumstance introduced some anecdotes of the same kind; among which the ambassador related, in my hearing, an affair which had happened to himself at Vienna.

He thought he had discovered, while at that court, that his dispatches were intercepted. One day particularly he remarked to his secretary, that such a packet must have been opened; and he was convinced of it a moment afterwards, by finding a dispatch which was not signed, the hand-writing of which his secretary knew to be German and not Spanish, and which he declared was written by one of the clerks in the office of

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foreign affairs. He even produced some papers that had been given in reply to some of their memorials, which left no doubt of the fact; and they naturally imagined that, in the hurry with which these things are generally done at the offices, the copy of the dispatch had been put into the envelope instead of the original. The ambassador, without loss of time, waited immediately upon the Prince de Kaunitz. He was admitted. "I have to request, Sir," said he, "that you will order your clerks to restore my dispatch, of which they have only sent me the copy, and have kept the original." "Sir," replied the Prince, without appearing at all embarrassed, "I beg a thousand pardons for the trouble you have had; these careless fellows are making such blunders every day." Then ringing the bell, and calling one of his secretaries: "Go, and fetch the ambassador's dispatch, Sir, of which he has only received the copy, and learn not to commit such blunders another time." When the dispatch was produced, "Sir," said the Prince, as he restored it to him, "I am mortified that their stupidity should have occasioned you so much trouble:" and conducted him very politely to the door, without appearing to attach any importance to the mistake which had produced the visit.

[*To be continued.*]

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

DESCRIPTION OF CROMER

Mr. EDITOR,

AS this is the season of the year in which the rich, the idle, and the gay rush in swarms from the metropolis, and seize upon every village and hamlet upon the borders of the coast, in order to enjoy the fancied advantages of sea-bathing, I am to inform you that I am one among the flight of these summer swallows, and that the course of my emigration has lead me to the Eastern shore of Norfolk, and I am for the present enjoying the salubrity of the air, and the comforts of mingled society, at the well-known town of Cromer.

I shall not, Mr. Editor, enter into any lengthened local description of this summer retreat, because the subject has already exercised the pens of many wandering geniuses, who, in gratitude, perhaps, for the benefits they have derived from the spot, have celebrated its praises in poetry and prose, and, as if they were taking their farewell of another *Grand Chatreuse*, have generally thought it incumbent upon them, when they discharged their tavern bill, to leave an ode or a copy of verses with their landlady.

"For her the muse so oft the harp has strung,
"That not a mountain lifts its head unsung."

It will probably not be inconsistent with your plan if I give some description of Cromer and the neighbourhood, in as brief and popular a manner as I am able. The first object to be remarked in Cromer is the church, which, though in ruins, betrays evident marks of its former magnificent and Gothic origin. The western entrance is a good specimen of Gothic architecture, but the inside of the church very much disappoints those who are captivated by the external appearance. There are no monuments. In the area is a triple row of pews, and some benches; there is no gallery, and the whole has an appearance extremely desolate and mean. At about a third part of the height of the staircase which leads up the steeple (which is about 165 feet high), is a door which opens upon the leads of a small turret, communicating with the stairs, from which, some few years since, a boy of the name of Yoxley fell into the churchyard, without receiving any other hurt than a few slight bruises. This boy is now a sailor in his Majesty's navy.

Cromer is situated on the Eastern coast of Norfolk, about 130 miles distant from London, and 22 from Norwich; it is nearly midway between Yarmouth to the south, and Lynn to the north, and almost in a direct line with Norwich. It is a larger kind of fishing town, for it scarcely merits any other name, and is situated in a valley. It is so close to the shore that, during the spring tides, and in boisterous weather, the waves would almost break into the streets, were they not driven back by the loftiness of the cliffs. The sea is here much bolder, and has a greater violence of tide and current than in almost any other harbour in England. Indeed a story, tolerably well

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authenticated by antiquarians, is still told of this place. Ancient Cromer, or as Camden calls it, Shipden, is said to have been buried in the sea, and I have been told, at a very low tide, and some miles from the shore, the summit of the steeple of the old church has been clearly discerned; it is certain, however, that those who have made experiments at soundings in this spot, have had every reason to conclude that the bottom of the sea, for the circumference of half a mile or more, was one perfect stratum of stone or brick, which plainly marked out the ruins of houses and buildings of various sorts. It is these scattered ruins of the old town, in the sea, which are said to make the coast of Cromer so extremely dangerous for shipping. The harbour is known thoroughly only to the most experienced pilots, and the trade necessarily suffers from these disadvantages and perils of the shore.

The accommodation for company in this place is of a very humble kind; a few old houses have been taken down and rebuilt within these dozen years, after a more modern and enlarged plan. Some of the fishermen have been ejected from their old cots, or have surrendered them to a speculating bricklayer, who has spruced them up with a little fresh lath and plaster, or a layer or two of sea-stone and pebbles, and scrawled "Lodgings to Lett" over the window. A chandler and jobbing carpenter have occasionally leagued together to furnish out a room looking towards the sea, with a few chairs, a table, and a sopha; a few ale-houses, which not many years ago found it difficult, from the penury of trade, to obtain a licence or a livelihood, are now shot up into hotels or taverns; and a master of a fishing boat, a retailer of crabs, has now become the proprietor of a bathing machine.

Such, Sir, has been the metamorphosis of this place, almost within my own recollection of it.

Cromer has not yet to boast of any places of public amusement, balls or assemblies; the only pleasure the company take is in walking on the sands at low tide, or strolling, or riding about the neighbourhood, which is extremely picturesque and interesting. The bathing-machines are very commodious, and the bather a very careful, attentive man; the terms are extremely moderate, and any one may select his own hour.

The first place to which I would carry you in the neighbourhood of Cromer, is the ride through Northrepps to Trimmingham Beacon, being about seven miles along the cliffs of the sea. Mr. Richard Gurney, a banker of Norwich, has built a most beautiful cottage in the parish of Northrepps; it is situated in a kind of narrow valley, surrounded upon every part by hills, except towards the sea, of which it commands a most extensive view. The hills are every where covered with flourishing plantations, and those spots which were, in my own memory, a few years back, mere sandy deserts, are now covered with groves of towering firs and pines.

Not far from this house is Toll's Hill, which is known for a very famous echo. As you proceed onward the churches of Overstrand and Sidstrand, are to your right and left. There is nothing worth noting in either of them.

The Beacon at Trimmingham is an object truly worthy of a visit. It commands the noblest prospect, both of sea and land, which is to be obtained in Norfolk. Upon a clear day, Yarmouth, though thirty miles distant, can be distinguished from it, and the spire of Norwich cathedral, which is at least twenty-two miles off; above forty churches have been counted from this eminence, and the expanse of the sea which the eye takes in is immense. At Trimmingham Beacon is a station, or a kind of signal-post; these extend throughout the eastern coast at the average distance of five miles apart from each other; a Lieutenant is generally the officer of the station; his office is to make signals to any suspicious vessels which appear upon the coast, which, if not satisfactorily answered, another signal is immediately hoisted, and repeated by all the stations till they reach some port where armed ships are constantly prepared for the pursuit if an enemy.

About three miles from Cromer is Felbrigg, the seat of the Right Hon. W. Windham; it is delightfully situated in the bosom of extensive and venerable woods; some of the trees, particulary the oak, are of great antiquity. This family, which is very ancient in Norfolk, has long been settled at Felbrigg; and it is a sort of provincial proverb, "Never was a Windham known to be poor."

The house is in the style of the old English mansion, and has lately undergone considerable alterations which, as must be the case, have rendered it more modern, but less magnificent. It contains some good pictures, chiefly of the Dutch masters; in the drawing-room, a *Usurer*, by Rembrandt, and an *Old Woman*, by the same master, deserve particular attention. There are some exquisite pieces by Vandeveldt; a *Sea-Fight*, supposed to be an engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, is an admirable performance. In this room is a small, but highly coloured picture, *The finding of Achilles at the Court of Lycomedes*—it is said to be a Rubens. Slight as my inspection was, I had great reason to doubt it; almost every stray, unowned picture, which is supposed to have merit, is given at random to Rubens. This great master was so general, so eminent in every department of the art, and so wholly without what the painters

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call *manner*, that any picture which is conceived to be excellent, and without an avowed owner, may be attributed to Rubens with more safety than to any other master; I believe, however, that Mr. Windham calls it a Rubens—this is authority in art as well as in other things.

This seat is not often honoured by the residence of the master; but when Mr. Windham does visit it, he gives a full flow to the generosity and hospitable ardour of his character.

One of the most beautiful rides near Cromer is to Holt, through Upper and Lower Sherringham, Runton, and Beeston. About a mile and a half from Cromer are the Felbrigg Plantations, which accompany the traveller on his left for about a mile, during which space, the views of the sea on the right are truly delightful. The country is here extremely hilly, and every eminence is covered with the thickest and richest plantations of firs and pines, particularly those of Mr. Cooke Flower, whose estate at this spot, though small, is perhaps one of the most enviable in the whole county of Norfolk.

Holt is a market town, remarkable for nothing that I know of. The return from Holt may be agreeably varied by taking the lower road to Cromer. Here a most sublime and romantic view is obtained from Sherrington Hill. About two miles from hence are the ruins of Beeston Priory, in which an antiquary may find beauties, but in which I confess I cannot.

Taking the road from Cromer to Norwich, and diverging a little to the left, you come to Thorpe Market, a village which, in houses, lands, and every other tenement, is the property of Lord Suffield, formerly Sir Harbord Harbord, many years member for the city of Norwich. The ruins of the parish church have been taken down and rebuilt by Lord Suffield, in a style which attracts many spectators from its novelty. The present structure, which was designed by Mr. Wood, is simple and elegant; the materials are flint and free-stone; at each of the four corners is a turret, and the points of the gables are terminated by a stone cross, after the monkish fashion. The inside is finished with neatness and taste. There are three family monuments taken from the walls of the old church, in memory of the Harbords. The next place to Thorpe, of any consequence, is North-Walsham; a town of considerable extent and population, but extremely dull and poor. I believe one general remark may apply to all the towns in Norfolk, which are very numerous, that, with the exception of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lynn, none of them have any species of trade or manufacture; the little activity and spirit they possess is owing to the port and carrying trade.

About three miles from North-Walsham is Gunton-Hall, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Suffield. The estate of this nobleman, with the exception of Mr. Coke's, is the largest in the county; it occupies almost six contiguous parishes, and extends from North-Walsham to Aylsham, on one side, and from Gunton to Cromer, on the other, being altogether a traverse space of sixteen miles. The plantations around the house are beautiful and extensive; but there is very little of what may be called park. The agriculturists of Norfolk, and in this county every one is a farmer, know better things than to encourage their taste for venison to the sacrifice of more substantial enjoyments; here the plough usurps every thing, and we believe his Lordship's barley and turnips are sown up to his parlour windows. Gunton-House is not deserving of notice, it is the mansion of a common country gentleman, and is not, we hear, often open to hospitality. This nobleman immures himself in a kind of gloomy and secluded grandeur, and indulges the most arbitrary caprice and passion, as I have heard, with regard to the game laws; in every other respect he is a most worthy nobleman. The inside of Gunton-House is not very accessible to strangers.

About five miles onwards from Gunton is Aylsham, a very neat and pleasant market town. Some few years since it was in a flourishing state, but is now fallen into decay; the church is a handsome modern pile, and the neighbourhood is extremely agreeable.

About a mile from Aylsham is Blickling, the seat of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, but now of the Hon. Asheton Harbord, eldest son of Lord Suffield, who enjoys it and the contiguous estate, in right of his wife, Lady Caroline Harbord, second daughter of the above-mentioned Earl. Blickling is a noble building, in the Gothic style; it is famous for having been the birth-place of Anne Boleyn, the unfortunate queen of Henry VIII. and mother of Elizabeth; the entrance from the court-yard is over a bridge of two arches, across the moat, through a gate-house and a small inner-court, and is very striking in its appearance. In the hall are full length statues of Anne Boleyn, and her illustrious daughter; in the anti-room are several portraits, the most striking is that of Sir Henry Hobart, one of the ancestors of the Buckingham family, who was killed in a duel with Mr. Le Neve, upon Cawston Heath, where a square monumental stone marks the spot upon which the event took place. The study has a good collection of books The Old Dining-room is ornamented with several fine portraits. The present King and Queen, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the late Lord Townshend, the Earl of Leicester, and Sir Robert Walpole. In this room is the

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chair of state in which James II. sat when at Dublin; it is a piece of furniture which the reverence of antiquity only could preserve; for I am mistaken if a broker would venture to put it up at an auction.

The New Drawing-room is the pleasantest room in the house. One end of it is adorned with tapestry, in which is represented the figure of Czar Peter, whose attitude, with that of the horse, is extremely spirited. The back ground to this noble performance, which is said to be all needle-work, represents the confusion of a battle, in which the Czar is supposed to be commanding; he is without his hat, his hair is black and bushy, his eyes are black and piercing, and the general spirit of his attitude and countenance are in perfect accordance with his supposed situation. This superb ornament was a present from the late Empress Catherine of Russia to Lord Buckinghamshire. At the other end of the room is a fine portrait of George II. probably by Kneller; on each side of the fire-place are fine portraits of Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire, by Gainsborough.

From this room you pass to the State Bedchamber, in which I particularly noticed a fine portrait of Judge Hobart, in his robes. From this room I proceeded to the Library, and left it without any impression upon my mind.

Having taken a general survey of the house, I passed to the park, which is well entitled to notice; it is extensively wooded, and has a fine piece of water, about a mile and a half in length, and, in some parts, nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth Since the estate has come into the hands of the present Honourable possessor, I was sorry to see the plough infringing too much upon the pleasurable demesne. This park is very much frequented by the townspeople of Aylsham on a Sunday; and I am informed that, once or twice in the year, rustic games, and feats, attended with prizes, are given to the young folks in the neighbourhood. Notwithstanding, the popularity of the country is not much attracted towards this gentleman; Mr. Coke seems to be the focus in which it wholly centers.

In the park of Blickling, in a spot admirably retired, and suited to the purpose, stands the mausoleum of the Harbord family. It contains the remains of the late Lord Buckinghamshire and his first wife.

I shall take you no further upon this trip, but turn to another part of the country.

Woolterton, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Walpole, is a morning's ride from Cromer, the house is of a modern style, and situated in an extensive park. It has nothing of that peculiarity which deserves a lengthened description. At a short distance from the house is the ruins of a church, of which the tower alone remains. It is highly picturesque, and a beautiful feature in the surrounding landscape.

The house is furnished in a very modern style; the collection of pictures is not very numerous or valuable. The chief ornament of the rooms is tapestry, of which I know not that I have ever seen any of equal excellence. Upon the seat of some chairs are exhibited the fables of Æsop The noble Lord generally resides upon this spot all the year, and maintains the hospitality of an old English baron, without any thing of its reputed stiffness and pride. A more amiable character is not known in the whole county of Norfolk.

Having thus, Sir, given you a sketch of Cromer, and all the places, prospects, seats of noblemen, &c. &c. worthy of notice in the neighbourhood, I shall revert to other subjects.

The class of company which generally frequents Cromer, with a few exceptions, is not of the highest order; a circumstance of some surprise, when the cheapness of the place, the retirement and beauty of the surrounding country, and its advantages for sea-bathing are considered.

It is here that the Norwich manufacturer, who has made his fortune during the last war, takes up his summer retreat, and exhibits all the pride and petulance of the counting-house, with the insolence of new-gotten wealth. It is here, Sir, that he endeavours to put down the neighbouring squire in the splendour of his equipage, and the prodigality of his establishment; and, as it is here that he comes more immediately in contact with the landed proprietor, his efforts are constantly directed, during the few weeks of his emancipation, to revenge himself for the servility he has been obliged to practise in his shop, by airs of jealous self-importance, and not unfrequently of insult, to those around him.—I myself, Sir, have often seen an exhibition of this sort, and have laughed heartily at it; but I do not mean to include, in this sample of the visitants of Cromer the generality of the Norwich manufacturers, some of whom I know to be men of high honour, wealth, and understanding, and who unite the liberality and manners of gentlemen with the substantial independence and honesty of wealthy tradesmen.

The next class of company that generally resorts to Cromer are the landed gentlemen of the county and neighbouring provinces. We sometimes have them up, Sir, from the fens of Lincolnshire, and the wolds of Yorkshire. The celebrated and facetious Major T——m, with his companion M. P. A——s, conferred upon Cromer the honour of their presence during some weeks of the last season.

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But as I was observing, the country gentlemen form the next class. They mingle with none but themselves; a man must have a sufficient attestation of his acres and his woods to obtain, if it were worth having, an introduction to them. They repel all advances with a chill and jealous reserve peculiar to themselves. Squire T. is never seen but with Squire W. and their ladies mingle together in the same contracted and exclusive circle. They here maintain a general intimacy and course of visiting with the county at large; and as they stay somewhat late in the season, they compose balls and assemblies amongst themselves at the neighbouring towns, particularly at Aylsham, which is distant about ten miles from Cromer. I cannot better explain to you the kind of society they afford, and their manner and deportment towards strangers, than by the relation of an anecdote which was told me by a naval officer, who was at Cromer some months since upon professional duty of the greatest importance.

This gentleman, a man of very polished manners and education, was invited by a friend to attend an assembly at Aylsham. Anecdotes of this kind, Sir, may be reputed trifling, but they serve to illustrate manners and the state of provincial society, which you profess to be one of the objects of your work. He appeared at the ball with his friend; they were both well known characters, and of high honour and rank in their profession. The master of the ceremonies, or, as we may better term him, the president of the *Coterie*, was a man of birth and rank, and possessed of the largest landed property in the neighbourhood. He took no notice of them but by a stiff repelling bow. The company was divided into little whispering clusters, and the assembly was wholly split into separate, and, as it were, hostile swarms, who treated as a spy, and resented by an inveterate silence, any one who broke in upon them. My friend very happily observed of this assembly, "that there was just as much society among them as in a congregation at a church; each seemed to come to mind his own business, and shew that he was alive; and then, bowing to the preacher, went out, with a reciprocation of slight familiarities with such as hustled him as he passed through the porch." I was pleased with his illustration, and he proceeded to tell me further of his reception

"When, said he, I attempted to break the ice, and renew my personal acquaintance with such as I had chanced to meet elsewhere, I found every one an altered character. The man whom I met hunting or shooting I could converse freely with, scarcely acknowledged me here but by a stiff salute; and if he happened to interchange a few words with me, he was instantly beset by a crowd of his own clan, and tasked for what he had done. Immediately the whisper ran round, "Who is he?"—"Where does he live?"—"Do you know him?"—"Not I—saw him once or twice."—"He has no estate in this country."—"No, nor anywhere else—what brought him here?"

Such was my situation that I was shunned as a pickpocket, and as solitary as though living in a desart. At length the bell rung for tea in an adjoining room; I answered the call, and to my astonishment beheld the president of the *Coterie* sitting at a large table making tea for the ladies! There seemed a kind of preparation for my coming in, and I almost expected an insult; it turned out so—for this worthy gentleman, with a sort of simpering sneer, immediately addressed me (upon whom all eyes were fixed) with a "Captain W——, will you take a cup of tea?" "No, I thank you, Sir, I replied, I prefer porter;" and my friend and I immediately desired the waiter to bring a pot. I need not describe the confusion and rage which this excited; they were awed, however, sufficiently not to menace another insult, and after having enjoyed the embarrassment, my friend and I withdrew."

I think, Sir, I need give you no further specimen of this society. Whatever may be their merits amongst each other I am yet to learn; I have only presumed to exhibit a sample to you from the judgment of a stranger.

The frequenters of Cromer may yet be distributed into another class; that anomalous and non-descript kind which is found at every place of public resort, and amongst which your correspondent himself has the honour to be enrolled. Here, Sir, we are all *incog.* and conspire pretty generally to keep up the masquerade amongst us. You know very well the old maxim, "*Omne obscurum stat pro magnifico.*" We are not known to each other here, Sir, and too often forget ourselves. We do not retire, as other great men do, to sink into privacy and humble life in the country. No, Mr. Editor, it is here that we emerge to dignity; and, instead of laying aside our honours, for the first time in our lives, perhaps, we assume them.

Monarchs are said frequently to leave their capitals, and pass into distant provinces in the characters of private gentlemen, in order to study the affections of their subjects, and to be rid, for a time, of the embarrassments of pomp; but we, Sir, who frequent watering-places, are of another opinion: when we quit the capital it is to grow great out of it; it is not to enjoy the "*otium cum dignitate*," but the "*dignitas cum otio.*"—A rider, whose course of business carries him through the Eastern counties, sends his

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wife and children before him to Cromer, and takes them up again here in the character of a merchant, has a morning paper sent down to him second-hand from a coffee-house, and betrays the utmost anxiety till he learns the price of stocks. In the universal mixture of society that necessarily occurs in a watering place, nobody knows "*who is who!*" The truly great are always, in such places, shorn of their beams. It is those only that ape them who appear in borrowed characters. But such is the confusion, as I was saying, that it is impossible to keep up distinctions. A swindler may make a bet with my Lord Chancellor, and a black legs invite a bishop to play a game of billiards with him. Cromer, from the smallness of its society, and the scantiness of its accommodations, is happily exempt from these violent intermixtures; but I would have you to know, Sir, that we have still some characters amongst us.

There is a gentleman here, Mr. L. who generally passes three or four months at Cromer, during which times he writes a novel for the circulating libraries, consisting of five or six volumes, and they tell me they are very pretty reading. Here is another, likewise, who is a poet and dramatic writer; he has (for he told me so himself) written eleven plays within these three years, nine of which are now in the hands of the Drury-lane manager; he has not, however, yet received an answer, but expects one every day, and has left word at his lodgings in town, that every two-penny post letter should be instantly forwarded to him.

I could possibly give you some very amusing sketches of character if I had time, or you room to admit them; but I am entrenching on your limits, and shall therefore conclude,

Your obedient servant,

VIATOR.

PICTURE OF LISBON, IN 1796.

LISBON contains a great number of NUNNERIES, but it is not customary to place young ladies in them; they remain with their parents till they marry. They have not, however, the more liberty on this account, for they never go abroad alone, and are never out of the sight of their mothers. There are even some who never go from home not even to church on Sundays, but attend mass in the oratory of their own houses.

This practice might be supposed to secure young females from the dangers of seduction, but a constitution, warm and always precarious, constraint and indolence, develope in them the genius of invention. Being always the friends of the servant maids to whom the care of them is confided, they find means to seduce them. The mother takes a nap after dinner, and sleeps again during the night, and advantage is taken of both these intervals.

In general they cannot write, but they have a language which is perfectly familiar to them. They converse in broad day from their windows with their lovers in the street, without uttering a word; signs are sufficient, and these signs are executed by means of their fingers, with such astonishing quickness and dexterity, that they are able to hold in this manner very long conversations.

They never let slip an opportunity of having a husband, old or young, handsome or ugly, amiable or churlish; they sacrifice the secret lover to the first comer that mentions marrage, firmly resolved to indemnify themselves whenever they can.

The Portuguese women are well made, well proportioned, of a good figure, fair, lively, replete with graces; they have fine eyes, good skin, a kind look, a gentle manner, and an understanding which would appear to great advantage were it only cultivated. Being early exercised in the art of dissembling, they become adepts in it; their countenance is never disconcerted; dissimulation is concealed beneath the mask of innocent candour, never does an indiscreet blush betray their thoughts or disturb their pleasures; they appear to have truth on their lips, but it is rarely in their hearts. They are real Proteuses, assuming whatever form they please, that is, any that suits their private interest. Nevertheless, they are obliging, affectionate, generous; their hearts are so good that they think themselves obliged to make many happy.

A Portuguese lady never goes abroad on foot unattended; she is followed by female servants covered with large cloaks of coarse woollen cloth, who walk behind her like footmen; those who have none of their own hire them when they go out, especially on particular festivals, to attend them to mass. It is in general negro or mulatto women who follow this profession; the usual price is about three pence for each time. It is ludicrous enough to see a woman walking gravely along the streets, followed by four servants, two and two, who observe her steps, imitate her gait, and ape her gravity.

The Portuguese women appear but very little in public except upon such occasions; they are never seen in the public walks, and even at home

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they frequently hide themselves if a man happens to come in. To make amends they shew themselves a good deal at their windows, where they spend three fourths of the day in seeing and being seen. There they are fixed with their arms crossed, bareheaded, let the weather be ever so cold, and in winter with a cloak of coarse cloth thrown over their shoulders. They never take up a needle or a book, but divide the day between the window and a chair, in which they remain supinely seated, oppressed with the weight of indolence and lassitude.

Formerly they never made use of chairs, but squatted on the floor, on rush mats, with their legs crossed or bent back under their thighs This custom is not entirely eradicated, it is still retained by servants and women of the lower order.

The Portuguese are very fond of processions. These solemnities are high days, in particular for the women; they afford them an opportunity to go abroad, to appear in public and exhibit themselves. This they never fail to embrace; they are anxious to present themselves in all their charms, and their toilette engages their whole attention several days beforehand. On the day of the procession every carriage is hired; the women, decked with all their finery, repair to the places where it is to pass; they fill the windows of the balconies, where they display their persons three or four hours before the time. The streets are crowded with men passing and repassing, going and coming; they look, they ogle, they salute, they make signs, which the women, delighted to be taken notice of, answer with eagerness.

These ceremonies give occasion to invitations on the part of the proprietors or tenants of the houses before which the procession is to pass, and produce brilliant and numerous assemblages. When the procession has passed tea is served to the whole company, after which they frequently dance, and the ball is sometimes continued till late at night, even in Lent. Women never go to these assemblies unless they are invited; only the *fidalgas*, that is, the wives of the grandees, invite themselves; they go without ceremony, and take possession of windows and places which were intended for others.

The pleasures of Lisbon are neither numerous nor frequent. The inhabitants seldom have social parties, and still more rarely mingle together in the public walks, in which the Portuguese women never appear, those of foreign nations seldom, and which are but little frequented by the men. Nor are balls more frequent among them.

The Carnival at Lisbon is extremely dull; that season, distinguished in other countries by pleasures more or less diversified, more or less prominent, is here the most monotonous in the whole year. The social parties are not then more numerous or more gay than usual; you hear neither of entertainments nor of assemblies, neither of music nor of balls; the only pleasure in which they indulge consists in sprinkling the passengers, or being sprinkled by those who are at the windows.

In the last week of the Carnival the women of all ranks, especially the ladies, stand at their windows, and throw on the passengers pulverized talc, which adheres to their faces and their clothes. They provide themselves with bladders of gum-elastic, squirts, bottles, pots, pitchers, and saucepans; they throw water, frequently in torrents, on those who are passing in the streets. The passenger is fortunate when he is only inundated; he often receives on his head not only the water but the vessels that contain it.

The Portuguese, accustomed to this kind of gallantry, are satisfied with going out on those days in old clothes or great coats, and screening themselves under large umbrellas. Strangers, less forbearing, sometimes return the compliment with a volley of stones, and not a year passes without broken windows, disputes, and violent scuffles.

Rondas, or patroles, parade the streets, but not for the purpose of hindering this sport; on the contrary they are commissioned to protect these modern Naiads, and to prevent any insult from being offered them. They are even not spared themselves, and they seldom take a turn without being sprinkled.

If the inhabitants of Lisbon have no dancing during the Carnival, they make amends for it in Lent. That season, set apart by the church for abstinence and privations, is chosen by the Portuguese, a people desirous of appearing the most religious in Europe, for dancing. The processions which then take place every week, are the occasion of frequent balls. The Portuguese would not touch meat on any account, but he dances; he is fearful of being deficient in the outward ceremonies of religion, and he indulges in a tumultuous amusement in a season devoted to serious contemplation.

The Portuguese might be supposed to wish to distinguish themselves from other nations by their customs. One instance of this has just been mentioned, here follows another:—In winter the cold is sometimes so intense as to produce frost. It usually rains for three or four months, sometimes for a fortnight or three weeks together. The streets are then filled with water and mud; the humidity penetrates into the house, where it concentrates, and every thing is quite damp. The inhabitants of Lisbon, however,

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have no fires; you would not find thirty fire-places in the whole city. Both men and women remain in their apartments wrapped up in large woollen cloaks; nothing is to be seen but cloaks in the streets, at the theatre, and in the churches.

The following are the differences that may be observed with respect to dress: the women of the lower classes, and the wives of artizans, wear on their heads a white handkerchief, which falls down in a point behind, and is tied before under the chin. They never go out without their cloaks of coarse cloth which reach down to their heels.

Those of a superior condition, and even some of the wives of artizans substitute instead of the cloak a large and ample mantle of black taffeta, which covers the whole body and reaches to the middle of the leg. They either go with the head uncovered, or wear a hat ornamented with a black feather.

Ladies of still higher rank, the wives, sisters, or daughters of merchants, lawyers, physicians, and of the nobility, dress as they please; they follow the French fashion.

With regard to shoes, the women of every class are very particular; they are of silk, more or less covered with spangles and embroidery in gold and silver.

MANNERS OF THE INDIANS.

[*Continued from Page* 267.]

ON the wedding-day, the young couple sit in the pendal by the side of one another. Several vessels full of water and ranged in a circle are set before them. The Bramins, by their prayers, cause the great God and the great Goddess, Chiven and Pervadi, or Wisnou and Katchimi, to descend into the two largest vessels. The inferior deities, such as the Derverqueels are besought to descend into the smaller vessels. Lighted lamps represent Aguini, as the vessels represent the other deities. A fire is kindled with consecrated wood; the Bramins throw butter into it, repeating prayers in the Sanscrit language. The father then puts into his daughter's hand, some betel bananas, a gold pagoda, and then places it upon that of his son-in law. The mother afterwards pours a little water on the hands of the young couple; the father, in the presence of Chiven, of Pervadi, and of all the Derverqueels supposed to have descend into the vessels, and calling the God Aguini to witness, gives his daughter to him whom he has chosen for his son in-law. A Bramin then takes the taly, a kind of conjugal ornament and presents it to the Gods, the Bramins, the relations and all the guests. In presenting it to each of the company, the Bramin repeats these words, in the form of a wish addressed to the bride and bridegroom, "they shall have corn, money, cows, and a numerous progeny."

The husband takes the taly, ties it round his wife's neck, which concludes the marriage. The new married man then swears by the God of Fire, that he will love his wife; who, on her part, promises to be faithful to the nuptial duties, and to imitate Arindaly, whose prudence is revered by the Indians, especially the Talmous, and whose virtues are held forth as an example to wives. When the bride attains the age of puberty, a repetition of the marriage ceremonies takes place. These ceremonies are frequently the ruin of families. When a rich and powerful Indian celebrates a wedding, the Bramins flock thither, often from twenty leagues round. Sonnerat says, that sometimes five or six hundred assemble, who are entertained for several days.

All this pomp is merely to gratify vanity. The Indian finds not therein that happy tranquillity which is the object of his wishes, and therefore joyfully returns to the solitude of his habitation. All his pleasures centre in his family. Indolence is his highest good, he seeks neither to distract nor to confuse himself with important or trifling affairs. He experiences no wants either of mind or body. You may see a young Indian, lying for whole days, in a cool part of his house, surrounded by his family, and doing nothing but smoking his oricka or chewing betel. This uniformity of life, is sometimes interrupted by a visit from one or two neighbours, who, like the master of the house, apply to the betel-box. It may be supposed that mirth never presides at these parties. The conversation is neither animated nor instructive. "Words," says an eastern proverb, "are like medicines; which if used in moderation do good, but if multiplied are prejudicial." The wife, on her part, enjoys no greater pleasure than to have with her a goldsmith to make her trinkets; which in a country where a workman requires so little apparatus; is a taste very easily gratified. Whilst he is blowing his small bellows, casting, hammering, and soldering the gold or silver given him for that purpose, the lady never leaves him a moment;

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if he has a job of some importance he is often surrounded by all the inhabitants in the neighbourhood; the hour of dinner alone can induce them to quit this attracting spectacle.

Their meals afford nothing to excite the appetite or gratify the palate of an European. Their principal food is rice steeped and boiled in water; sometimes to make up for the insipidity of that article the Indian family adds a few dishes highly seasoned with spices. Rice-water, into which they put great quantities of long pepper and salt is their ordinary beverage. After the repast they drink a kind of sherbet. Wine and strong liquors are banished from Indian entertainments. The service of the table consists of a mat spread upon the ground; large banana leaves serve them for napkins, and as we have mentioned above they have nothing but their hands to eat with. Having no other view then to appease hunger, they never press one another to eat, and their simple repasts never degenerate into debauchery. The hour that follows their frugal dinner is entirely devoted to digestion; it is spent in listless inactivity, and an Indian would not break in upon this state of repose to preserve his house from the ravages of a conflagration.

The furniture of the house agrees exactly with the service of the table, and even amongst great families, there is nothing to be seen but a few carpets and cushions, some copper or silver vessels to hold water to drink, a small box for the wife's trinkets, another for the apparatus of the toilette, a large chest to hold the clothes of the whole family, and an oricka, or great pipe for the master of the house. The house is correspondent to the furniture. It is very low and has no other embellishment than the whiteness of its walls. The family commonly assembles in a kind of gallery two or three feet from the ground, running round the inside of the house, which is built in form of a square, and surrounds a court-yard; the apartments are very small, lighted only by diminutive windows, looking into the court, and which are sometimes fastened up through jealousy, as they are strangers to glass. The luxury of Indian houses, a luxury commanded by the Gods, is their excessive cleanliness; an Indian always goes out of doors to spit, and pulls off his slippers before he enters the house.

The family never goes abroad except early in the morning, or in the evening, when the heat of the day is over, either to bathe, to pay visits, or to spend a few hours in a neighbour's garden; but upon all these occasions you always see them passive, without any other enjoyment than that of a perfect and invariable tranquility.

M. Henriehs, from whom we have taken great part of these particulars, became acquainted, at Madras, with a farmer-general of tobacco, one of the wealthiest Indians in that place. In consequence of his commercial connections with the first English bankers, he had opportunities of beholding their luxury, and attempted to imitate them, yet without changing his habits or mode of life in any respect. Amongst other objects of luxury, he erected, in a beautiful garden he had in the neighbourhood of the town, a pavilion in the Italian style; this pavilion was finished in the European manner. To display his wealth, and at the same time to eclipse the Europeans, he was not contented with mahogany furniture; his chairs, stools, tables, and bureaus, were of ivory inlaid with ebony and gold; the floors were covered with the richest Japan carpets; the most valuable paintings and busts, placed around the saloon, struck the beholder with admiration; the tables were loaded with time pieces and other productions of art, from England or China; great numbers of looking-glasses were suspended from the cieling; in short, the whole was such a medley that, although disposed with a kind of symmetry, you would rather suppose it a furniture warehouse than a drawing-room. The bed-chamber contained a bed corresponding with the furniture of the saloon, and perhaps the most costly that ever was seen; whatever could be wished for was to be found there; an adjoining apartment was richly furnished in the Turkish style, with red velvet cushions, embroidered with gold, and covered with muslin cases. Perhaps the possessor of this beautiful place may be supposed to have enjoyed this pomp; in the midst of his riches he was like a Ryot, brought by chance into a palace; he was the guardian, not the proprietor, of the house; he sometimes visited the magnificent apartments, but he spent most of his time with his friends, seated upon mats, in the gallery of his pavilion, the doors of which stood open to give strangers an opportunity of admiring the luxury of the furniture, which appeared as if exposed for sale, and was enjoyed by nobody. It has been observed that the Indian is always merely a spectator, and an indifferent spectator.

It will always appear incomprehensible, that amidst the eternal inactivity of these people, an Indian is a stranger to *ennui*, that bane of European societies, but he seems formed purposely for indolence. None of the objects that please Europeans has charms for him: he appears to exist less by means of his senses than of his soul. An Indian would infallibly fall asleep at our most interesting operas; and the happiness of chewing betel would make him think all our entertainments insipid.

In our noisy circles, we go in quest of that pleasure, happiness, or comfort, that we cannot find within ourselves: fortunately for the Indian

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he is so formed as to find all these in his own heart. We let our happiness give us the slip, as it were, amidst tumult and confusion; on the contrary, an Indian seems to study, to examine, to get acquainted with himself. It would be difficult to say which is the most melancholy of the two, he who finds his joy within himself, or he who is incessantly obliged to quit himself in order to find it.

The restless sentiment of curiosity would but ill agree with the indolence of the Indian; thus he is far from inquisitive. The most he does is to listen to stories related by faquiers, or the news of the town by his servants. You may see men whose sole recreation consists in carrying about a bird for a day together, and feeding it with the hand; and others amusing themselves with a cup and ball, or any other diversion. Labour being the portion allotted to the poor, the rich enjoy the idea that they are happy in the eyes of the rest of mankind.

A library is very rarely to be met with in an Indian's house. The library of the Indian rajahs, says Cardonne, consists of a vast number of volumes; it would require a hundred camels to remove it. A rajah, a friend to learning, requested a scientific man to select the substance of every book, and to compile a more portable library: he accordingly made extracts, forming not more than ten camels' load. Another king thinking it still too voluminous, commissioned a Bramin to make further abridgments, and he reduced the whole library to four maxims:

1. Justice ought to be the soul of a King's actions, it produces tranquillity in his dominions, and excites love in the hearts of his subjects. Injustice, on the contrary, is the source of all trouble, and alienates men's minds from him.

2. A state cannot subsist if the morals of those who compose it are depraved. Vain would be the attempt to enforce the authority of the law. A rajah ought therefore to prevent corruption from insinuating itself amongst his subjects. A virtuous nation is always a faithful one.

3. The only means of preserving health, that most precious blessing, is to eat when the appetite requires, and to give over before it is completely satisfied.

4. The virtue of a wife consists in having a retreat to secure her from the temptation of opportunity; invisible to all but her husband, she ought to be so scrupulous as even to refrain from looking at a man were he even more beautiful than an angel.

[*To be continued.*]

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE MAN OF WORTH.

LET others skill'd in epic song
Each val'rous deed rehearse,
Or soar'd midst battles ruthless throng
Chaunt high the blood-stain'd verse:
To gentler strains, from nature's lyre,
The votive muse gives birth;
Urg'd by a chaster, holier fire,
And sings *The Man of Worth.*

No trumpet sounds his hallow'd name,
No pomp surrounds his gates—
No senseless fashion hands to fame
His chalkel-floors, or fetes!
No principles debasing man,
No luxury taints his mirth—
Nor mad ambition warps the plan,
Fram'd by *The Man of Worth.*

No labourer waiting at his door
Demands in vain his hire—
No levery'd locusts rob the poor,
Of what their wants require.

No courtier he, of pliant knee,
Cringing to power, or birth—
Nor despot proud, nor rebel free,
Points out *The Man of Worth.*

No care worn wretch by sorrow led,
Claims his support in vain;
Nor meagre want by promise fed,
Is banish'd with disdain.
No friend borne down by adverse fate,
Of kindness finds a dearth—
Nor jealous pride, nor envious hate,
Dwells with *The Man of Worth.*

No female, trusting to his vows,
Her easy faith deplores;
His love through honour's channel flows,
On virtue's pinion soars.
As lover, relative, and friend,
Dear ties! which bind to earth!
Trust me, ye fair! they ne'er can blend
But in *The Man of Worth.*

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When fops shall flatter to deceive,
And passion urge its flame—
When specious love the sigh shall heave,
And fond attention claim—
Ah! heed not thou the varied lure,
Offspring of sordid birth!
Nor deem thy tenderness secure,
Save, with *The Man of Worth.*

If blest with wealth, or rank, or pow'r,
His liberal hand bestows
Aid in necessity's cold hour,
And heals her varied woes;
Or if mysterious fate denies
The meed of wealth, or birth,
A richer boon the heart supplies,
To bless *The Man of Worth.*

Pity's warm tear!—compassion's sigh!
Affection's softest charm!
Love-searching looks, which quick descry,
And the mute wish disarm!
Sweet'ners of life! soothers of care!
Gems of celestial birth!
Happy the female doom'd to share
These with *The Man of Worth.*

Then if my wayward fate bestows,
The recompensing hour;
And grants the liberty that flows
From bliss within our pow'r;
Pity to heaven shall waft my pray'r,
And plead, that while on earth,
This weary heart may rest from care,
Safe with *The Man of Worth.*

And when life's embers faintly glow,
When death prepares his sting—
When the tir'd arteries cease to flow,
Nor friends can succour bring;
When on the bosom faint I lie
Of him belov'd on earth,
The fault'ring pray'r, and ling'ring sigh,
Shall bless *The Man of Worth.*

B.

LINES PLACED OVER A SIDEBOARD.

Let social mirth with gentle manners join,
Unstunn'd by laughter, uninflam'd by wine;
Let reason, unimpair'd, exert its powers,
But let gay fancy strew the way with flowers.
Far hence the wag's and witling's scurrile jest,
Whose noise and nonsense shock the decent guest:
True wit and humour such mean helps decline,
Nor will the Graces owe their charms to wine.
Fools fly to drink, in native dulness sunk:
In vain—they're ten times greater fools when drunk!
Thus free from riot, innocently gay,
We'll neither wish nor fear our final day.

LOVE.

If misers find a joy in wealth,
Be theirs the golden griefs to prove,
Be mine the pleasures known to health,
When heighten'd by the bliss of love.

Should angry war's destructive roar,
Spread desolation thro' the grove;
Returning peace will please us more,
If shar'd with those we truly love.

If pain o'erwhelms the wounded mind,
If round us untold mis'ries move;
Still will the breast a comfort find,
When love is sooth'd by those we love.

These blessings, Love, belong to thee,
Thy hopes and fears 'tis joy to prove;
If thine is bondage, who'd be free?
To me then, thou art welcome, Love.

July 1, 1806. J. M. L.

LINES,

Addressed by a Gentleman to his Wife, on the Anniversary of their Wedding-day, when he presented her with a Ring.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed;
So sixteen years ago I said,
Behold another ring!—for what?
"To wed thee o'er again, why not?"
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth,
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd!
And all my Mary then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that doubled merit now
To justify a double vow.

A SONG.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESSES.

Tell Phillis, when she says I boast
What she would fain not know,
'Tis lest her bounty should be lost
My gratitude I shew.

Tell Daphne, when she doubts my love,
And fears her rover lost,
To her alone I'll constant prove
Who trusts to me the most.

Tell Chloe, when she says I turn
To rivals bright as she,
That not for Chloe should I burn,
But for variety.

Tell her—(but whom I know not yet)—
Who shall these vows engage,
'Tis prudent to provide the net,
But wiser still the cage.

LOTHARIO.

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TO MARY,

ON RETURNING TO THE COUNTRY.

SINCE thou art come, delightful maid,
Of ev'ry beauteous thing the queen,
To trip it o'er the verdant glade,
Or muse amid the woods unseen—

Kind nature spreads her blessings round,
And greets with smiles her fav'rite child;
With violets the fields abound,
And even roses blossom wild!

The red-breast, thy peculiar care,
With singing strains his little throat;
The tow'ring lark, high pois'd in air,
Swells to thy charms his ev'ry note.

The shepherd, as he sees thee pass,
Amaz'd beholds thy matchless pow'rs;
And deeply sighs for such a lass
To cheer him in the wint'ry hours.

When across the dreary plain
The howling tempest wings its flight,
Or when the strong incessant rain
Pours throughout the deluged night;

Then Fancy paints how great the joy,
How full of rapture and of bliss,
In such sad hours as those to toy,
To give and take the melting kiss,

To seek upon her downy breast
Oblivion of his daily care,
And, lull'd by tenderness to rest,
Ejaculate a lover's pray'r.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

SONG TO SOPHIA.

WHEN to conquer thi heart you essay'd
By your charms, irresistible Sophy,
At the very first sally you made,
You bore off my heart as a trophy.

As you shower'd love's darts from your eyes,
I felt an emotion so tender,
That I panted to yield as your prize,
And a sigh soon confess'd my surrender.

From thee, soft enslaver to part,
Death sure is a trial severer,
For the chains that have fetter'd my heart
Are blessings than liberty dearer.

Forbear the fond slave to remove,
But send me your heart as a token,
And the treaty, when witness'd by love,
By no jealous foe shall be broken.

Then let each rude bick'ring cease,
Which our bosoms united would sever,
Let a smile be the prelude of peace,
And a kiss seal the compact for ever.

CASIMIR.

MEMORY.

AT the mild close of dewy eve,
While the last sun-beam lingers near,
The wild and noisy throng I leave,
To think of scenes to Memory dear.

When on the clear blue arch of heaven,
O'er the high trees the stars appear;
I love those hours to sorrow given,
To think of scenes to Memory dear.

Oft to the dove's sad tales I list,
Drop to her fabled woes a tear,
And, careless of the night-dew's mist,
I think of scenes to Memory dear.

Then as the full moon sails on high,
And brings to view the prospect drear,
Oft echo will repeat the sigh
That heaves for friends to Memory dear.

And when the close of life draws nigh,
The thoughts of them my heart shall cheer;
And my last fault'ring accents sigh,
Peace to the friends to Memory dear.

When o'er my form the green turfs swell,
If e'er my friends should wander near,
Will they in moving accents tell,
How died the friend to Memory dear.

THE EXILE.

YE hills of my country, soft fading in blue;
The seats of my childhood, for ever adieu!
Yet not for a brighter your skies I resign,
When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine:
But sacred to me is the roar of the wave
That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave;
Where the blasts of the trumpets for battles combine,
And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguil'd,
Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild;
For nature is nought to the eye of despair
But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air:
Again, ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
Ye shall bloom to the morn, tho' ye bloom not for me;
Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the stream,
Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
The bowers where the days of my happiness flew;
Where my soul found her partner, and hop'd to bestow
The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe!
Too faithful records of times that are past,
The Eden of love that was ever to last!
Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
And the young and the happy be worshippers still.

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To me ye are lost! but your summits of green
Shall charm thro' the distance of many a scene,
In woe, and in wandering, and deserts, return,
Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn!
Ye hills of my country, farewell evermore!
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged shore,
And ask of the hovering gale if it come
From the oak-tow'ring woods on the mountains of home. B.

THE QUEEN OF THE WAVES.

RECLIN'D on a rock of her sea-beaten isle,
Britannia survey'd the profound;
Saw Freedom and Virtue and Industry smile,
And in transport she gaz'd all around—
While the murmurs, arising from Ocean's dark caves,
Hoarse sounded "Britannia reigns Queen of the Waves."

To hear once again the brave acts of her sons,
Exulting she flies o'er the ball:
No shores, whether friendly or hostile, she shuns;
Their fame had extended to all:
And oft in her flight, as in Ocean she laves,
The Tritons still hail her as "Queen of the Waves."

The Sea Nymphs arose with their reed-braided hair,
Green Neptune deserted his cell,
Heavy whales in loose gambols around her appear,
And Amphitrite sounded her shell;
Emerging, they sing from their crystalline caves,
Britannia reign ever the "Queen of the Waves."

But Chief, 'midst her heroes, wherever she goes,
She hears her Horatio's proud name;
Fame's numberless voices in concert arose,
Nor sufficed his great deeds to proclaim—
They sounded, "with Heroes so dauntless and brave,
"Britannia reign ever the Queen of the Wave."

Her course, overjoyed at his praises, she steers,
To see her brave Son o'er the main;
When off Cape Trafalgar, exulting she hears
That her Hero's victorious again!
Then tell the proud Despot to rule o'er his slaves,
Nor dare to contend with the "Queen of the "Waves."

With grief soon she learnt that her Hero had died,
The tears gush'd in floods from her eyes;
His deeds were too bright for a mortal, she cried,
His reward must be sought in the skies;
The warriors that fell still exclaim from their graves,
"Britannia reign ever the Queen of the Waves."

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

THE state of the nation and foreign affairs has not undergone much change since our last. It a few weeks past there was some doubt with regard to the disposal of Holland, and the Mouths of the Cataro, these points have now been settled in the manner which might have been expected. Holland is become a kingdom under the sovereignty of one of the branches of the House of Napoleon; and the Mouths of the Cataro have been surrendered to the Austrians, as a preliminary to their final surrender to the French. Nothing can better shew the imbecility both of the Austrians and Russians, as well as on the other side the arrogance of the French Chief. It must be remembered that the Mouths of the Cataro belong to neither of these three Powers who have been in this long contention for them; Cataro is in the dominions of the Grand Seignior, the habitation of the Montenegrians, a kind of half-civilized barbarians, on the eastern side of Europe. Thus we see two Powers seizing what does not belong to them, and a third demanding it as his own, in a tone of arbitrary authority.

The new kingdom of Holland will not have less effect on the further consolidation of the French power. Holland, even whilst a province of France, retained a slight degree of their former independence; her union with the French empire was less strict, and it required much management and dexterity, to bring her force to bear on any common point with France; reluctance and counteraction subtracted much from the strength of this addition to the French force. Holland, restored nominally to her independence, and having a king of her own, will be enabled to bring a greater force into the field;

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she will exert herself at the call of a king and senate of her own, when she would not do so at the summons of a foreign power. The army thus raised will not be less than hitherto at the disposal of France.

The situation of our domestic affairs is much varied from what it was in the preceding month. The Parliament and Ministry have been more than usually active, and a greater number of bills have been passed than have perhaps ever occurred in the same period of time. The Training Bill has given the last finish to the military system of Mr. Windham. It is well known that the intention of this bill is to comprehend under military discipline every class of society; the whole nation is to be balloted, and 200,000 names to be transferred to the recruiting Serjeant. In a word, this act begins in confusion, and, we fear, must terminate in disappointment. The Property Act has at length passed, but much modified from its original severity; it is still, however, an iron rod, and bears with oppressive rigour on the shoulders of the multitude; we say multitude, because, in fact, it is chiefly on the multitude that it attaches. Indeed there is scarcely any order of society, however low, that is exempted from this infliction. It is certainly the most productive of all the war taxes, and we should not be surprised, in the course of another year, to see it augmented to 20 or 25 per cent. The act for the suspension of the navigation laws, and encouragement of American intercourse, have much altered our commercial system. Our West India ports are hereafter to be opened to American ships; but how far this may affect the shipping interest of Great Britain, is a question which this is not the proper place to determine

A further progress has been made towards the abolition of the African Slave Trade. A resolution has passed both Houses, that this trade is contrary to every principle of humanity, and expressing the firm purpose of the two Houses to concur in the benevolent efforts of his Majesty to accomplish the abolition of so unnatural and so inhuman a traffic. It is asserted by the advocates of this traffic, that this step will accelerate the ruin of these islands; this we believe, but it may be said on the other hand, that the present stock, by more humane treatment, may be kept up. If it can be kept up, where is the injury the abolition will produce? If it cannot be kept up, it must be owing to the insalubrity and the nature of the work that is expected from them. If the insalubrity of the climate, and the nature of the labour expected from them, be thus mortal, checking all future generation, and intercepting their lives in the middle of their days, how great must that injustice be which tears them from their native home, and exposes them to such a fate. So that the sum of the argument is reduced to this,—either that the abolition will be productive of no harm to the West India planters, or if it does them injury, this injury only consists in their being deprived of what they unjustly hold.

There now remains but one subject more,—the progress of the war towards the conclusion of peace. During the whole of the present month this question has been much agitated, and the reports of its accomplishment have been kept alive by the daily arrival and return of messengers from both sides. It is impossible yet to say how this negociation will conclude, but if a conjecture may be hazarded, the demands of the French Government are such as will be repugnant to the honour of this country to comply with. It will surely never be expected of us to surrender Malta, the immediate object of the contest. We are not a conquered Power, we are scarcely to be considered even as a baffled one. One of the objects of the war, and that not the least important, the possession of Malta, has been obtained. We hope that no English minister will ever be found to surrender this; and we are persuaded that France will not, in the present moment, make peace without it. The security of the Mediterranean is necessarily connected with the possession of Malta. Malta is to Turkey and Egypt what Gibraltar is to the Levant trade.

The Cape of Good Hope is of equal importance to this country in the present situation of affairs. The ambition of the French is not confined to Europe; it is well known that our Indian possessions have long been the object of their eager envy. The Cape of Good Hope, in possession of the French or Dutch, their sure ally, might give a dangerous facility to any attack upon this quarter. It is well known that during the life of Tippoo Saib, the intrigues of the French, from the Isle of France, excited great troubles in India, and led to the ruin of the kingdom of Mysore. Of all men the native princes of India are most exposed to seduction from the intrigues of the French. The system of administration in India, as far as it regards their federal politics, is, to say the least of it, very oppressive; it cannot, therefore, be expected that it can be patiently submitted to by princes who have been accustomed to consider themselves as the independent masters of the soil. One or other of the Mahratta chiefs are always at hand to give trouble to the Company, and the vicinity of a foreign auxiliary might convert these troubles into real dangers. We hope these considerations will be weighed before the Cape is surrendered to the demands of the French or Dutch.

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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JULY.

HAYMARKET.

THE only novelty of this Theatre, which we have occasion to notice, is the Three-act Comedy from the fertile pen of Mr. T. Dibdin. On Wednesday, the 9th of June, this entertaining piece was presented to the public, under the title of *The Finger-Post; or, Five Miles Off.* The most prominent of the characters are,

Squire Flail	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Sordid	Mr. GROVE.
Kalendar	Mr. FAWCETT.
Andrew	Mr. NOBLE.
Edward	Mr. REA.
Luckless	Mr. DE CAMP.
Spriggins	Mr. MATTHEWS.
O'Guislet	Mr. DENMAN.
Flourish	Mr. LISTON.
Thief	Mr. HATTON.
Prudence Flail	Mrs. POWELL.
Mary Flail	Mrs. MATTHEWS.
Laura Luckless	Miss TYRER.
Jenny	Mrs. GIBBS.

Mr. Frankland, a country gentleman, misled by *Old Sordid*, his steward, disinherits his son, and leaves his estate deeply mortgaged, and entirely in the power of the man who had deceived him. *Young Frankland*, whose irregularities had been privately abetted by his betrayer, thus finds himself left at the mercy of the world; and the intelligence is farther embittered by a letter from *Squire Flail*, father of the Female he had been promised, disclaiming an alliance with the natural son of the false Steward, who, to conceal the connection which gave him birth, had brought his child up in ignorance of his parents *Edward Frankland* sets out for *Harvest Hall*, the seat of *Squire Flail*, in hopes to soften his determination *Luckless (Sordid's Son)* is also led thitherward, by an advertisement from his father, who journeys towards the same place to forward the treaty of marriage in favour of his son. *Edward*, on his road, rescues *Mary Flail* from a ruffian, but so far from prevailing on her father to relent, *Flail* only ironically promised that, if *Edward*, within twelve hours, can produce a freehold tenement, an acre of land, and one article of live stock, within six miles of *Harvest Hall*, he shall have the hand of his daughter.

Mr *Kalendar*, a Mathematical, Philosophical oddity, and a very warm friend to *Edward*, discovers a half obsolete forest law, which enables him to assist the young man in fulfilling, on a small scale, the above hard conditions in the given time, and without purchase.

Sordid and Son, being severally misled on their journey, by a wrong-painted finger-post, five miles from the Hall, are sufficiently delayed to give time for the accomplishment of *Edward's* plan. *Sordid*, fearful of being robbed, hides his money and some valuable papers on the very spot over which *Edward's* temporary mansion is afterwards erected, as part of the stipulation required by *Squire Flail*, and the title deeds of *Edward's* paternal property being found under his newly-raised roof among the other papers concealed by *Sordid*, whose son proves to be already married, an accommodation is effected between all parties.

The piece takes its title from an incident which occurs to *Old Sordid*, through the stupidity of an Irish carpenter, and of a sign-painter, who is one of the people called Quakers. These men put up in the forest a finger-post, the top of which is moveable, and goes round like a turnstile with the wind. *Sordid* comes up to the place where it is erected, and follows the guidance of one of its fingers which is lettered "To Harvest-hall," but which unluckily happens to be at that time in a wrong direction. It is during the journey which this mistake occasions, that the incidents occur of which we have given an account.

The dialogue of this piece abounds with the quibbles and puns that of late have been so prevalent on the stage. Some of the equivoques are much better than the common class of such things; and perhaps it is not saying too much to pronounce that this is the most entertaining play, if not the most classical comedy, which has made its appearance for several years. Every assistance has been afforded it by the performers, who were indeed in almost every instance excellent. Fawcett's *Kalendar* was truly original. *John Spriggins*, in the underplot, which is constituted by his attachment to *Jenny*, was admirably represented by Matthews. The Irish carpenter was a bad imitation of that long-established favourite Johnstone. The Quaker, and particularly in the song, was after the best manner of that chaste performer, Liston; and we cannot help noticing, with the highest praise, the acting of Mr. Hatton in the *Thief*. Indeed, if we were not afraid of hazarding such an opinion, on such a character, we should call it, not acting, but nature itself.

The piece was extremely well received, and has continued to attract overflowing audiences ever since its production.

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London Parisian Summer Fashions for 1806

Printed expressly for La Belle Assemblée & Published for John Bell.
Weekly Messenger Office Southampton Street Strand Aug.st 1.1806.

A Particular Description of these dresses will be found in
La Belle Assemblée for August 1.st 1806.

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Opera Evening full Dress.

Engraved expressly from Original Drawings for La Belle Assemblée August 1st 1808.

Printed for John Bell Strand by Messenger & Son.

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For AUGUST, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

No. 1.—A Morning Walking Dress.

THE first figure represents a morning Walking Dress, with a straw hat, ornamented round the crown with wreaths of flowers, and the rim trimmed with plaited lace; blue silk handkerchief tied under the chin. Short white muslin gown, trimmed round the neck, with a frill of lace; short full sleeves; the waist confined with a blue ribband, tied in front; gloves and shoes of the same.

No. 2.—A Parisian Walking Dress.

The second figure represents a Parisian walking dress. A straw hat, trimmed with a white ribband, and ornamented in front with a bunch of wild flowers. A fancy white muslin gown, embroidered at the bottom with open work embroidery; sleeves embroidered with the same work. A plaited muslin spenser, in the form of a neck-handkerchief, confines the waist; large blue shawl with an Egyptian embroidery; tanned leather gloves; nankin shoes, embroidered on the instep, and covering the ancles.

The top hat, No. 3, represents a fancy straw hat, turned up in the front, and trimmed with white ribbands. The under one, No. 4, represents a prevalent white muslin bonnet, trimmed with white lace and rose-coloured ribbands.

No. 5.—An Opera Dress.

The first figure represents an Opera Dress; the head-dress consists of a trencher-hat, made of crimson silk, ornamented with pearls at the four corners; the hair hanging in curls at the sides; a white India muslin gown, trimmed round the neck with crimson sarsnet, and fastened with diamonds; short full sleeves, turned up, and ornamented with a bow of the same; a bow also of the same is attached in front. White gloves and shoes.

N. 6.—Full Evening Dress.

The second figure represents a lady in a full evening *costume*; her hair dressed in *bandeaux* of plaited hair, a diamond star placed in front. A white muslin gown, short full sleeves, sloped low round the neck, confined in front with a large diamond. An India shawl; white gloves and shoes.

Of the two turbans on the side of the plate, one is made of light blue crape, and the other of white silk.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

There is at present little occasion for full dress in London. The Hulan cap, in white and colours, is sufficient dress for any place. Muslin and lenon turbans, ornamented with pearls, and open crowns, with square veils; lace caps, with flowers of various descriptions; some are lined with coloured silks, and trimmed with shaded mistake ribband; coloured silk caps trimmed with lace, and ornamented with flowers of the same colour, continue to be more worn than ever. Muslin hats, and veils tied round the crown in the same manner as the Virgins of the Sun, bound with shaded mis ake ribband, which, falling gracefully from the head, forms a mantle or drapery over the shoulders; coloured lenon mantles, bound with ribband to match, are more elegant than white.

Morning dresses continue to be made high in the neck, long sleeves, and no trains, but hand-

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somely worked, or tucked round the bottom; the white, with coloured borders, are more fashionable than genteel.

Coloured lenons and crape dresses, ornamented with patent beads, are very elegant over white sarsnet slips; patent lace, and Imperial dresses are also in high favour; the style of making, perfectly plain and simple, it is utterly impossible to describe which is most fashionable, every colour is equally worn; a scarf or mantle of some light and elegant colour, is become almost indispensable.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Many yellow straw bonnets are worn, and are much more numerous than straw hats; the bonnets are edged with fancy straw, a white ribband constitutes their only additional ornament. Cambric bonnets are, indeed, unniversal. Wild flowers, and those of the season, are *à la mode*; ears of corn and oats, poppy and blue-bottle flowers, and all other wild flowers are general. The trimming of gowns are composed of open work; on short sleeves the open work ornament extends from one end of the sleeve to the other; short sleeves are worn much puffed up, and hang loose on the arm. Embroidered gowns are exclusively confined to full dress; daffodil, lark's-feet, rose-bud, or wild flowers, are the models for embroidery. Morning dress, however, totally precludes embroidery, and consists of a plain white gown, without any kind of ornament. The designs that are embroidered on bonnets, and the ribbands that ornament hats, are crossed one on the top of the other, and are disposed in a kind of arbour-work, which shades the *belles* from the severity of the sun. Many neck-handkerchiefs are worn, which, in the front, forms the stomacher, crosses on the back, and is tied behind like a sash. These neck-handkerchiefs are embroidered in small dotted work. Many hats are worn with scarcely any crown, they are very much distinguished by a very large bow of taffeta ribbands, placed in the front. These kinds of hats are worn with gowns that ascend to the neck, and that are trimmed with a Spanish plaiting; five or six rows of twisted cotton is interwoven at the bottom of cambric or muslin gowns; the same kind of ornament is frequently placed round the rims of bonnets. Many cambric aprons, resembling a frock, are worn; they are embroidered round the waists and sleeves, and are ornamented at the edges.

Among the jewels the Parisian *élégantes* adopted a short time since in full dress, the chains attached to a quiver are coming again into vogue; they are sometimes worn round the head, sometimes in wreaths, and sometimes as a neck-collar; these golden quivers are never worn but when the arrows are made of diamonds; thus an *élégante*, with one ornament, has the advantage of converting it to various purposes. Fashionable undress enacts white and flesh-colour shoes, or sloe and nankin, the latter must cover the ancle; white cotton stockings are indispensable for morning dress. The hair is ornamented with a tasty plain shell-comb. Nothing is more fashionable for riding on horseback than an ash-coloured habit, green, however, is somewhat prevalent; the buttons are either worked or covered with the same as the habit.

The following hair head-dresses is much esteemed among the higher ranks of Parisians, and may be made of hair of a moderate length: the hair is separated from the middle of the head to the nape of the neck, a small piece of hair is reserved to make a twist, and confines the six or eight twists which forms the *ensemble* of the head-dress; the ends of the hair must be frizzed into a cork-screw; the hair being well separated, combed, and smoothed at the sides, is confined in that position by a ribband till the twists of hair are formed; after which the garland is placed; the diadem should be slanted on the left side of the head; the twists of hair are then attached to admit extremities within, and to bring out the frizzing between the twists of hair, so as to suspend below the shoulders on the neck; after which a pin is placed instead of a comb.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

White and delicate rose colours are the most prevalent. The flowers in fashion are roses, the white rose is as frequently worn as the red; and the most esteemed perfume for the hair is essence of roses.

With the exception of full dress, hats of every kind maintain their large rims; bonnets continue also to have large peaks. Cambric bonnets are as often ornamented with lace as a small plain edging, and are as frequently seen without trimming. Straw hats are embroidered in various colours, others are covered with fancy stuff to resemble shells, but the most of them are quite plain. White straw hats are lined with taffeta, and the peak embellished with numberless openings, through which puckered ribbands are placed, without any order, but for the most part have certain distances allotted them. Bonnets made of straw and silk, yellow, gold, and white, delicate yellow and white, and yellow and rose, are considered elegant; they are, however, not much adopted, but it is pro-

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bable that they may become very fashionable. Other bonnets, and more in vogue, are those *bubbled up*, if we may use the expression, with taffeta, and divided into large sides, with tresses of yellow straw.

Many small coloured neck-handkerchiefs are worn, which are thrown sometimes on one shoulder, and as often on the other.

Leather gloves of all colours are universal, pea green and rose colours have, however, the preference.

Shoes which hitherto had round toes, now resemble the beak of a swan. Green shoes, have their admirers, and are much in vogue.

A LETTER ON DRESS,

From a Young Lady resident in London, to her Friend in the Country.

I HAVE imposed on myself a heavy task, my dear Caroline, by agreeing to send you a regular communication of fashions. So capricious is the humour of the varying goddess, so changeable and versatile are the forms she assumes, that while I am tracing her habit of to-day, it is not unlikely but she intrudes on my sight her more elegant costume of to-morrow. In the days of our sober ancestors, negligées, fly-caps, ruffled-caps, sugar-loaf shapes, and high-heeled shoes, formed the sum total of fashionable description. But in these fluctuating times, you scarcely meet two females in like attire; and singularity and novelty seem the order of the day. However, there is a *tout ensemble*, which marks the women of fashion, and which consists in a well-chosen, well-arranged, and well-united costume, under the regulation of a good taste. There is a general standard for style and effect, though not for the article by which it is in part constituted: and this I will endeavour to delineate for the benefit and amusement of my rusticated friend.

As I have lately been admitted to form one in the train of Cupid and Hymen (the fair daughter of my noble host having entered the lists a fortnight since), it will be a more regular mode of proceeding to begin with a description of bridal decoration. Lady Louisa, you have heard me say, is a very lovely creature. She completed her nineteenth year on the day of her marriage; and her union bore the happy sanction of parental approbation. Her figure accords with the general taste of the times, and is tall, round, and graceful. She was adorned with the most simple elegance for the marriage ceremony; and wore a robe of plain muslin of uncommon delicacy, made a walking length; a broad footing lace was introduced round the bottom, finished with four little tucks. The bosom and short sleeve quite plain, except that four tucks, to correspond with the bottom of the dress, terminates the latter. The long sleeve, and shirt, were of lace; a pigeon-broach of embossed gold, the eyes of the bird of brilliants, fastened the shirt at the collar, and the robe at the bosom; and a gold chain of delicate workmanship, with diamond studs, confined the long sleeve at the wrist. Her profusion of fine hair (which is of the bright auburn) was fastened on the crown of her head in a hard twisted cord with a comb of embossed gold; a few curls in front shaded her finely polished forehead. A lace veil of the finest fabric, and very long, was negligently thrown over her during the ceremony; and her shoes and gloves were of kid, the colour of straw. Lord George (her husband) presented her with a gourd ring of the finest brilliants; but the Eutopian ring, given her by the Dowager, her mother-in-law, is the most splendid ornament of the kind I ever saw, and is now anxiously sought for by all our women of fashion; it consists of one row of precious stones set separately, in the form of a hoop; each stone the size of a small pea. Lady Louisa's is formed of the diamond, ruby, emerald, amethyst, topaz, sapphire, and cornelian, and has a most attractive and brilliant effect.

After the ceremony we all set out, a family party, for the country residence of Lord George, near Windsor; where we dined and stayed the week. On our arrival the bride changed her dress to the following:—A train dress of Moravian worked muslin, over white sarsnet; the sleeves very short, slightly looped up in front, with a small pearl broach; the bosom made high and the back low, a plaiting of net round, and fastened down at the corners of the bosom, with a broach similar to that on the sleeves, giving that wide appearance which constitutes the Cleopatra bust, now so much admired and imitated. Her necklace and earrings were of pearl, armlets and bracelets of the same, with antique studs. The hair was now worn in front, with a few simple curls falling on the left eyebrow, a cornet of pearl in front. The hair behind was still twisted in a tight cord, and fastened with a pearl comb; from the edge of which was suspended a transparent veil of fine lace which crossed the hair behind, and flowing over the back, fell on one side so as to shade partially the profile; her shoes and gloves were of white kid.

Thus, my dear Caroline, have I finished my sketch of a fashionable exterior. On the internal decorations of Lady Louisa, I could be still more

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prolix, but in pourtraying her amiable unobtrusive qualities, I should not delineate a fashionable woman, but the female of polished manners, extensive acquirements, well-regulated mind, and warm heart. But to proceed with the fulfilment of my treaty, and give you a more general account of the present fashionable attire; and, first, let me beg of you to lay aside your Spanish cloak for the more modern one called the Gipsy. It is somewhat of the Spanish form, but much longer, extending nearly to the bottom of the petticoat. It is made with a hood, around which, as well as the cloak, is a broad hem, through which is laid a ribband the colour of the bonnet or hat you may chuse to wear with it; the corners are square; this is a very graceful sort of cloak, and very generally esteemed. But the spenser *à la Turk* is now a most distinguishing habit amongst our *belles* of *ton*; it is made of plain or figured sarsnet coloured, and is particularly pretty in lemon, or lilac. The spenser is made with a full collar of reversed plaiting; and from the seam of the left shoulder falls a width of silk the same as the spenser; it is put in with gathers rather full, and flows over the left side a little below the knee; is sloped nearly to a point, and gathered into the compass of a large tassel, with which it terminates. The spenser and flowing robin is trimmed round with a Turkish ribband, laid flat; and the whole forms the most elegant out-door covering I have witnessed this season. The Grecian cloak, however, is still considered fashionable, and the Egyptian mantles of white and black lace, are still to be seen on many females of the *haut-ton*. Sarsnet or satin hats and bonnets are now the distinguishing selection of our females of taste and fashion. I have seen lately some in the form of a Gipsy, which look very light and pretty, and are well adapted for the youthful female. Veils, I am pleased to find, are still very prevalent as a head-dress; they are worn in diversified forms, but generally at the back of the head, or flowing on one side, shading the shoulders, which would be otherwise entirely exposed. The coronet, pigeon broach, antique, or animated butterfly, of embossed gold, are invariably worn in front of the hair in full dress. The gowns are universally made high in the bosom, and low in the back. No trains are to be seen with morning dresses. The bodice of coloured sarsnet; a sort of spenser without sleeves, formed like the plain waist of a gown, with plaited net all round, has a very pretty effect; and in public places, and in parties, they are rather generally adopted. The Turkish turban is more observable within these last three weeks; the roll is very full; and a gold or diamond tassel falls from the crown on one side with a band of the same at the edge next the hair; and a broach in front, to correspond. Shoes of straw, or kid of that colour, have of late succeeded to the fawn-colour. The pantaloons (as I predicted in my last) exhibited their cumbrous folds, and disappeared. The open wove stocking of pale blush-coloured silk, is now quite the rage. The shell-crowned hat of straw, and the low crowned Gipsy of chip, ornamented with a white rose in front, or a wreath round, is also general. Pale pink, or buff striped muslin of a delicate texture, forms a very becoming and fashionable attire. Some of our *élégantes* wear Gipsy, or Turkish cloaks of the same, which has an attractive and pleasing effect. The quartered cap of spider-net, with a net lace gathered in the middle, and put full round the face, and under the chin is in high vogue; the quarters of the cap formed of net, the middle of white satin. Caps of all descriptions are much worn in a morning.

And now, my dear Caroline, you will, I trust, give me credit for having fulfilled my engagement with you. I have emptied my budget of fashions; and if I have not tired your patience, I must confess I have fairly exhausted my own.

We only stay in town till Parliment is dissolved, when we either repair to Windsor, or to some watering place for the autumn. My kind friends here will not allow me to quit them at present, therefore you may expect to hear from me when our destination is fixed. In the mean time believe me, with all possible sympathy for your rusticated situation, and all due reverence for your shady groves, and crystal streams,

Your attached and
Commiserating friend,
MATILDA.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-Street, Strand*, 1806.

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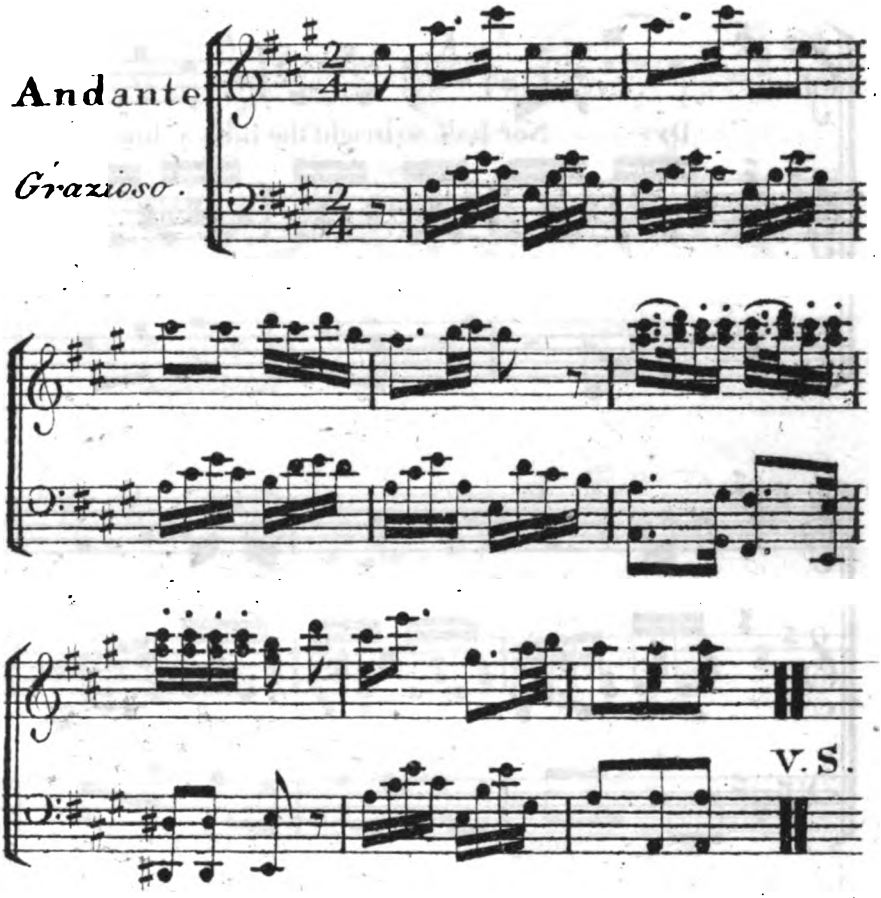
EMMA OF THE DALE,

Written by Mr. T. DIBDIN

Composed by W. REEVE,

expressly & exclusively for La Belle Assemblée, and to be had only with that Work.



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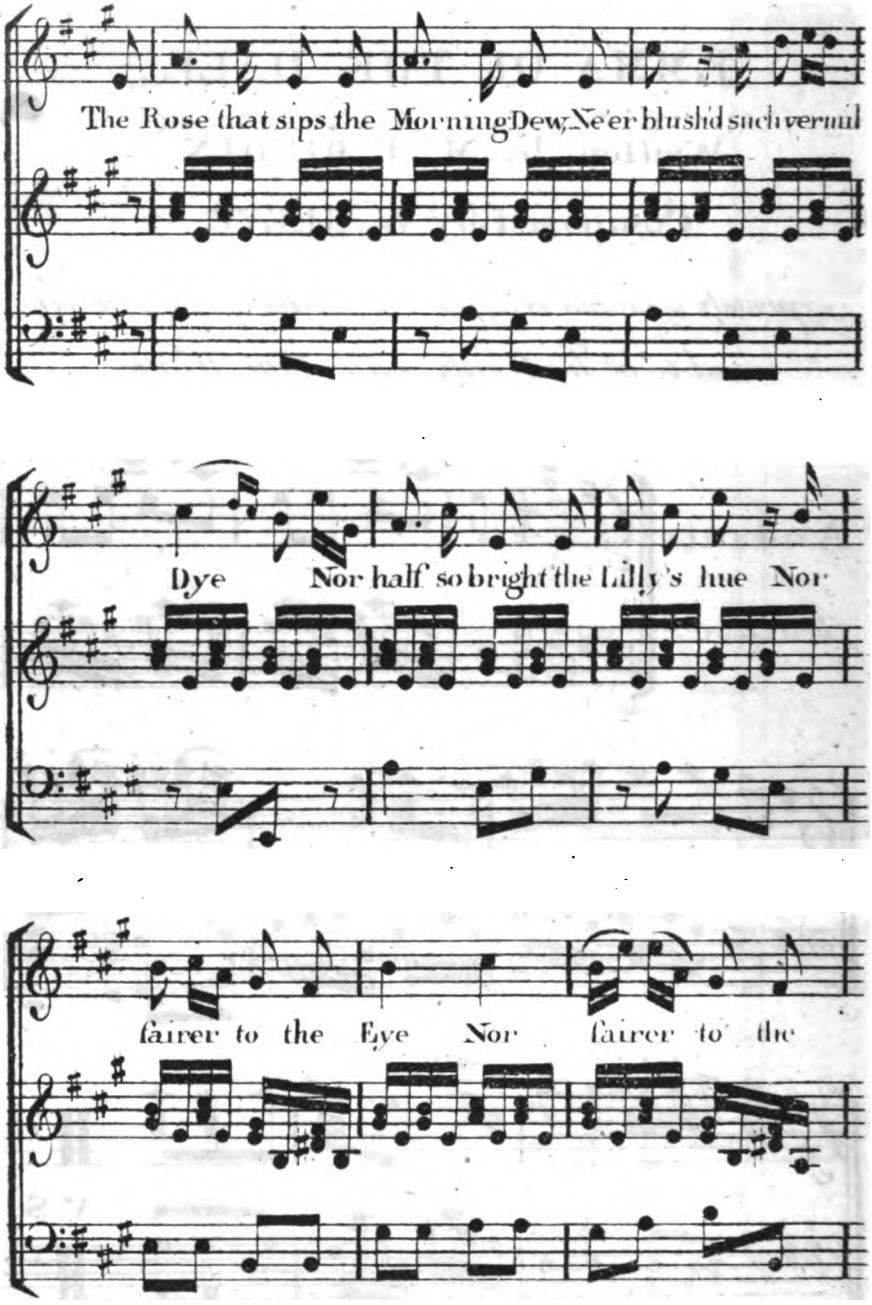
The Rose that sips the Morning Dew, Ne'er blush'd such vermil
Dye Nor half so bright the Lilly's hue Nor
fairer to the Eye Nor fairer to the

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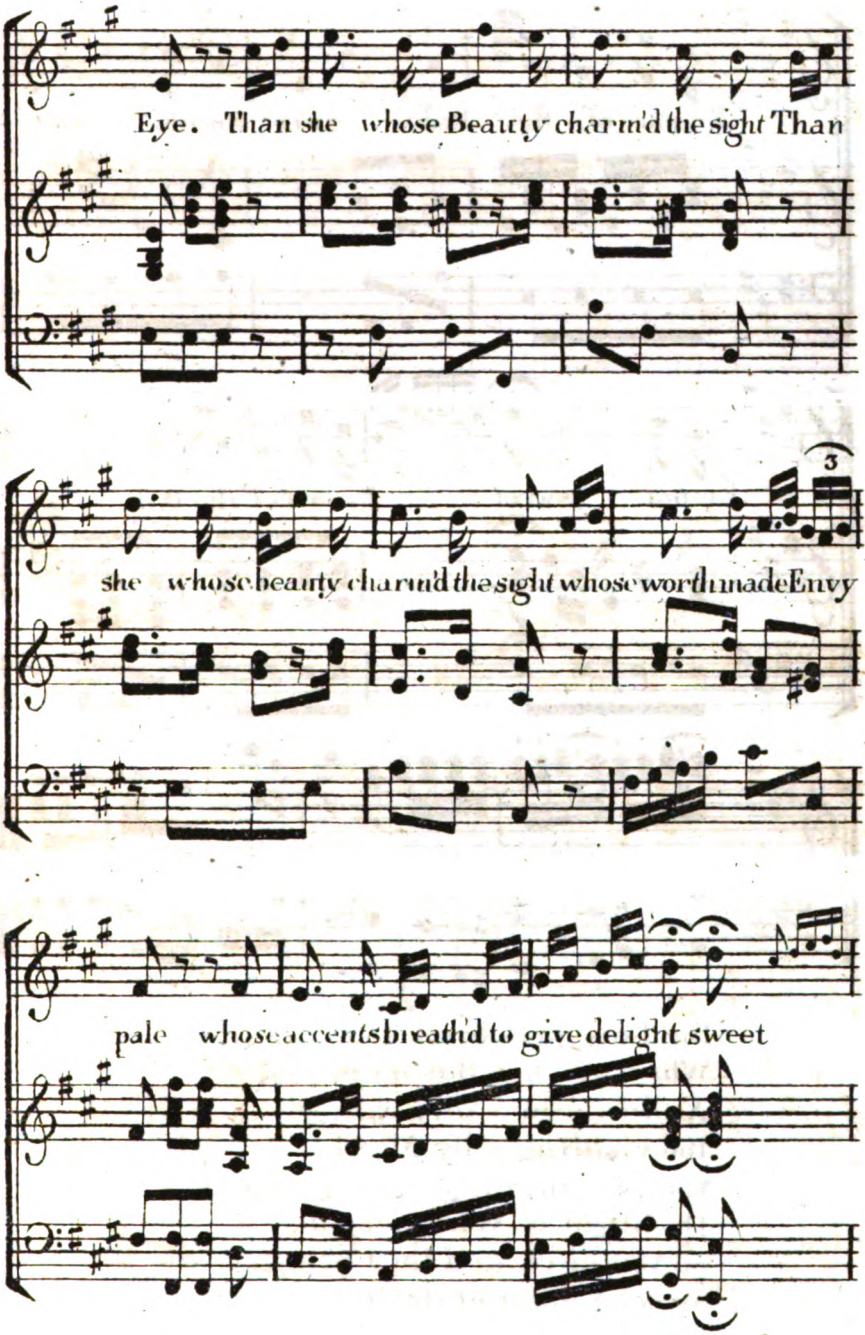
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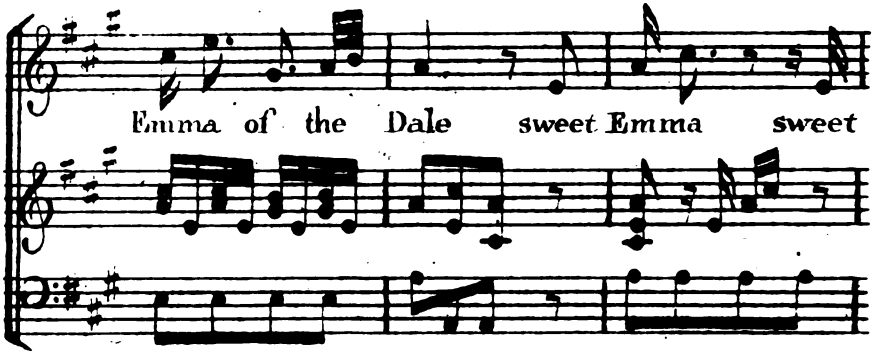

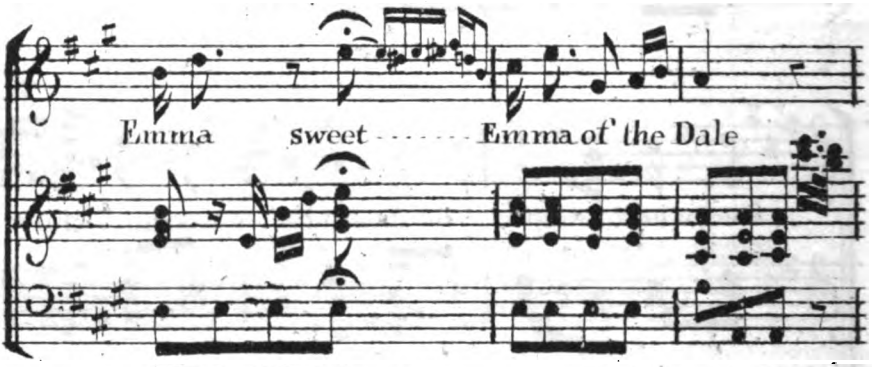

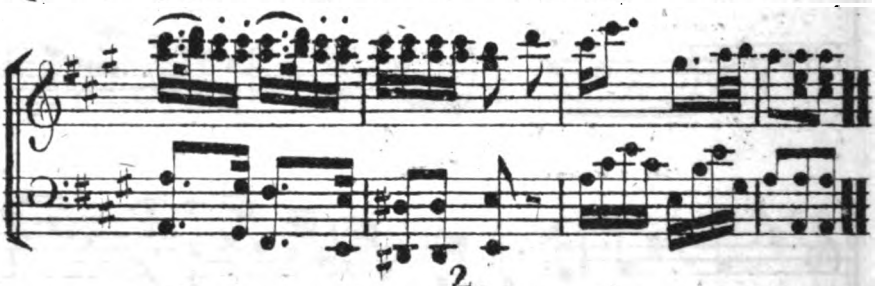

2.

But Love gave birth to many a Care
Which o'er her Bosom prey'd
And sorrow sadly chang'd the Fair
Too yielding silly Maid
Yet as returning spring repels
The Blight of Winters gale
So Virtue cheer'd the Cot where dwells
Sweet Emma of the Dale.

London printed for John Bell, Southampton Street Strand, August 1 1800.

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MONTHLY COMPENDIUM

OF

LITERARY, FASHIONABLE, AND DOMESTIC

ADVERTISEMENTS;

FORMING THE COMMERCIAL AND SUPPLEMENTARY PART OF

La Belle Assemblee; or Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine.

ADDRESSED TO

THE ELEGANT, POLITE, AND ECONOMICAL.

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